THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXVII. — APRIL, 1891. — No. CCCCII.

THE BRAZEN ANDROID.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

WHO can rebuild before the eye of the mind a single ordinary dwelling of the vanished London of the middle of the thirteenth century? It was a dwarfish, squalid structure, of such crazy unsubstantiality that, with a stout iron crook and two strong cords, provided by the ward, it might be pulled down and dragged off speedily in case of fire; a structure of one story jutting over a low ground floor, with another jut of eaves above, its roof perchance engrailed with gables, its front bearing an odd resemblance to the back of a couple of huge stairs, and the whole a most rickety, tumble-down, top-heavy, fantastical thing. Chimneys were fairly in vogue then, so it had them, squat, square, wide-mouthed, faced with white plaster, red tiles, or gray pebble-work. Red tiles covered its roof; its walls were of rough-planed planks, or a wooden framework filled with a composite of straw and clay, buttressed with posts, and crossed this way and that with supporting beams, — the whole daubed over with whitewash, of which the weather soon made graywash. In front was a stairway, sometimes covered, sometimes not, or a step-ladder set slantwise against the wall, for an entrance to the upper story. The doorways were narrow and low, the windows also; and the latter, darkened with overbrows of wooden shutters, propped up from beneath, and sticking out like long, slender awnings, were further darkened by sashes of parchment, linen, or thin-shaven horn, for glass came from Flanders, and was costly and rare.

Such, joint and seam and tile being loosened into crack and cranny and crevice everywhere, was the dwelling of the London citizen as the eye might see it in the middle of the thirteenth century. Multiply that dwelling into a tortuous and broken perspective of like buildings, some joined by party-walls, some with spaces between, all pent-roofed or gable-peaked, heavy-eaved, stub-chimneyed, narrow-latticed, awning-shuttered, stair-cased, post-buttressed, beam-crossed, dusky-red-roofed, dingy-white-walled, and low under the overhanging vastness of the sky, and you have an ancient London street, which shall be foul and narrow, with open drains, footways roughly flagged and horseway deep with slushy mire, overstrewn with ashes, shards, and offal, and smelling abominably. There were, indeed, at that period, thinly interspersed here and there, houses of somewhat better description, solidly built of stone and timber, though at best strangely deficient in comfort and convenience, according to the fashion of that most inconvenient and uncomfortable age. Here and there, too, for those were the times of the feudal soldier and priest, rose in dreadful-beauteous contrast with the squalid city the architectural grandeurs of church and cathedral, or the stately house or palace of bishop or earl. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all around stretched dwellings which our poorest modern house excels, and on those dwellings all evils and discomforts that can befall had their quarry.

Light came dim, and sunshine dimly glimmering, into their darkened rooms. Summer heats made ovens of them. The old gray family of London fogs rose from the marshes north of the city walls, from the city's intersecting rivulets, from the Thames below, and crept in at every opening to make all dark and chill within. Down their squat chimneys swept the smoke, choking and blinding. Rains such as even rainy England knows not now soaked them through for weeks together. Cold such as English winters have forgotten now pierced, with griping blast and silent-sifting snow, to their shivering inmates. Foul exhalations from the filthy streets hung around them an air of poison, or, rising from the cesspools, of which every house had one within, discharged themselves in deadly maladies. Lightnings stabbed their roofs or rent their walls, hunting for those they sheltered. Conflagration, lurking in a spark, upspread in dragonish flame, and roared through them devouring. Whirlwind swept through them howling, and tossed them down by fifties. Pestilence breathed through them in recurring seasons, and left their rooms aghast with corpses. Civic riot or intestine war stormed often near them, and brought them death and sorrow. Famine arose every few years, and walked through them on his way through England, leaving their tenants lean and pale or lifeless. Often into them broke the midnight robber, single or in gangs; often to them came the gatherer of taxes or of tithes; upon them hung perpetually all the bloodsuckers, every vampire which an age of ignorance and tyranny could spawn; and in them herded low lusts and passions, fiendish biogtries, crazy superstitions, brutish illiteracy, and all that darkens and depraves the soul. For that was the mournful midnight of our mortal life, centuries ago. The old, sad stars that governed our conditions still kept their forceful station above the brawl of brutal and infernal dreams; and one alone, new risen from Geber's east, hung dewy bright with the world's hope and promise, while Science, builder of life that is holy, beautiful, and gay, was but a wondrous new-born child in Roger Bacon's cell, dreaming of things to come.

On the throne, meantime, was a crowned horse-leech, Henry the Third, familiarly called Harry of Winchester, — beggar and robber in one, the main thought of whose weak and base reign was how to drain by a million mean sluices the wealth of his subjects; and in London, as in all England, taxmen, thieves, fogs, rain, heat, cold, miasma, lightning, fire, whirlwind, pestilence, riot, war, and famine performed their effects again on them through him. Under the feudal system, society and government cost dear: the rich, having much, paid immensely; the poor, having little, paid much; the general wealth bled constantly at every vein; and now, increasing the profuse depletion to unbearable extents, was this artery-draining king. At his marriage, his messengers swarmed out from his presence, through city, town, and country, and begged money; at the birth of his son, out again, and begged money; at New Year and other festival times, again, and begged money; on all possible occasions and upon any pretext, out they went, and begged money; and between whiles, among abbots, friars, clerks, tradesmen, and lower orders generally, Henry himself went, personally begging money. All along he was exacting heavy toll from the poor fishers of the coasts for every seine they dragged to land; sending his justices out upon their circuits to collect for him immense sums by compounding offenses with rogues; confiscating the wealth of men who had chanced to encroach upon his forest bor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ders; borrowing large amounts from cities and towns, and never returning them; plundering without mercy the rich Jews, whom everybody plundered, and even selling them outright to the king of the Romans, when he was in want of a wealthy Israelite to rob. On one occasion, when the abbots of the downs were not willing to ruin themselves by giving him a year's value of their wool, he ruined them by forbidding its exportation; more than once he shut up the shops and stopped the entire traffic of towns and cities, to force the traders to sell their goods only at the fairs he instituted, where, for that privilege, they must pay him large duties; on flimsy allegations or for slight faults he drew heavy fines from citizens, and even sent his bailiffs to pounce upon shops, and seize clothes, food, and wine for his household. Such were the devices by which he increased his own lawful annual revenue of forty thousand pounds sterling, all which he lavished in luxurious uses or on his host of idle courtiers, many of them foreigners from Poitou and Picardy, whom the people hated. In these beggaries and burglaries he was encouraged by his equally rapacious wife, Queen Eleanor; and not only encouraged, but assisted, by the papal harpy of that period, Innocent the Fourth, who, besides filling all vacant English benefices with profligate Italian priests and even boys, abstracted every few years, by way of tithes, about a million pounds sterling.

London, especially, then the great commercial port of the realm, and rich despite its coarse and meagre life and squalid aspect, was the prime object of the king's extortions. An inexhaustible well of riches he called it, and into that well, as an historian has said, he dipped his bucket freely. The consequence was that between him and the twenty thousand sturdy and turbulent little citizens there were deadly rancor and perpetual feud; for his operations were not only essentially outrageous, but in flagrant violation of the rights and liberties secured the citizens in the Great Charter which the barons and clergy had wrung from the preceding tyrant, John, at Runnymede. The great mass of the English people shared the exasperation of the London burgesses. Even the villans, or chattel slaves, — and a large portion of the people were in that condition, — themselves grievous sufferers by their own lords, had their little scrap of protection from the Charter, and were concerned at its violation. Against the king, too, was a large proportion of the barons and clergy of this reign, men who smarted pecuniarily by the frequent miseries his perpetual interference with trade and agriculture brought upon the realm, and whose chartered rights and privileges were often directly or indirectly invaded or nullified by his rapacity and prodigality. These, having stormed at the monarch year after year in vain, were now proceeding to serious action.

Foremost among them was one great statesman, — he who claims, by the common judgment of the time, the proud distinction the Norman song of that period accords him of being just for the pure love of justice, — Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, brother-in-law to the king, and a Frenchman born and bred, but English heart-of-oak to his soul's core, and the darling of the English people. Already the popular mind, naming him the gift of the Lord to England, had fixed upon him as the champion of the people's cause; and already, at his instance, the barons and clergy in Parliament at Oxford had revived a provision of the Charter of Runnymede, by which the direction of affairs was taken from the exclusive hand of the king, and entrusted to a Committee of Government, twelve being appointed by the monarch, twelve by the Parliament. But the measure was only a partial check to the royal horse-leech. The abuses, somewhat diminished, still con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinued, and still against the king and his creatures the anger of London and of England was swelling and roaring, higher and louder, year by year, on and on, to the tornado fury of civil war.

In these times and in that old London, a street such as we have described, known as Friar's Street, and inhabited chiefly by sailors, foreign traders whose business kept them much of the time on the wide waters, fishermen, and the like, stretched its irregular perspective parallel with and not far from the Thames. The time was toward the latter part of July. A brief though violent thunderstorm which had raged over the city was passing away; but still, though the rain had ceased more than an hour before, wild piles of dark and coppery clouds, in which a fierce and rayless glow was laboring, gigantically overhung the grotesque and huddled vista of dwarf houses, while in the distance, sheeting high over the low, misty confusion of gables and chimneys, spread a pall of dead, leprous blue, suffused with blotches of dull, glistening yellow, and with black plague-spots of vapor floating and faint lightnings crinkling on its surface. Thunder, still muttering in the close and sultry air, kept the scared dwellers in the street within, behind their closed shutters; and all deserted, cowed, dejected, squalid, like poor, stupid, top-heavy things that had felt the wrath of the summer tempest, stood the drenched structures on either side of the narrow and crooked way, ghastly and picturesque under the giant canopy. Rain dripped wretchedly in slow drops of melancholy sound from their projecting eaves upon the broken flagging, lay there in pools or trickled into the swollen drains, where the fallen torrent sullenly gurgled on its way to the river. In the centre of the fetid street — a deep and serpentine canal of mud, undulating here and there into little lakes of standing water, overstrewn in places with ash-heaps, scattered shards and fishbones, and dully glistering in the swarthy light from the clouds — seven or eight unwieldy swine, belonging to St. Antony's Hospital, whose pigs alone were privileged, out of regard for the saint, to roam the city, waddled and rooted lazily, with their neck-bells continually jingling. Other sounds and forms than these there were none.

A little while, however, and, the beldam thunder having died away into faint and distant guttural mumblings, shutters began to uplift and doors to open, one by one; and in the same order shabby figures in vivid dresses of blue, red, yellow, or striped stuffs, mostly of housewives, with here and there a man among them in short tunic and hose of the same colors, appeared at the apertures, peering timorously at the wild sky and then at the street below. Gradually the clacking and clattering of opening doors and shutters became general; the figures multiplied rapidly; children of all sizes, in bright-hued smocks, shock-headed and barelegged, began to swarm down the stairways and out upon the flagging; and the street echoed with a clamor of voices, speaking and replying from all quarters.

While this neighborly hubbub was going on, there was a sudden lurid brightening of the swarthy light from the clouds; and at the same moment, as if the effect had wrought the change, voices were shrilling, people down the street gesticulating and running, a movement like an electric shock shot along, and at once, inexplicably, amidst an inarticulate roaring murmur like a coming sea, all voices were raised in screaming tumultuation, and everybody flew hither and thither in confusion. St. Antony's swine, confounded by this explosion, stopped rooting, and stood belly-deep in mud, ears laid forward and every snout pointed down the street, into which, from a side avenue, a multitude, mostly of women, were now irregularly pouring, hardly turning their faces from the direction in which they had come to glance at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mire, through which they scrambled, with upheld skirts, up to the opposite flagging, and never ceasing to hoot and gesticulate at something as yet invisible. The next moment came a straggle of boys, furiously yelling and flinging handfuls of mud; and then bursting through them came three young men, courtiers at the first glance, with the many-hued flowerage of their short gowns and the gay colors of their silken hoods and hose and mantles almost obscured with the mire which covered them from head to foot. With flushed and frightened dirt-bespattered faces, they sprang upon the footway with brandished poniards, and ran desperately up the street amidst a deafening din. Away cluttered the swine before them, squealing and jingling, and then turning, as pigs will, just the way they should not have turned, floundered into the crowd of following boys and on to the pavement; upsetting boys, girls, men, and women in all directions, and increasing the general rage and confusion. For a moment, involved in this new imbroglio, two prentices, — one a lank fellow in belted russet tunic, the other short and fat in blue, — who had burst around the corner with cudgels, close upon the heels of the flying courtiers, lost sight of them, but, presently emerging into clearer space, saw them again as they raced over the flagging.

"Run, Little Turstan! Hep! hep!" shouted the lank one, setting off in pursuit.

"Hep! hep!" panted Little Turstan, putting his bandy legs into comically active motion again.

But the three courtiers were already some distance off, and after a short run the two prentices stopped, and gazed, panting and gasping, with drooping cudgels, after their lost prey. Both of them were small in stature, as the men of that day mostly were, and beardless; both had the yellow locks and pig faces of the Saxon; and the lank one had run himself white, while his fat companion was blowzed fiery-red with his exertions, and purblind into the bargain.

For a half minute or so they stood, the first absorbed in his hungry outlook, the other looking also, but with the air of one too hot and breathless to see anything clearly, or to care about seeing it, and both regardless of the tumult they had left behind them. Suddenly the lank fellow wheeled about, bringing his cudgel down thump upon the stones, and, throwing back his head, opened his big mouth wide for the purpose of belching forth some tremendous imprecation; in which attitude he remained, like one unexpectedly petrified, staring straight before him. Just then, from the side avenue below, the street filled with perhaps a hundred figures, prentices and courtiers, intermingled in a stabbing and striking snarl, their shouts and oaths sounding amidst a Babel clamor of hooting and screaming from the excited concourse on the footways. But the staring prentice was apparently oblivious of the spectacle, and Little Turstan, who had followed his motion to this strange conclusion, looked up at him with hot, bleared eyes in stupid wonderment.

"Hey, Wynkin, what now?" he gasped, panting and blowing.

Without closing his mouth, Wynkin rolled his eyes down sideways upon the face upturned to his, and, with a vacant and dazed air, made a slow motion with his thumb. Quite as slowly Little Turstan turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and saw, not far from them, a strong, columnar figure in red hose and gray mantle, standing on the flagging in the attitude of one who had paused in coming up the street to look back upon the brawl, with his face concealed by the mantle's hood, the edges of which he held together with one hand. Little Turstan gaped at him for a minute; then, not knowing what else to do, grasped his cudgel, and looked at Wynkin as asking whether the stranger was to be set upon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I spied his face," murmured Wynkin wonderingly.

"Whose, then?" demanded his companion.

"Whose think you, now?"

"Nay, but that I do not know, Wynkin."

"As I am a living man, Turstan"—asseverated Wynkin, turning to his comrade with an eager and mysterious air, and speaking in a low voice.

"Ay"—

"By Becket, may I never see grace if it was not"—

"Who?"

Wynkin's eyes sparkled, and, with an air at once consequential, patronizing, important, and reverential, he put one hand over his mouth and bent his face down to Little Turstan's ear.

"Sir Simon the Righteous!" he pompously murmured, straightening with an air of triumph the moment he had spoken. The one quick thing about Little Turstan was instinct, and instinctively, upon hearing the name which the popular love had bestowed upon the great earl, he put up his hand to remove his cap, but found that, like his companion, he was bareheaded. The object of this reverential movement had evidently heard Wynkin's answer, though the prentice had spoken in a low voice, for he started slightly, and drew his hood closer together.

"Whist—mum, Little Turstan," whispered Wynkin; "affect not to know him, for he would not be here with hooded face, and never a follower at his back, if he wished not to be secret. Whist, now, he comes."

As he said the last words the personage advanced, with his veiled face turned toward the comrades, who at once louted low.

"What means yon brawl, good fellows?" asked he, in a grave, sonorous voice, whose French accent confirmed the assertion Wynkin's glimpse of his features had prompted.

Little Turstan sheepishly shambled behind his comrade, but the latter, though a little startled at becoming suddenly aware that the fight in which he had been engaged some distance off but just before was transferred now to the street in which he stood, bent humbly to the stately figure before him, and answered at once like a fellow who had his wits about him.

"They be the king's men, most worshipful," he said. "May it please you, most worshipful, yon masters, to the number of some forty or so, did take their pleasure in our streets, and lest their silken gear be wet in the storm they sought their refuge in the shops. So till the foul weather overpassed, when, lo and behold you, most worshipful, up spake one of nine to Little Turstan here, saying, 'Scurvy wretch, our liege king would have pipkins of the potter,' — he being the potter's prentice, most worshipful, and the potter away from home. 'Pipkins he shall have if he pay; not else,' quoth Little Turstan. 'Here be the pay, scurvy wretch,' quoth the king's man, and throws one pipkin at Little Turstan, and yet another at his fellow-prentice, Thomas. 'Ye do ill, masters, to break the potter's ware,' quoth Little Turstan. 'We do well, soapy and scurvy wretch,' quoth the king's man. Whereat the nine lay hands on the large table whereon are many pipkins, the which they overturn, and all the pipkins are broken. Then stoutly cries Little Turstan, 'Prentice, prentice!' and to the shop enter the other king's men, and break pipkins, and go out down Lombard Street merrily laughing. After them sally our prentices, most worshipful, and say, 'Ye shall go with us and answer for the wrong ye have wrought.' To which the king's men say, 'Ye are all scurvy and soapy wretches, and we will not go with ye, nor yet answer.' So drawing their gully-knives upon us, we set upon them with our staves; and three among those nine running from the rest, Little Turstan and I give chase, till we lose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them in Friar's Street, where the others now are, as I see, most worshipful."

To this narrative of what had happened (of which our version must be considered a sort of translation, for Wynkin spoke in the uncouth Anglo-Saxon of the period, a language wholly unintelligible to us now, and such as we might fancy a horse would naturally speak, could he speak at all) the stranger listened in perfect silence, though it was easy to see, by the nervous griping of the hand holding the hood together, that he fully understood and was moved by the story of one of those outrages frequently committed in that day by the king's creatures, and the common end of which was a heavy fine levied upon the citizens. Whether he would have made any reply is doubtful, but if he intended any it was cut short by a nudge Little Turstan gave Wynkin from behind, which, with the uneasy glance accompanying it, caused the latter to take notice of the spot where they happened to be standing. It was in front of a structure of stone, not very high, but considerably higher than the other edifices; withdrawn somewhat from the zigzag line of the street; dusky brown in color, and showing by the smoky stains and scars upon it that it had been scathed by, and probably proved a barrier to, some of those conflagrations which so often then ravaged London; its narrow windows closely shuttered; a loophole in the form of a cross between the two in the upper story; a sombre portal jutting beneath, with a carven finial, and on its cornice floral carvings; within this an oaken door heavily clamped with iron; on either side of the portal, set in niches, two wooden effigies of St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Thomas à Becket; and weeds and grass raggedly fringing the overhanging eaves, growing thickly around the broken steps and spiring from their seams and fissures. Sooth to say it was a building before which nobody, from the child at his games to the very oldest citizen, cared even in broad daylight to linger; though people did venture to live, and even to frequent the flagging, on the opposite side. The explanation of this popular timidity was, that in the stone house abode then, as for a year past, a learned man; and a learned man at that delightful period was regarded by the populace with reverential horror, as one who was unquestionably a master of black arts and a dealer with the devil. When, therefore, Wynkin became aware that he was in front of the house, he turned a shade paler and devoutly crossed himself, as Little Turstan had already done. No sooner had both prentices caught sight of a pale and bearded face calmly looking from a half-opened shutter above upon the fray — the face of the learned man himself — than they both crossed themselves again, and involuntarily made a movement to depart. Instantly the hooded personage passed by them with a slight bend of his head, the face at the window above disappearing at the same time, and the two prentices hurried off, and were presently striking and shouting in the midst of the brawl.

In front of the portal the personage paused to look back. As he turned, out smote from the clouds a burst of sunshine, blinding bright. The white walls and wet red roofs suddenly a-smoke with rising vapor; the chimneys, jutting fronts and eaves, propped shutters, stairways, all salient points and surfaces, streaked, splashed, and fringed with the sombre silver and sullen jewels of the rain; the street's black-shining slush, the flagging's leaden pools; the many-colored multitude swaying and tossing in one wild, howling bray of discord beyond; the motley mire-bedraggled fighters reeling and plunging, with flailing of cudgels and flashing of poniards, like a cluster of dwarf devils in interstruggling confusion, — the whole long low, stormy vista, dashed with a thousand rough lights and sooty shadows,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and showing like some gorgeous and demoniac phantasmagoria, swept up to meet the eye of the gazer. All was distinct in flame and gloom, under the lowering and tremendous rack, whose yellow and umber masses, riven into terrific forms, toiled gigantically to the far limit, where, losing shape, they sheeted down the vault through intermediate gray in dense and livid blue. A new life seemed to strike into the multitude with that abrupt and stern illumination; the whole concourse wavered convulsively, with brandished arms and hoarse and furious cries; the struggling mass of fighters plunged heavily forward, all together, swayed back again, and fought with frantic yells. Then came a chorus of shrill screams; there was a sudden scattering; the vivid light went out, obscured in blotting clouds; and in the pallid shadow which struck the street blank and ghast the dispersing crowd was seen running in affrighted silence, the people scrambling up stairways and in at doors, the prentices darting into the spaces between the houses, while through the multitudinous muffled clatter of footfalls sounded the dull and heavy gallop of approaching horse; and as the city guard came riding in, there were visible only twos and threes of miry prentices in different directions, vanishing into the interspaces with wounded comrades between them, and some distance down the street a draggled group of courtiers hastily retreating, with sore bones, toward Westminster.

"God's curse on king and king's men!" said the hooded witness of the scene, stamping his foot passionately on the flagging. He said no more, but, hastily entering the portal, struck twice on the oaken door. After a pause, the door swung slowly back a little way on its creaking hinges, and revealed in the shadowy aperture a dwarfish and hideously misshapen figure, clad in red, with a stolid and sodden face and a shock of yellow hair.

"Make way, good Cuthbert Hoole," said the visitor kindly. "I would see the friar."

Cuthbert Hoole kept his bloodshot eyes, almost vacant of intelligence, fixed for a moment on the speaker's face, and then, in a feeble and dissonant tone, whined slowly: —

"Time is! Come."

Like one accustomed to the strange manner of the poor idiot, the visitor entered, and, following with calm strides the darting and zigzag course of his usher, was conducted through an obscure, low-browed passage to a small and lofty oaken chamber, palely lighted by a narrow oriel window with glass panes, set rather high in the wall. It was furnished with two huge wooden chairs, a settle, and a massive table, on which were a book of vellum, an inkhorn, and a few rolls of parchment. A spare and slender figure, gowned in gray Franciscan frieze, with the cowl laid back on his shoulders, stood near the table, and turned toward the visitor, as he entered, a face of scholastic pallor, meagre and noble, its lower part covered with a close-curling auburn beard, and its thin, clear features wearing in their shadow a faint smile which shed a pale irradiation under the hollow arches of the eyes, and over the unwrinkled marble of a forehead grand and large in its proportions, from which time and thought had worn away the monastic tonsure.

"Welcome, my lord of Leicester," said he, bending his head slightly.

"Thanks, marvelous doctor, I greet you," replied the earl. "But no court fashions of speech with me. By God's eyes, I weary alike of court and court fashions!"

He strode forward as he spoke, his presence seeming to flood the cloistral tranquillity of the chamber with a sense of embattled armies, and, throwing himself into a chair, flung back his hood. A kingly fronted presence, making the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seat he sat upon a throne; the face bronzed and martial, stern, sagacious, royal with justice, passionate and war-sad; the large head, broad at the top, and covered with curling locks of iron-gray, rising grandly from the solid shoulders; the bold forehead corrugated; the brown eyes filled with a clear fire under their pented brows, though veiled with a certain weariness as they wandered listlessly over the manuscripts on the table; the nose large, aquiline, courageous, with dilated nostrils; and the heavy black mustache of the Norman sloping down to the resolute jaw. Over the whole countenance now was an expression of vexed gloom. The friar smiled pensively as he gazed upon it.

"You are fretted, De Montfort," he said.

"Fretted!" replied the earl, smiting his breast with his clenched hand. "Ay, Roger, fretted. Splendor of God, well may I be fretted! To be rid of this cark and care of state, I could become a shepherd of the downs."

"Then would you be fretted with the shepherd's cark and care," returned the friar jestingly.

The earl looked grim for a moment, but, soothed by the sweet, clear voice, like the falling of silver waters, as by the strengthful calm of the friar's presence, he smiled slowly, and then laughed.

"True, marvelous doctor, true," he said carelessly, his front relaxing. "All estates must have their crosses. Even you, Roger, with your worn face of peace, have borne burdens."

"Yes," said the friar simply, after a pause, "I have suffered."

De Montfort's mind, already roving from the thoughts that disturbed him, at once lost sight of them; his careless mood became fixed with sudden interest, and his eyes shot a keen glance at the musing face of the speaker, then wandered to the book on the table, and returned.

"I understand," he said slowly, moving his head up and down with the air of one occupied with a reflection which had never struck him before. "Yes, I have heard that Roger Bacon seeks too devoutly the mysteries of God to be loved by man. But why seek science at such cost?"

"Science is for man's advantage," replied Bacon gravely.

"For man's advantage? True, but it brings you sorrow, Roger."

"And you, De Montfort, — why toil you for justice against court and king and factious peers?"

"It is for England's welfare."

"But it brings you gall and grief, De Montfort."

"God's throat, yes!" the earl wrathfully assented, striking the arm of his chair. "Gall and grief it brings me, truly! Yet better gall and grief to me than ruin to the realm; better anything than shameful sloth of mine when wrongs cry for man to right them."

"Amen, brave earl! You have answered for me."

De Montfort looked mutely at him for a moment, and, with curious wish to know if such were indeed the motive of the great friar, spoke on.

"Yet hear me, Roger," he said, "and mark the difference between us twain. Behold, I have many recompenses. I am Earl of Leicester. From Kenilworth I look on broad lands of mine own. I have my good dame, the Lady Eleanor, and my stout sons. And what though royal Harry rage, and William de Valence scowl, and Gloucester's faction chafe me? Good prelates bless me; bold barons are leal to me, and hail me champion and leader. Ay, more, — the people love me. They call me the Mattathias of the suffering land. They call me Sir Simon the Righteous. Is it not worth sorrow to have won such names as these? Sweet is the love of the people, Roger! But you," he pursued, his voice sinking from its proud tone to one of frank compassion, —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"what are your recompenses? You are not now, as once, the glory of the university. Your voice is silenced there. You have no longer wealth. It has been spent for science. The friars of your order vent their malice and envy in the foulest calumnies upon you. The people do not love, but dread you. You are unblessed, unhonored, landless, wifeless, childless, almost friendless. Often in past time, as I have heard, your studies have been forbidden, your books and writings nailed together; you have been denied company, scanted of food and drink, imprisoned. To what good end? Why forego ease, joy, honor, for this? Why toil for science when it brings you naught but hate, slander, ill fame, oppression, poverty, hunger, imprisonment, perchance death?"

The friar raised his noble head, with a rapt light upon his wasted features.

"It is for the advantage of the world," he said, with sublime simplicity.

De Montfort looked at him with parted lips, and a red flush crept over his massive countenance.

"The advantage of the world!" he rejoined, abstractedly and slowly. "That is a sorry voice to give a man cheer and comfort when all human voices cry against him."

"It is the voice divine," returned the friar, "and it never leaves me. I hear it," he said, with dreamful and solemn ardor, "when all human voices cry against me, — voice of their voices, and of their tones the overtone. Day never rose nor set, night never came nor silence never folded me, in which it was not Heaven's own voice of comfort to my spirit. Yea, jailed in my cell, wasted with prison rigors, when angry faces gnash at me, when cruel tongues rail at me, I hear it still, blithe and strong as battle trumpets, and bracing my heart to bear whatever man hath borne. Blithe and strong as in the early days at Ilchester, when it bade me yield up the lily and the rose of youth, the honors and the ease of age, so blithe and strong and filled with cheer and comfort do I hear it now. So shall I hear it, all sufficient, to my latest day; so shall I hear it on my dying pallet as I go to Him who also strove for the world's advantage, following whom I have labored to raise man's life to the perfection of the Christian law, in something of whose spirit I have humbly striven to live, and somewhat of whose crown of thorns I have been graciously permitted to wear."

Ceasing, he stood with solemn light upon his face, and silence such as follows religious music succeeded to his voice when its last rapt cadences had died away. The flush had paled from De Montfort's features, and mutely for a little while, with the fire of his brown eyes dim, he gazed at the friar.

"O life of God," he passionately murmured, "who would not be noble in England with such a man as this alive!"

"What say you, De Montfort?" abstractedly asked Bacon, hearing his murmurings.

"Roger," replied the earl, "I see what sustains you in your lonely toil for the truths of God, and I grant all labor and sorrow for the world's advantage well, for the advantage is the noble laborer's sufficient recompense. But hear me. Robert Grostete has long foretold that I should fall in the cause of truth and justice, this strife for the Charter, and I feel that the good bishop has spoken truly. Yet my life will not have been in vain, and my death will establish all for which I have striven. But whatever benefit men are to receive from you rests on the preservation of your writings, and these many are leagued to destroy. Failing this fate, they may moulder to dust, unseen by men, in Oxford library. So will your life have been wasted. What sustains you against the bitter likelihood that the world will receive no advantage from you, owing to the neglect or destruction of your manuscripts?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The friar looked at him with a mien of unfaltering majesty.

"Their own worth will preserve them," he answered, with proud humility, "if God means that they shall be preserved."

He turned away, but the reply struck the red flush again to the convulsed features of De Montfort, and drove the bright tears to his eyes.

"I am answered," he said hoarsely. "Well am I answered. But, by the soul of the Lord, I love England less at this moment that she loves not Roger Bacon more!"

There were a few minutes of silence. The friar lapsed into reverie. The earl, subduing his emotion, sat mournfully revolving many thoughts, and gradually passing away through busy mental transitions from the things that had been spoken.

"Well, well," he said abruptly, with a sad, ruminating smile, "I know not why one should despond. The times are stormy, yet they mend, they mend. Certes, Roger, they are better than when your little jest so deftly tilted over that varlet Peter de Rupibus."

"My little jest? What mean you, De Montfort?" said the friar absently.

"I mean *petræ et rupes*, which signifies stones and rocks, does it not?" returned the earl, with a quiet laugh.

"Such is the meaning," replied the friar, still absently, with the air of one whose thoughts were wandering from the colloquy. "But I do not understand."

"What, forget your good wit!" gayly exclaimed De Montfort. "But you forget not Peter de Rupibus, that knavish Bishop of Winchester?"

"Nay, I remember him well," said Bacon mechanically.

"And well you may," continued De Montfort. "Our royal Harry's prime minister more than twenty years agone; he at whose beck England was filled with the rufflers of Poitou, without an encompassing crowd of whom the king would go nowhere; he who ruled the land at his own free pleasure, and so inflamed the king's heart with hatred of his English subjects that his sole thought was how to exterminate them all. Doubtless he meant to do as much for his barons, by aid of the swords of Poitou, when he summoned us to the conference, to which we were too wise to come, and left him to sit there with the clergy. You were a clerk of that conference, Roger."

"Yes, yes," said the friar, smiling. "I remember it all now, though it had passed my memory."

"Ay," continued De Montfort laughingly, "and the king was furious that day, as I have often been told, and brawled lustily at his absent barons, till up spake a young *frère* of your order, a large and portly man, Thomas Bungy by name. You know him well, I doubt not, Roger?"

"Yes," said Bacon, reddening.

"A good patriot," continued De Montfort, not noticing the friar's flush. "Up spake he, and stoutly told the king he would know no peace till he had dismissed Peter de Rupibus. Whereat the king stormed, but the conference declared Frère Bungy's words true, and he grew more reasonable. Then was heard the pleasant voice of Roger Bacon saying, 'Lord king, we sail the ship of England; tell me, lord king, what frightens sailors most, and what is their greatest danger?' 'Sailors know best,' quoth sullen Harry. 'My lord, I will tell you,' replied Roger: 'it is petræ et rupes.' Whereat king and conference roared laughter from their beards."

"That was a hint in Latin," said Bacon, coloring again and smiling.

"Truly," returned De Montfort, with a mirthful face, "and it hinted Peter out of England, I verily believe. 'Ha, haw, ho!' roared Bungy, in huge jollity. 'Petræ et rupes sounds much like Peter de Rupibus, liege king!' 'Ay,' quoth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my good Bishop of Lincoln, 'and certes is Peter stones and rocks to us who sail the ship of England.' Ah, well, 't was a little thing, but it softened the king's heart, as good wit in a pleasant voice often does, and left him in easy mood to yield Peter's dismissal at the solicitations of the primate. So the gale of merriment that jest raised blew the minister out of England, and the rogues of Poitou along with him."

De Montfort laughed heartily, while the friar smiled as faintly as might a modern reader of his mediæval joke, coming upon Matthew Paris's version of it in the chronicle of Roger de Wendover.

"If jests could blow Peters and Poictevins from England," Bacon said presently, "I would fain fall a-jesting now."

"True," returned the earl; "there are still many foreigners at court and in places of power, though not in such number now as" —

"Nay, I refer not to the presence of the men of Poitou," interrupted the friar, "nor yet to the Italians whom *Pope Guilty thrusts upon us, but to*" —

A sudden peal of hilarity from De Montfort checked his speech.

"Pope Guilty!" ejaculated the mirthful earl. "Innocent the Fourth rechristened! Pope Guilty! Roger, Roger, while your wit thus brands evil dignities there are other reasons, I trow, for denying you speech and visitors, and nailing your books together, than your simple zeal for the truth of God."

"'T is a truth of God thus to name the Pope," said the friar, with a soft laugh. "For the rest, De Montfort, I misdoubt me but you say true. It was on my lips to refer to the day's riot."

"Ay," thunderously muttered De Montfort, his brow darkening. "It had passed my mind. Know you its cause?"

"I heard that shrill-voiced prentice tell you, as I stood at the window," replied Bacon. "A matter of broken pipkins."

"Broken pipkins!" cried De Montfort stormfully. "Broken liberties, I say! When the idle varlets of a king have power so to deal in a tradesman's shop, what is broken beside his earthenware? God's life, the charter of a nation!"

"Even so," returned the friar. "But was it this that so fretted you, De Montfort?"

"Only in part," moodily replied the earl, champing his mustache as a warhorse champs his curb, while the rage of eye and nostril slowly settled into gloom. "Hear me, Roger," he continued, after a pause. "I will tell you. My royal brother-in-law was taking pleasure in his barge on the river, when the storm came on, and caused him to land at the nearest mansion, which happened to be Durham House, where I then was. The rain had ceased, however, ere he landed. When I came down with my lord the bishop into the garden to greet him, he fell a-trembling, and grew as white as though I were a spectre. 'My liege,' I said, 'why are *you afraid? The tempest is now past.*' He looked at me with lowering aspect. 'I fear thunder and lightning beyond measure,' said he in a hollow voice, 'but, by the head of God, I do more fear thee than all the thunder and lightning in the world!' Ay, Roger, thus spake he. And he did *thee* me! In the very presence of his malapert courtier crew he did *thee* me! By St. Michael, but that he was the king I could have struck him dead!"

"How answered you?" asked Bacon, his eyes grown bright and keen, and fixed eagerly upon the earl.

"My passion made me calm," replied De Montfort, "and England rose in my heart to answer him. 'Fear not me, my liege,' I said, with my eyes bent upon the scowling crew, — 'fear not me, who have been always loyal to you and your realm. Fear rather your true enemies, who destroy the realm and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abuse you with bad counsels.' At which the brazen caitiffs slunk cowering, and followed Harry of Winchester, who went by without another word."

"Was this all?"

"All," was the reply. "I entered my barge at the foot of the garden, and came hither, — came hither to see, as I passed, the result of just men's blood and grief once again made as naught; wasters of poor men's goods answering with steel instead of silver for their ravages, and holding the city's peace and laws as cobwebs, as they have done time and again. God grant they were well cudgeled, though every blow they got is like to cost the city a pot of money. But it shall not. *Despardieux!* If the king moves to fine the citizens for this outrage of his minions, I will bring it before the council."

"Think not of it, De Montfort," said the friar calmly. "Let the fine follow the wrong, as it doubtless will. Think rather how to limit this king's power for wrong."

"That were good thinking," replied De Montfort, with a gloomy smile. "But how? This year's Parliament has brought forth my best thought, the Committee of Government. To what avail? How check these royal evils, which creep like grass and wind like water everywhere?"

"Hearken, De Montfort," said the friar. "Time was when Norman scorn could say, 'Dost take me for an Englishman?'"

"Time is passed," whined a voice. De Montfort turned quickly round in his chair, and saw Cuthbert Hoole retreating from the closing door, motioned away by the friar.

"He is weak-witted," said the latter, "and this is part of his poor jargon; but he spoke aptly then. Time is, indeed, passed. The Norman owns himself Englishman. Saxon and Norman no longer, we are all Englishmen. The old disdain lives only in the court of the king."

"Where it keeps the land in constant broil," said the earl.

"Ay, but you can crush it there," said Bacon. "You can array a power against it so formidable that it must bow. Nor can Gloucester's faction maintain it."

"And how?"

"Hearken," pursued the friar. "Statecraft has found that the law of the realm, and not the will of the king, must rule England. Said I not that we are all Englishmen now? Let statecraft, then, find that the law which rules must be made by Englishmen; not by English lords and priests for the people, but by the English people for the people. Poorly will they defend the law made for them; stoutly will they defend the law themselves have made."

"Dost meditate a Parliament of villans, Roger?" bantered the earl.

A deeper pallor overspread the visage of the friar, and upon it stole a smile like dawn.

"I see a time far off," he reverently answered, "when the charters which barons win and cannot keep shall be kept securely by those who shall be villans then no more. Far off I see it coming on its way. So let it come, with all good things, hereafter." He moved up the chamber, with his head bent upon his hand, and, wheeling suddenly, faced the earl. "De Montfort," he cried, with startling energy, "what is it the king fears more in you than the thunder and the lightning? It is that more fearful to the tyrant than the thunder and the lightning, — a brave man's justice. Gift of the Lord to England, a new power calls to your justice for its place in the councils of the nation!"

"What power?" De Montfort eagerly demanded.

"What power studs England with so many free cities and boroughs? Lord earl, they were not built by peers and prelates. Lord earl, the men I speak of hold not by tenure of the villan, nor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wear the collar of the slave. Rich and strong with trade and labor, and freemen all, why stand they unrepresented in the politics of England?"

"What would you have me do?" said the startled earl.

"Repay the love that loves you. Summon the burgesses to Parliament. Give them equal place with peers and prelates in the councils of the realm. So, with something like the nation at your back, you can front the faction of the Crown."

The bold reply smote like light on the brain of De Montfort. Instantly he saw the advantage such a move would give him, and a latent thought of his own rose in his mind, one with the thought of the friar. Speechless, with the red flush on his corrugated brow, his features puckered with wonder, and a fire-flash in his eyes, he sat upright, staring at Bacon. Then, smiting the arms of his chair, he threw back his head, and his laugh rang wild and weird.

"Behold," he said, "often as I have mused upon these burgesses, a thought I could not define, like a man masked and cloaked, has come to me. Now, at your words, mask and cloak drop, and your thought I recognize as mine. Powers of heaven, what a measure! But, Roger, 't would be hard to compass."

"First of all," urged Bacon, "seek out Bracton, and get him to look if there be not some precedents for it."

"Ay, well counseled. But hush. Let me think of this, for my mind is all a-whirl."

Bacon turned away, and for five minutes the earl sat in silence, his eyes covered with his hand, absorbed in reflection.

"Robert Grostete's prophecy is like to come true or this," he said at last, in a sombre voice. "Fruitful of much fair fortune would this measure be to England, but woful would it prove to me. It cannot be compassed without collision with the king. Yet what matter! Roger, I will take it into mind, — ay, more: by God's eyes, it shall be accomplished, if it can be! Let the worst come. It is right, it is just. All that I have and am is for right and justice. Oh, happy he who soldiers the good cause! Oh, happy, happy he who can die for it!"

The great earl well redeemed his passionate pledge, as history attests, nor was his foreboding groundless. A few years later, and the measure which laid the foundation of the English House of Commons, and called the great body of the English people into political life, was fully inaugurated, and a new morning rose upon the nation, though with a blood-red dawn.

"Hearken, De Montfort," said Bacon, drawing near him. "Dismiss from your mind all thought of collision with the king. That were ruin. This must be done in the king's name, and it is now your task to win him to your design. I will show you many arguments and methods by which he may be won. Patience, patience. Take time. The years are before you."

"Roger," said the earl abruptly, "I came here to-day to ask you a question. At my last visit you said something — I know not how, nor exactly what — 't was a dark saying — spoken in jest, too — but it has haunted me ever since — something about enwalling England against invasion. What meant you, — anything or nothing? Dost apprehend invasion?"

Bacon colored deeply under the frank, inquisitive gaze of the speaker.

"It might be," he said, in an evasive tone. "France may at any time spread her banners in the land. Harry of Winchester may ally with Pope Guilty, a papal interdict again hurl Europe upon England as in William Conquestor's time, and the realm see another Hastings."

"Alack!" sighed the earl, "what wall against such invasion as this?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A united realm," replied Bacon quickly. "Beware of division with Harry of Winchester. Be friends with him. Resent nothing. Beguile or persuade him into sanctioning all you do. De Montfort, make firm alliance with the king! That is England's wall against all invaders."

"It is well counseled," said the earl thoughtfully, with his eyes fixed upon the floor. "But, Roger" —

Looking up, he saw that the friar had drawn his cowl over his face. De Montfort instantly divined that he had a thought he feared his face might betray, and, laughing, he rose.

"Nay, then," said he gayly, "if you cover your face, I go. But, Roger, thanks for your wise counsels. You have given me much to think of. Thanks, thanks, and for the present farewell."

He clasped the thin hand of the friar in his own brown strong palm, gazed with frank tenderness a moment on the bent cowled head, then, drawing his hood over his face, left the room.

The friar stood motionless, listening to the receding steps of the earl along the passage. They ceased, the heavy door closed resounding, and with a sudden movement he threw back his cowl, and showed his face kindled in shadow, his eyes shining as with interior flame.

"Ay, gift of the Lord to England," he fervently murmured, clasping his hands, "your union with this paltry king shall fortress England from without and from within as with a wall! God grant the android a good success, and he and you shall work in concert!"

He sat down near the table, and, leaning his throbbing head upon his hands, lapsed into exulting reverie, while the sunlight, breaking again from the clouds, streamed aslant through the window, and lit the chamber with a shadowy splendor of triumphant gold.

A few minutes had passed slowly by in that rich gloom, when the friar was startled from his abstraction by the sudden appearance of Cuthbert Hoole. The idiot darted in, with a frightened glare in his bloodshot eyes, his usually sodden and immobile face distorted with wild excitement, screeched "Time was!" and, spinning on his heel for an instant with dizzy rapidity, vanished through the open door, which closed behind him.

Bacon sprang upright, astounded, and stood holding his breath, with his heart beating and all his blood pricking and tingling, while the very air seemed struck dead around him, so intense was the silence. A moment, and the air crept, as it were, with a strange magnetic life, as, releasing his breath, he stepped quickly to the centre of the room, and again stood still.

"*Per os Dei*," he muttered, "this is strange! Only once before have I known the boy to be thus affected, and that was when the Paduan was here, a year ago. 'T is the time, too, when, if he keeps his word, he must be again in England. Can he be near the house? Tush, no! Yet 't is singular, this mysterious sympathy between that profound and subtle Doctor Malatesti and my poor darkened Cuthbert Hoole. If indeed there be such a sympathy — Tush, tush! I dream."

At that moment loud blows were heard on the portal. The blood rushed with a shock to the friar's heart. A long pause, and again the blows sounded loudly. Despite his self-control an icy chill coursed through his veins.

"Can it be that the Paduan is here?" he muttered. "Mayhap Cuthbert is afeard."

He made a step forward to answer the summons himself, but his brain swam, and an inexplicable feeling, resembling fear, thrilled through him and made him stand. Again the blows thundered on the portal; but suddenly he grew calm, for he heard the door open, and the thump of a lusty kick upon some human body coincident with the sturdy objurgation: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"St. Swithin plague thee, thou malformed bunch! Must thou keep a frère of the Lord's flock pounding till doomsday at the portal?"

Bacon smiled in despite of himself.

"Oaf that I am!" he murmured. "Maundering of the Paduan, when 't is only my burly Bungy!"

The next instant Friar Bungy lumbered into the room with the gait of an overgrown elephant. He was a perfect abbey-lubber, enormously fat, nearly six feet in height, and with an incredible circumference of paunch. The rough cord which, after the fashion of the Franciscans, bound his gray habit around the waist would have sufficed for at least two ordinary brothers of the order. His merry black eyes twinkled under a low but prominent forehead with its tonsure band of gray hair, and lit his red blobber-cheeked visage, fringed with a grizzly gray beard, with the light of a certain gross genius. He was barefooted, and the heavy flap of his immense dirty feet sounded on the floor with a distinctness which testified to his ponderous weight, as he surged across the chamber, and flung himself, half reclining, upon the oaken settle, which creaked beneath his burden. As he lay thus, blowing obstreperously, with his mighty stomach stupendously rising and falling, he afforded a striking contrast to the spare and graceful ascetic figure of Roger Bacon, who stood, calm as a statue, surveying him with a slight smile on his austere features.

"Oh, Brother Roger," panted the exhausted Bungy in a stentorian voice, "I am well-nigh dead with the speed of my course, and truly am frying in my frock with the sore heat of the day!"

"Nay, Frère Thomas," said Bacon, "you were quick enough to abuse Cuthbert with a most heavy buffet, as you came in. Surely it would better beseem you to deal gently with our poor witless servitor."

The fat friar suspended the operation of wiping with the sleeve of his habit the perspiration from his flushed face, and burst into a jovial laugh, which spread his large mouth from ear to ear, and showed a shining double row of splendid teeth in the boskage of his gray beard.

"Peace, Roger!" he roared, subsiding. "I did slight harm to Cuthbert, but the unready carl was slow to answer my summons, and I was vexed. Make him fetch me a stoup of water, I beseech you, or, by St. Thomas à Becket, I shall die of drouth."

Bacon took from a shelf a wooden tankard, but finding it empty left the room to replenish it. No sooner was he gone than the fat friar lifted himself from the settle with a rapidity which denoted no extreme state of exhaustion, and whipping out a large flat leathern flask from his capacious bosom, put it to his thick red lips, and took a draught of what was evidently a stronger and more congenial potation than the rules of St. Francis allowed to the brethren of his order.

"Ah, 't is fine!" said the rotund giant with satisfaction, replacing the wooden stopple, and hiding the flask in his bosom. "A blessing on my cousin the vintner for such a pottle of drink as this! 'T is your true milch cow, by St. Dubric!"

He had resumed his former position when Bacon entered with the tankard.

"What drug have you about you, Thomas?" he asked half absently, as he handed Bungy the water. "I scent spice on the air."

"Nay, I know not," coolly answered the friar, affecting to drink. "Unless it be the odor of my sanctity," he added, replacing the tankard on the shelf. "Sooth, if holy men may smell of spice and roses in their graves, as 't is known they do, I know not why they may not in their lives."

Bacon, absorbed in reverie, did not appear to have heard this audacious reply.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A wild, warm day," ran on Bungy, lolling on the settle. "Brawl stirring again in the city, and the king's men well thwacked, for which St. Becket be praised. And such labor of sun and clouds, and such clouds, have I never beheld. Pray God it be not a portent of toil and trouble for England. By Dunstan the blessed, I think the fiend is abroad in the realm this day. Such clouds, such clouds! And such devil's roar of thunder, and devil's sheeting of flame, and devil's pelting of rain, as wrought hurly-burly above us ere the tempest passed! Now 't is war of sun and clouds, and beshrew me if I do not think the clouds may defeat the sun, and leave the land without God's candle. Lord forefend it be not an omen of coming battle betwixt our blessed Sir Simon and Harry of Winchester, and Sir Simon getting the worst of it! That were as good as putting out the sun itself."

"Fear not, Thomas," said Bacon, starting from his musing and pacing up the room. "Storms purge the air as struggle doth the realm, and in the war of cloud and sun, by God's grace the sun is ever assured victor."

Turning, he came down the chamber and took a chair near Bungy.

"Hearken, Thomas," he said in a low voice. "To-day we finish the android, and I have now to tell you its purpose."

Bungy instantly sat up, with his gross face radiant.

"Speak on, Roger," he said. "I am all agog to hear."

"You have ever been one with me in brotherhood and stout heart against England's plotting lords," pursued Bacon. "Swear to me now, Thomas, never to reveal aught of what I am to tell you."

"I swear it by the cross," returned the friar, lifting the holy symbol which dangled at the end of his rosary.

"'T is well," said Bacon. "Listen. In my youth, studying at Paris, I fell in, it matters not how, with a strange Italian scholar of great parts and learning, named Malatesti. Afterwards, proceeding to Italy, I visited him at his house, a lowly structure of stone on the outskirts of Padua, where he dwelt in utter solitude save for two blackamoor servitors, both mutes. A strange and indeed fearful man was he, scorning all mankind, and his conduct at times truly seemed to savor of insanie. Yet was he, after his manner, gracious to me, and for the rest passing learned. Great store, too, of books and manuscripts, precious as gems, had he; and, moreover, while beauteous in person, though darkly so, and hugely wealthy, he sought not the world's vanities, but, like a true scholar, was all devoted to learning, which made me honor, though I could not love him."

Bacon paused, his face saddening for an instant with an emotion perhaps of pity for a soul removed from God and man.

"Go on, Roger," said the open-mouthed Bungy. "By Swithin, this is as good as a miracle play when Bottle the tanner enacts the devil!"

"At that time," resumed Bacon, "our talk chanced to fall upon the story which Gervase de Tilbury and the monk Helinandus, with others, have recorded as true, though I esteem it as no more than an old wife's fable, namely, that the famed Virgil did construct by magic art a head of brass which could speak and foretell events. Yet, withstanding me, did the Doctor Malatesti stoutly affirm this true; and such was his occult learning and wondrous logic that he did prove it true, and the thing itself easy to be done, so far as words can prove; nothing being proved, as I hold, save by experiment, and this thing mere absurdity, spite of the Paduan. But, what was really important, holding discussion with him on the nature and difference of sounds, he did show me that articulations, to a great extent, can be effected by simply natural means, so that a ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chine may be made to utter certain sentences. This machine, compact in form, placed within a bust of brass and set in motion, and lo, you have a brazen android which seems to speak of itself what by means of art it uttereth!"

Bungy clapped his big hands and stamped his feet, roaring with laughter.

"Oh, brave, brave!" he shouted. "This, then, is the machine we have made. St. Swithin be praised for my wondrous genius in braziery, whereby I have fashioned the brass andiron, or whatever the devil you please to call the shell of this thing!"

"Android, not andiron," said Bacon, smiling. "'T is from the Greek."

"Nay, I cannot keep it in mind," said Bungy lazily. "I am so Christian in my very bones that the tongues of heathenesse will not abide in me. Good breviary Latin, which is a sound gospel language, and my mother English, both of them fit to be spoken in heaven, are all I can patter, blessed be God! As for Greek and Arabic and the tongues of Mahound, faugh! Fie upon such trash, I say! But the machine, Roger. You have wrought upon that apart from me. What will it utter, and for what purpose?"

"Hearken," said Bacon. "I left the Paduan and returned to England. Many years passed on while I wrought at my books and in the laboratory, as you partly know, till about two years ago, when I was experimenting much in optics and acoustics at Oxford, recalling what the Paduan had said, I bethought me to fashion, in leisure hours, by way of diversion, such a machine as he had named. At the end of seven or eight months I had made a small apparatus which could utter distinctly enough these words: 'Art is the only magic.'"

"Brave, brave!" murmured the excited Bungy, all eyes and ears.

"It delighted Robert Grostete and Adam de Marisco much," continued Bacon; "but, bruited around, my envious foes heard of it, and the result was that I was prisoned in my cell and fared hardly, till the good bishop contrived to obtain my releasement. Then something marvelous happened, and, with De Marisco and Grostete privy to a scheme I had formed, I came here, the bishop lending me this house, and gaining me permission from the university to pursue certain scientific experiments herein. That was a year ago; and a few days before, at my request, you joined me, the Paduan, strange to say, visited me here."

"Blessed be his name!" said Bungy fervently.

"Nay," returned Bacon, "I hardly liked his coming, nor did his visit wholly please me. His conduct savored even more of insanie than when I had seen him years before, and he had certain knowledges of things said and done which almost appalled me, though I have thought that some persons, particularly of disordered minds, breed within them knowledges not common to man, even as diseased oysters breed within them pearls, which are not common to that fish; and in both cases the marvel is one of nature, and not of magic."

Bacon paused reflectively, while at the mention of fish, which was a chief article of diet in those days, Bungy, though mainly engaged with his fellow-friar's narrative, instinctively licked his lips, probably in honor of the oysters, which were then somewhat of a delicacy.

"The Paduan's tone was strange," resumed Bacon. "I told him of the machine I had made, and in what followed he urged — indeed, I may say, even commanded — me to fashion an android of brass under certain planetary conjunctions and aspects, according to the rules of magic, which he said would in due time answer questions and prophesy, being inhabited by a spirit. His tone was such that I thought not of disputing with him, and, assuming that I would obey, he left me minute direc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions in writing, and also, what was most strange, drawings of the internal structure of the human head, neck, and bosom, in whose likeness, he said, the interior of the bust must be fashioned, and with various metals. These drawings he had made, he told me, by dissecting the human corpse" —

"Heavenly God!" ejaculated Bungy, turning pale. "Open a corpse! Sacrilege!"

"Nay," said Bacon firmly. "I think not so. The illustrious Mondini has done the same. Why not? Bodies are cloven in battle, and even mutilated after death. If this may be done in the spirit of war, or, worse, in the spirit of murder, nor be deemed sacrilege, why may it not be done as blamelessly in the spirit of truth and love for the advancement of knowledge, which is the profit of the world?"

"By St. Thomas à Kent, that is well argued!" returned Bungy, rolling his eyes. "But natheless 't is a grave matter to carve up a man like a stockfish."

"However," resumed Bacon, "the Paduan, promising to return to England in a year, left me, and I, disregarding his talk, though I own that in his presence he almost compelled my mind to his thought and will, set about fashioning the apparatus for the android on which we have wrought together."

"And which is now completed, or will be soon," said Bungy eagerly. "But for what purpose?"

"Attend, good frère," pursued Bacon. "Dost remember when this base king built the stone bulwark next the Tower, a wasp's nest of prisons, in which the rich merchants were to be confined till they paid him heavy sums of money?"

"Truly do I," replied the friar. "'T was in 1239. But St. Thomas à Becket brought confusion upon it; for well do I remember the night when the solid bulwark fell down with great din, as though an earthquake had set his shoulder to it."

"Natheless he builded it again," said Bacon, with a gloomy smile.

"Ay, did he," responded Bungy, "and at a cost of twelve thousand marks. Yet no sooner up than down again. 'T was in 1241. St. Thomas guards his Londoners well."

"And well may he guard them," said Bacon quietly. "But 't was not St. Thomas à Becket brought confusion upon Harry of Winchester's vile jail. 'T was I."

Bungy's fat face became blank with stupefaction.

"You!" he roared. "Roger, are you demented?"

Bacon arose and went to a cupboard, from which he returned in a few moments with a lighted taper and a small metal phial.

"I have told you of the explosive properties of the powder of nitre and coal," he said, "but in this little flask, which I brought in from the laboratory to show you, there is a vapor generated by vitriol and water on iron dust which is also explosive. Look."

Unstopping the phial, he held it aloft, with the light above it. A bright flash followed.

"Confine that vapor in a cell," he said to the staring Bungy, "apply flame, and 't will rive all before it."

He extinguished the taper, replaced it with the phial, and resumed his seat.

"An officer of the Tower," he continued, "had a brother, a rich merchant, on whom he knew the oppression was likely to fall, and chancing to unburden his heart to me, whom he knew, for his brother's sake he willingly lent himself to my scheme. One night, ere the bulwark was inhabited, or indeed well finished, he took me to lodge with him in the White Tower, and in the night we went in by a private passage to a cell in the basement of the bulwark. I placed in a large earthen vessel he had left there the quantity of iron filings I had brought, and, adding the vitriol and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water, covered the whole till the inflammable vapor was evolved. Then, uncovering it, we hastily retired, making all fast behind us, and leaving in the cell a little machine contrived so that it would strike a light within a certain time. That night, as I said, I lodged with him in the White Tower, and in a little while we heard the dull roar of the toppling bulwark. Ay, and again was the same thing done, and again the exploding vapor rived that stronghold of tyranny. The third time never came for its rebuilding."

Bungy heaved a prodigious sigh.

"By St. Dubric, 't was a parlous brave deed!" he exclaimed. "'T was done well!"

"It was done for the good of the people," said Bacon sternly. "Lamed by fortune, not often have I been able, in mine obscurity, to work them such signal service. Yet twice, at least, have I wrought well for them, and now for the third time I come to their service with the brazen android."

"To their service!" cried Bungy, with a great start.

"Ay," replied Bacon. "I told you that, just ere my coming here to execute the scheme whereto my lord of Lincoln and De Marisco are privy, something marvelous happened, and it was that suggested my scheme."

"What was it that happened?" murmured Bungy.

"The king dreamed a strange dream. Dost remember?" asked Bacon sombrely.

"I do," replied Bungy, after a moment's pause, in which the color rushed to his startled features. "It troubled him sorely, and was the land's talk for a good season."

"Truly was it," said Bacon. "He dreamed of lodging in an unfamiliar room, where a Brazen Head appeared and spoke to him, giving him good counsel. But what it said, waking he could not remember. Yet eagerly did he strive to recall what it had spoken, and sorely did he long that such an image might indeed appear to him. 'You would die of fear,' said Humphrey de Bohun to him. 'Nay, by God's head,' said the king, 'I would calmly listen; ay, and abide by its counsel.'"

Bungy gasped, and with the sleeve of his habit mopped the perspiration from a face redder than fire with his excitement.

"Hear, now," said Bacon, leaning forward as he sat, and speaking in low and sombre tones, with his gray eyes jewel-bright, and fixed piercingly on the visage of the friar. "The time has come when the welfare of England demands that the king shall be guided by De Montfort."

"Ay, does it!" roared Bungy, with patriotic fervor, bringing down his fist like a mallet on the solid arm of the settle.

"What if he should hear such good counsel as this?" urged Bacon. "What if this superstitious king, with the memory of his dream upon him, should have a brazen android appear to him indeed, and speak thus for his salvation? Behold, the android is made!"

"And it will speak to him?" panted Bungy.

Bacon rose swiftly and silently to his feet, like a ghost, and stood dilated, with a white light on his marble brow and wasted features, and his eyes flaming in their hollow orbits.

"Ay," he said, in a low and thrilling voice, "it will speak my thought to him! It will utter Roger Bacon's message to the king of England!"

There was a moment of motionless silence; then, like a majestic phantom, he moved up the room, while Bungy, like one released from a spell, his red face convulsed with a shock of emotions, fell back heavily on the settle, overpowered with the revelation.

Two or three minutes of utter stillness had passed in the golden gloom of the chamber, when Bungy, with a breath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like a bellows, raised his bulk to an upright position, and stretched out his huge legs with an air of boundless pride.

"By Dunstan, I have wrought well to have holped make such a brave andrew as this," he said, in his big bass voice. "Saints, but I feel as if I, and not Sir Simon, were the Mattathias of the suffering people!"

Bacon smiled wanly, and, approaching, resumed his chair.

"I have yet to tell you, Frère Thomas," he said quietly, "how the android is to obtain audience of the king."

"Ay," returned Bungy, "and what it is to say to him."

"What it is to say I defer till you hear it speak yourself," was the answer. "For the rest, listen. The original design was to beguile the king into visiting Robert Grostete at his house in Lincoln, which could easily be done; when, at night, he would find the android in his chamber, and hear it speak in the presence of his attendants. But lately fortune has favored me with a better plan,—one, indeed, which makes it unnecessary that the image should speak by machinery, since a man within it might say all it will say. In the former design this could not have been, for there was no place to set it but in a narrow niche, where a man could not be concealed, whereas now we have a pedestal ample enough to hide a person, and also to light the android by an unknown process, as then only the king's lamp would have lighted it. But hearken. In the next house lives aged Master Trenchard, once a silk merchant, now rich, and no longer a trafficker. His house and this are both old, dating back to the reign of King Richard. But, what is not known, though I discovered it not long after I came here, there is a secret passage from one house into the other through the party-wall of the laboratory."

"Oh!" grunted Bungy, in astonishment.

"When we go into the laboratory, I will show it to you," said Bacon. "But now hear something wonderful. You know that it hath long been the fashion of this paltry king to go about lodging with men of all stations, and begging gifts of them."

"Ay!" snorted Bungy, with ineffable contempt.

"Five years ago," continued Bacon, "he paid such a visit to old Master Trenchard, and obtained from him an hundred marks. But what think you? This morning Master Trenchard received a message from the king that he would lodge with him on the third night hence, having, he said, certain proposals to offer him."

Bungy broke into a roar of laughter, stamping his feet and pounding with his hands.

"How found you this, Roger?" he said at last, still snuffling and choking with suppressed mirth.

"Master Trenchard himself told me this morning," answered Bacon quietly. "The poor man is anything but pleased with the prospect of the king's visit."

"Marry, I'll warrant you!" tittered Bungy; "for well he knows what proposals Harry of Winchester will have to offer, and his coffers already rattle with fear."

"Perchance Master Trenchard's coffers may be spared this time," said Bacon.

"How so?" replied Bungy, with an incredulous air.

"Because the king will lodge that night in the merchant's best chamber."

"And what of that?" retorted the burly friar.

"Because the secret passage whereof I spoke opens by a sliding panel into the chamber where the king will lodge," said Bacon, with his eyes on fire.

Bungy instantly sobered, and his large face grew red as a rising autumn moon.

"I see it all!" he said, with a voice like a muffled roar. "The andrew will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

break the king's sleep by appearing at the open panel."

"Ay!" replied Bacon, in clear, hollow tones. "In the dead stillness of the night the panel will withdraw, and the king, starting from his bed, will see at the cavity, distinct in yellow light, the android of his dream! So, while he gazes spellbound, he shall hear from its lips the good counsel which he shall now remember. Then darkness shall fall, and in the darkness the android shall recede, the panel close, and the king be left alone. But that counsel shall shape his life to its latest day!"

"By St. Becket," shouted Bungy, springing to his feet with an agility none would have suspected him capable of, and striding, with heavy foot-flaps, to and fro, "this is the rarest plot that ever was plotted! It is the most" —

Cuthbert Hoole darted into the room in a frenzy of excitement.

"Time is!" he screeched, in a sort of chant. "Time is! the Brass-Man! Time is! the Brass-Man! Aroint thee, Zernebock! Aroint thee, Zernebock!"

"Aroint thee, thou gibbering brute!" howled Bungy, plunging down like a rhinoceros upon the idiot, who vanished, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him. "Was ever the like of this! Hath the foul fiend possessed the ill-mannered bunch that he thus — Sooth, but I will take a cudgel to him if he beginneth these freaks! But what the plague — How dark the room grows!"

He had turned at the sudden fading of the light, but his eyes, as they glanced to the window, were arrested midway by the aspect of his fellow-friar. Bacon had risen to his feet, and stood in the pale gray gloom of the chamber, looking towards the door with parted lips and his visage white as death.

"It is a cloud passing over the sun," he said, in a slow, collected voice.

"Eh?" grunted Bungy, astonished.

"This troubles me," murmured Bacon.

"What? The cloud?" said Bungy, staring at him.

"I was speaking of Cuthbert," replied Bacon wanderingly. "I know not what can ail him."

"Huh!" sulkily snorted Bungy. "I know not why you keep such an ill-witted oaf about you. I would sell him to a farmer."

"Nay," rejoined Bacon curtly, "I do not sell men. I had Cuthbert from my rich brother in Somersetshire, and, taking him in pity, I owe him protection."

"Ay," sulked Bungy, dumping down again upon the settle, while Bacon also resumed his seat. "Kindness, kindness! 'T is a voice in you, Roger. Beshrew me, but I think you would be kind to Jews!"

"Truly would I," said Bacon. "I love not oppression, nor outrage in any form; and, to my thinking, in these outraged Jews again is Christ Jesu daily mocked, and scourged, and crucified."

Bungy looked a trifle abashed, but presently relaxed from his sullen mood, and laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, well," he said, "Jews or Gentiles, I mean them no harm. But to return to this brave andrew, or what you may call it — Body o' me, how dark the room grows! Sooth, 't is a grisly twilight, though we have not reached the middle of the afternoon! By my dame, 't is dark as though yon clouds were the black wings of the devil spread over the land, and the devil" —

"Ah, yes, the devil! — long life to the devil!" said a singular, shrill voice.

Both friars leaped up aghast. The door was wide open, and on the threshold, in the gloomy brown light, and relieved against the shadowy passage, stood a dark, imperial figure, with a face like marble.

William Douglas O'Connor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB.

THE fiery mid-March sun a moment hung
Above the bleak Judean wilderness;
Then darkness swept upon us, and 't was night.
The brazen day had stifled. On our eyes,
That throbbed and stung, the dusk fell like a balm.
We lay and looked and listened. The warm wind
Blew low and lutelike, and a fountain's fret
Made sweeter melody than all the streams
That gush from Nebo to far Sinai.
A strange-voiced bird among the thicket thorns
Sang to a star. The jackals loud resumed
Their weird nocturnal quarrels, and the laugh
Of some hill-strayed hyena broke across
The wild-dog's bickerings, — ironic, mad.
The palms that waved o'er squalid Jericho
Towered ghostly, and the Moab mountains made
An inky line along the eastern sky.
Behind us bulky Quarantana gloomed,
And there a beacon, from a rock-cut cave,
Pricked the black night with its keen point of fire.

Demetrius Domian, trusty dragoman,
Good friend and comrade, hale and handsome Greek,
On elbow leaning, pointed one bronzed hand
Toward the vast, vague, and misty land that lay
Beyond the sacred Jordan. "There," he said,
A quaver breaking his deep-chested voice, —
"There, in wild Moab, Kerak-Moab lies."
Ofttimes before when day had spent its heat,
And in the wide tent doorway we reclined
On carpets Damascene, our guide had told
Strange tales adventurous, — of desert rides
Toward lonely Tadmor and old Bagdad shrines,
Of wanderings with the Meccan caravan
Where to be known a Christian was to die,
Of braving Druses in their Hauran haunts
Where they kept guard o'er treasures of dead kings
In cities overthrown. Such tales as these
Had 'livened many a quiet evening hour
After long pilgrimage. So when the Greek
Would fain dispel our homeward-turning thoughts,
We gave him ready ear. This tale he told
In clear narration:

"Nigh three years have seen
The olives ripen round Jerusalem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since from St. Stephen's gateway I set forth
For Kerak-Moab with young Ibraim.
My cousin he, a comely youth, whom love
Had won with soft allurements. He would wed
A Kerak maid upon blest Easter Day,
And I must thither with him, — such his will,
Which I in no wise had desire to thwart.
For when his mother lay at brink of death,
(His father having long put off this life,)
She bade me be a brother unto him,
And brother-like we were.

"Before us rode
Our servant, bearing on his sturdy beast
The needs for shelter on our lonely way,
And food therewith, and gifts to glad the bride.
By Kedrith's gloomy gorge, and Jericho,
And Jordan's ford we journeyed; then our path
Past Heshbon led us, and near Baal-Meon,
Where, records say, Elisha first drew breath.
The fifth day's sun was westering ere we saw
The antique gray of Kerak-Moab's towers,
And the all-crowning citadel.

"A warm,
Heart-moving welcome greeted us, and soon
Amid the kinsfolk of the bride to be
In merriment the jostling words went round.
'T was Easter Eve. The house wherein that night
We were to shelter stood anear a breach
Within the wall that bulwarked round the town.
An ancient wall it was, Crusader-built,
And doubtless shattered by those Paynim hordes
That northward surged from arid Araby,
Setting Mohammed's name o'er that of Christ;
And it was here the father of the bride
Had reared his goodly dwelling. Night was old
Before we left his roof to seek the door
That gracious kin had left unbarred for us.
Along the lanelike streets in silvery pools
The moonlight gleamed. From distant housetops bayed,
In broken iteration, Moslem dogs,
But 'twixt their baying all was desert-still.
'Why should we go within?' Ibraim said.
'Come, dear Demetrius, on this night of nights,
The last, perchance, that I shall pass with thee,
In this sweet air let us remain awhile
And talk as brothers, for my life will soon
Be strangely changed, and though we oft may meet,
Yet will there be another tongue to speak;
But now we are alone.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Arm linked in arm
We sought the breach, and spying in the wall
A nook where we could clamber, high above,
And wide o'erlooking all the moonlit scene,
We scrambled to it. There the hyssop grew,
And rugged seats invited to recline.
Then, while he told me his fond tale of love
Over again for quite the hundredth time,
I mused upon the future, vacant-eyed,
Beholding nothing. When his happy speech
Had run its course, and silence jarred me back
To ambient things, my conscious vision caught
A shadowy glimpse of one swift-skulking form
From fragment unto fragment of prone wall
In phantom quiet flitting. While I gazed
Another and another followed fast,
Till, as I gripped Ibraim's arm, a score
In sudden sight from black concealment rose,
And forward gliding noiselessly, below
Our lofty cranny paused. Anxious, alert,
We listened breathlessly, and then we heard —
Just God! but how we started when we heard,
And horror-mute stared in each other's eyes,
That moment haggard grown!

"Then down we slipped,
And in the shadow by the breach's edge
Where dropped the wall nigh two men's height away
To sloping ground, with faces set and hands
Fast clutching weapon hilts, we stood in wait.
We dared not leave the breach. The robber band,
Once in the town, would spread through sinuous lanes
And sow destruction, and the first to fall
Beneath their ruthless power might be the ones
To whom by love-ties was Ibraim bound.
We felt that here their onset we must face,
And with that onset lift our cry for aid.
Their parley ceased. A moment, and we saw
Two stealthy forms rise, black against the moon,
Propped by their comrades on the ground below.
Then pealed our wildest shout, and on the twain
We flung ourselves so madly they were hurled
Sheer backward on the heads below. A space
The band retreated, but when they divined
That we alone stood guard, while still our cries
Vibrated down the corridors of night,
In one close mass they rushed upon the breach,
Like some huge wave that, when the seas are fierce,
Rolls on the ruined battlements of Tyre,
Clutches their base, and reaches clinging arms
To clasp the loftiest stone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then from its sheath,
Where like a coilèd serpent round my waist
Slept my curved blade of keen Damascus steel,
I whipped it forth, as drew Ibraim his.
A deadly circle did we flash in air,
And on that human wave fell vengefully.
Twice, thrice, we smote, and while, unharmed, I clove
A fourth black-turbaned crown, I saw two fiends
Leap at Ibraim. As he slew the first
The other seized him in his demon grasp,
And, like one frenzied, sprang through middle space
Upon the writhing throng.

"Along the street
The tardy rescuers surged. I cried them on;
But when they came, the wily Bedouin foe
Had sought the shielding shadow of the night.

"I raised Ibraim's head: his heavy lids
Fluttered a moment, and around his mouth
A sad smile hovered, as he breathed my name
And that of his belovèd. Death was bride
Of brave Ibraim on that Easter Eve."

Demetrius paused, and leaned upon his palm.
A sudden wind tore at the tent. Above
Black clouds had gulfed the stars. A bodeful moan
Grew momently amid the dark defiles;
The livid lightning rent the breast of night,
Then burst the brooding storm. But lo! at dawn
Peace smiled upon the plain of Jericho,
And all the line of Moab mountains lay
Golden and glad beneath the risen sun.

Clinton Scollard.

FROM MY WINDOW.

THE best place I have found for spying upon the habits of birds is behind a blind. If one can command a window with outside blinds, looking upon a spot attractive to the feathered world, he will be sure, sooner or later, to see every bird of the vicinity. If he will keep the blinds closed and look only through the opened slats, he will witness more of their unconstrained free ways than can possibly be seen by a person within their sight, though he assume the attitude and the stolidity of a wooden figure. Says our nature-poet, Emerson:

"You often thread the woods in vain
To see what singer piped the strain.
Seek not, and the little eremite
Flies forth and gayly sings in sight."

And the bird student can testify to the truth of the verse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many times, after having spent the morning in wandering about in the bird haunts of a neighborhood, I have returned to my room to write up my notebook, and have seen more of birds and bird life in an hour from my window than during the whole morning's stroll.

One of my windows, last summer, looked out upon an ideal bird corner: a bit of grass, uncut till very late, with a group of trees and shrubs at the lower boundary, and an old board fence, half buried in luxuriant wild raspberry bushes, running along one side. It was a neglected spot, the side yard of a farmhouse; and I was careful not to enter it myself so often as to suggest to the birds that they were likely to see people. It had the further advantage of being so near the woods surrounding the house that the shy forest birds were attracted to it.

No sooner would I seat myself, pen in hand, than chirps and twitters would come from the trees, a bird would alight on the fence, or a squirrel come out to sun himself. Of course the pen gave way to the opera-glass in a moment, and often not a line of the notebook got itself written till birds and squirrels had gone to bed with the sun.

The group of trees which bounded my view at the end of this outdoor study I called the "locust group." It consisted of a locust or two, surrounded by a small but close growth of lesser trees and shrubs that made a heavy mass of foliage. There were a few young ashes, two or three half-grown maples, a shadberry bush, and wild raspberry vines to carry the varied foliage to the ground. Inside this beautiful tangle of Nature's own arranging was a perfect tent, so thickly grown near the ground that a person could hardly penetrate it without an axe, but open and roomy above, with branches and twigs enough to accommodate an army of birds. Behind that waving green curtain of leaves took place many dramas I longed to see; but I knew that my appearance there would be a signal for the whole scene to vanish, and with flit of wings the *dramatis personæ* to make their exit. So I tried to possess my soul in patience, and to content myself with the flashes and glimpses I could catch through an opening here and there in the leafy drapery.

At one corner of the group stood a small dead tree. This was the phœbe's customary perch, and on those bare branches — first or last — every visitor was sure to appear. On the lower branch the robin paused, with worm in mouth, on the way to his two-story nest under the eaves of the barn. On the top spire the warbler baby sat and stared at the world about it, till its anxious parent could coax it to a more secluded perch. From a side branch the veery poured his wonderful song, and the cheery little song sparrow uttered his message of good will for all to hear and heed. Here the red-headed woodpecker waited, with low "kr-r-r-r" and many bows to the universe in general, to see if the way were clear for him to go to the fence. Nothing is so good to bring birds into sight as an old fence or a dead tree. On the single leafless branch at the top of an old apple-tree the student will generally see, at one time or another, every bird in an orchard.

This dead tree of the locust group was the regular perch of "the loneliest of its kind," the phœbe, whose big chucklehead and high shoulders gave him the look of an old man, bent with age. His outline one could never mistake, even though he were but a silhouette against the sky. One of these birds could nearly always be seen on the lowest branch pursuing his business of flycatcher, and I learned more of the singularly reserved creature than I ever knew before. I found, contrary to my expectation, that he had a great deal to say for himself, aside from the professional performance at the peak of the barn roof which gives him his name.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Phoebe is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,"

sings the poet, but he had not so close acquaintance with him as I enjoyed behind my blind. There were two mud cottages in the neighborhood, and two pairs of birds to occupy them, and no phœbe of spirit will tolerate in silence another of his kind near him. Sparrows of all sorts might come about; juncos and chickadees, thrushes and warblers, might alight on his chosen tree, — rarely a word would he say; but let a phœbe appear, and there began at once a war of words. It might be mere friendly talk, but it sounded very much like vituperation and "calling names," and I noticed that it ended in a chase and the disappearance of one of them.

Again, whenever a phœbe alighted on the fence he made a low but distinct remark that sounded marvelously like "cheese-it," and several times the mysterious bird treated me to a very singular performance. He hovered like a humming-bird close before a nest, looking into it and uttering a loud strange cry, like the last note of "phœbe" repeated rapidly, as "be-be-be." Was it derision, complaint, or a mere neighborly call? This was not for the benefit of his own family, for he did it before the robin's nest. I thought at first he meant mischief to the young robins, but although he approached very near he did not actually touch them.

The loudest note this bird uttered was, of course, his well-known "phœbe," which he delivered from the peak of the barn (never from the dead tree) with an emphasis that proclaimed to all whom it might concern that he had something on his mind. It was plain that he was a person of cares; indeed, his whole bearing was that of one with no nonsense about him, with serious duties to perform. I wonder if these birds are ever playful! Even the babies are dignified and self-contained. Phœbes in a frolic would be a rare sight. Of the two nests whose owners I had to study, one was on a low beam in the cow-barn, where a person might look in; the other under the eaves of a farm-building close by.

The special policeman of the group and its environs was a robin, who lived in a two-story nest under the eaves of the hay-barn. This bird, after the manner of his family, constituted himself regulator and dictator. He lived in peace with the ordinary residents, but took it upon himself to see that no stranger showed his head near the spot. He chased the crow blackbird who happened to fly over on business of his own, and by calls for help brought the whole robin population about the ears of the intruder. He also headed the mob of redbreasts that descended one morning upon a meek-looking half-grown kitten, who chanced to cast its innocent eyes upon a robin baby under the trees on another side of the house. The youngster could fly with ease, but he preferred to stay on the ground, for he quickly returned there when I put him on a low branch; and when a robin makes up his mind, arguments are useless. The same robin bullied the red-headed woodpecker, and flew at the kingbird when he brought his young family up to taste the raspberries.

One visitor there was, however, to the fence and the locusts whom Master Robin did not molest. When a prolonged, incisive "pu-eep" in the martial and inspiring tone of the great-crested flycatcher broke the silence, I observed that the robin always had plenty of his own business to attend to. I admire this beautiful bird, perhaps because he is the inveterate enemy of the house sparrow, and almost the only one who actually keeps that little bully in his proper place. There is to me something pleasing in the bearing of the great-crest, who, though of few inches, carries himself in a manner worthy of an eagle. Even the play of a pair of them on the tops of the tallest dead trees in the woods, though merry enough with loud joyful cries, has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a certain dignity and circumspection about it uncommon in so small a bird.

A pair of great-crests were frequent visitors to the fence, where they were usually very quiet. But one day his call, as the male flew over from the woods, was answered by a loud-voiced canary, whose cage hung all summer outside the kitchen door. The stranger alighted on a tree, apparently astonished to be challenged, but he replied at once. The canary, who was out of sight on the other side of the cottage, answered, and the droll conversation was kept up for some time; the woods bird turning his head this way and that, eager to see his social neighbor, but unable, of course, to do so.

A little later in the season, when baby birds began to fly about, the locust group became even more attractive. Its nearness to the woods, as already mentioned, made it convenient for forest birds, and its seclusion and supply of food were charms they could not resist. First of the fledgelings to appear were a family of crow blackbirds, four of them with their parents. These are the least interesting feathered young people I know, but the parents are among the most devoted. They keep their little flock together, and work hard to fill their mouths. The low cry is husky, but insistent, and they flutter their wings with great energy, holding them out level with the back.

After berries began to ripen, the woodpeckers came to call on us. In my walk in the woods in the morning, I frequently brought home a branch of elder with two or three clusters of berries, which I hung in the small dead tree. In that way I drew some of the woods birds about. The downy woodpecker was one of my first callers. He came with a sharp "chit-it-it," hung upon the clusters, occasionally head down, and picked and ate as long as he liked. The vigilant robin would sometimes fly at him, and he would leave; but in a moment back he came, and went on with his repast. When the care of an infant fell to him, he brought his charge to the source of supplies. A farm wagon happened to stand near the dead tree, and on this the young woodpecker alighted, and stood humped up and quiet, while his parent went to the berries, picked several for himself, and then proceeded to feed him. This young person was very circumspect in his behavior. He did not flutter nor cry, in the usual bird-baby manner, but received his food with perfect composure. Berries, however, seemed to be new to him, and he did not appear to relish them, for after tasting two or three he flew away. In spite of this he came again the next day, and then he flew over to a cluster himself, and hung, back down, while he ate. He was charming with his sweet low chatter, and very lovely in plumage, white as snow, with dark markings clear and soft.

One of the prettiest of our guests was a young chestnut-sided warbler. He looked much bigger than his papa, as warbler babies often do; but that is probably because the young bird is not accustomed to his suit of feathers, and does not know how to manage them. Some of them appear like a child in his grandfather's coat. The chestnut-sided warbler was himself an attractive little fellow, with a generous desire to help in the world's work pleasant to see in bird or man. After becoming greatly interested in one we had seen in the woods, who insisted on helping a widowed redstart feed her youngster, and had almost to fight the little dame to do so, we found another chestnut-sided warbler engaged in helping his fellows. Whether it were the same bird we could not tell; we certainly discovered him in the same corner of the woods. This little fellow was absorbed in the care of an infant more than twice as big as himself. "A cowbird baby!" will exclaim every one who knows the habit — shame-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful from our point of view — of the cowbird to impose her infants on her neighbors to hatch and bring up. But this baby, unfortunately for the "wisdom of the wise," did not resemble the cowbird family.

We saw the strange pair several times in the woods, and then one day, as I sat at my window trying to write, I heard a new cry, and saw a strange bird fly to the fence. He was very restless, ran along the top board, then flew to another fence, scrambled along a few feet, raising and lowering his tail, and all the time uttering a husky two-note baby-cry. While I was struggling to keep him in the field of my glass long enough to note his points, he went to the dead tree, and the philosophical phœbe sitting there took his case in hand, and made a dash for him. The stranger flew straight over the house, with his assailant in close chase. But in a moment I heard the baby-cry in a maple beside the cottage, while the phœbe calmly returned to his post and gave his mind again to his flycatching. The young bird was not in range from the window, but when, a few seconds later, I heard the feeding-cry, I could no longer resist the desire to see him.

I forgot my caution, and rushed out of the house, for I suspected that this uneasy visitor was the chestnut-sided's adopted charge. So I found it. There stood the infant, big and clumsy by comparison, calling, calling, forever calling; and stretching up on tiptoe, as it were, to reach him was the poor little warbler, trying to stop his mouth by stuffing him. The foster-parent lingered as if he were weary, and his plumage looked as if he had not dressed it for a week. But the insatiate beggar gave him no peace; with the swallowing of the last morsel began his cry for more. Again, standing within ten feet of him, I noticed the young bird's points, and again I was convinced that he was not a cowbird baby.

The curious antics of a solemn kingbird, who did not suspect his hidden observer, were droll to look upon. He seemed to be alone on the fence, though some silent spectator may have been hidden behind the leaves. He mounted suddenly straight up in the air, with cries, twenty feet or more, then soared down with a beautiful display of his plumage. This he did many times in succession, with an indescribably conscious air, and at last he dropped behind some tall grass in the pasture. It looked exceedingly like "showing off," and who could imagine a kingbird in that rôle!

But all flourishes were over when, somewhat later, he brought his lovely little family of three to the fence to be treated to berries. It was interesting to see a flycatcher take his fruit "on the wing," as it were; that is, fly at it, seize it, and jerk it off without alighting. The phœbe picked berries in the same way, when he occasionally condescended to investigate the attraction that brought so many strangers into his quiet corner.

The young kingbirds were sweet and chatty among themselves, and they decidedly approved the berries; but they never lost sight of each other, and kept close together, the little company of three, as I have seen other kingbirds do. One day they came in the rain, feathers all in locks, showing the dark color next the skin, and looking like beggars in "rags and tags," but they were as cheerful and as clannish as ever.

To the locust group, too, came the red-headed woodpeckers: at first the parents, who talked to each other in whispered "kr-r-r-r's," and carried off many a sweet morsel to their family in the woods; later, one youngster, who took possession of the fence with the calm assurance of his race, and when I left the place had apparently established himself there for the season.

Many others alighted on the fence: the junco, with his pretty brown bantling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his charming little trilling song; the crow baby, with its funny ways and queer cry of "ma-a-a;" the redstart, who

"Folds and unfolds his twinkling tail in sport;"

the flicker mamma, with her "merry pitter-patter" and her baby as big as herself. Even the sap-sucker from the lawn had somehow heard the news that a feast was spread near the locusts, and came over to see.

Birds were not the only frequenters of the fence and the berry bushes. There were squirrels, gray and red, and chipmunks who sat up pertly on a post, with two little paws laid upon their heart in theatrical attitude, as who should say, "Be still my heart," while they looked the country over to see if any lurking member of the human family were about. The red squirrels were the most amusing, for they were very frolicsome, indulging in mad chases over and under the fence, through the trees, around the trunks, so rapidly that they resembled a red streak more than little beasts.

One squirrel adopted the fence as his regular highway, and the high post of the farm gate as his watch-tower. He often sunned himself, lying on his face, with his legs and his tail spread out as flat as if he had been smashed. His presence scared the birds from the neighborhood, and I undertook to discourage him. I went out one day when I saw him near the fence. The squirrel made up his mind to pass over the gate and get into the locust, but I posted myself quite near, and he did not like to pass me. Giving up his plan is no part of a squirrel's intention, however, and every moment he would scramble up a few feet one side of me, with the design of running past me. As soon as his sharp black eyes showed above the top board I cried "Shoo!" He understood my motion, and doubtless would if I had said "Scat!" or "Get out!" (What should one say to a squirrel?)

He dashed behind his barricade and disappeared. But he did not "stay put;" in two seconds he tried it again, and again his discouraging reception drove him back. He grew wary, however, and pretty soon I began to notice that every time he made his dash to the top he was a few inches nearer the gate, which stretched like a bridge from the fence to the locust-tree, and of course so much nearer me. At last, advancing thus inch by inch, he came up close to the gate, so near I could have put my hand on him, — that is, I could have put my hand on the place he occupied, for he did not stay to be caressed; he flew across the gate, sprang three or four feet into the tree, and was out of sight before I could lift a finger. This passage having been successfully made, he felt that he was safe, and could afford to be saucy. He began the usual scold. Then I tossed a little stick up toward him, as a reminder that human power is not limited by the length of an arm, and he subsided.

Once when he came up to the fence top, before his grand dash, I laughed at him. Strange to say, this made him furious. He reviled me vehemently. No doubt, if I had understood his language, I should have been covered with confusion, for I confess that he could make a very good point against me. What business had I, an interloper in his dominion, to interfere with his rights, or to say whether he should dine off birds or berries?

Olive Thorne Miller.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXVI.

MOTHER ANASTASIA.

In the half hour during which I remained alone upon the bluff, awaiting the return of Walkirk and the fishing party, I thought as much of the lady with whom I had been talking as the lady of whom I had been talking.

"How is it possible," I asked myself, "that this gentlewoman, warm with her rich blooded beauty, alive with ripe youth, born to delight the soul of man and fire his heart, should content herself to be a head nurse in a hospital; to wander in an unsightly disguise among dismal sick-beds; to direct the management of measles-refuges; to shut herself up in a bare-floored, cold-walled institution with narrow-minded Sister Sarahs; to be, in a word, the Mother Superior of the House of Martha?"

That she should occupy this position seemed to me a crime. There were many women in the world who could do all she was doing, but there were few who could take her place in the world of full, true life.

When the fishing party returned, I went to the house to take leave of our new friends.

"You must go?" said the Sand Lady. "And where, may I ask, is it imperative that you should go?"

"To the island where you have so kindly allowed us to sojourn," I replied.

"You sleep in the cabin of your boat, I believe?" she said; and I answered that we did.

"Very well, then," continued she, "why not bring your floating home to this island? It is in every way better than that. I will give you exclusive rights over a little bay and an adjoining dell. There you can cook your own meals when you like, or you can come to us when you like; we always have more than enough for all who inhabit this island. In the evening you can sit alone on the beach and think of the far-away loved one, or you can come up to the house and play whist or twenty questions. The Understudy can go fishing with my brother; they suit each other admirably. What do you say?"

"I say, madam," I replied, with a bow, "the sands of which you are the lady are the dust of diamonds, and your invitation is a golden joy."

"Bless me," she exclaimed, "what must you be out of check!"

That evening we sailed to Racket Island, brought away our belongings, and established ourselves in the land-locked little bay, about a quarter of a mile from the house of the Sand Lady.

Early the next morning I walked around to a pier where I had noticed a good-sized yacht was moored. It was still there; apparently no one had left the island. After our breakfast on the beach I told Walkirk to devote himself to independent occupations, and walked up to the house. I found the lady who had called herself a Person and the one of whom I did not like to think as an Interpolation sitting together upon the piazza. I joined them.

"Would n't you be very much obliged to me," asked the Person, after a scattering conversation, in which I suppose I appeared as but a perfunctory performer, "if I were to go away and leave you alone with this lady?"

"As this is an island of plain speaking," I replied, "I will say, yes."

Both ladies laughed, and the Person retired to her hammock.

"Now, then," asked Mother Anastasia, "what is the meaning of this alarming frankness?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wish to talk to you of Sylvia," I answered.

"If you imagine," she said, "that I intend to spend the short time I shall remain upon this island in talking of Sylvia, you are very much mistaken."

"Then let us talk of yourself," I replied.

She turned upon me with a frown and a laugh.

"If I had known," she said, "your habits of ingenuousness and candor, I should have made you dictate to Sylvia through a speaking-tube. You have known me less than a day. You have known her for a month. Can it be possible that you talk to her as freely as you talk to me?"

"Madam," I exclaimed, "I love Sylvia, and therefore could not speak freely to her."

"Your distinctions are wonderfully clear-cut," she said; "but why do you wish to talk of me? I suppose you want to know why I am Mother Superior of the House of Martha?"

"Yes," I answered, "that is a thing I cannot understand; but of course I should not feel justified in even alluding to it if, yesterday, you had not so kindly given me your confidence in regard to yourself and Sylvia."

"It seems to me," she remarked, "that, as you decline to recognize the name given to that young woman by our institution, you should call her Miss Raynor; but I will say no more of that."

"It would be well," said I. "She is Sylvia to me. You must remember that I never met her in the circles of conventionalism."

She laughed. "This whole affair is certainly very independent of conventionalism; and as to your curiosity about me, that is very easily gratified. Nearly five years ago I connected myself with the House of Martha. Although there were sisters older than myself, I was chosen Mother Superior, because I possessed rather more administrative abilities than any of the others. I think I have governed the House fairly well, even if, in regard to the matter of furnishing secretaries to literary men, there has been some dissatisfaction."

"You allude to Sister Sarah?" said I.

"Yes," she answered; "and had she been head of the House, your peace of mind would not have been disturbed. But what I did in that case I did conscientiously and with good intent."

"And you are not sorry for it?" I asked.

"It may be that I shall be sorry for you," she replied, "but that is all I have to say on that point. In a very short time I shall return to my duties and to my sombre bonnet and gown, and these interpolated days, which in a manner have been forced upon me, should be forgotten."

"But one thing you must not forget," I exclaimed: "it was in this time that you promised me" —

"You selfish, selfish man," she interrupted, "you think only of yourself. I shall talk no more of yourself, of myself, or of Sylvia. My friends are at the other side of the house, and I am going to them." And she went.

While Walkirk and I were sailing that afternoon, he managing the boat and I stretched upon some cushions, I told him of my conversations with Mother Anastasia. I considered him worthy of my confidence, and it was pleasant to give it to him.

"She is a rare, strange woman," said he. "I thought her very handsome when I visited her at the House of Martha; but since I have seen her here, dressed in becoming clothes, I consider that she possesses phenomenal attractions."

"And I hope," I remarked, "that she may be phenomenally good-natured, and give me some chances of seeing Sylvia Raynor."

"That would indeed be phenomenal," said Walkirk, laughing, "considering that she is a Mother Superior, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young lady is a member of the sisterhood. But everything relating to the case is peculiar, and in my opinion Mother Anastasia is more peculiar than anything else."

That evening we were invited to dine at the house of the Sand Lady. It was a delightful occasion. Everybody was in good spirits, and the general tone of the conversation was singularly lively and unrestrained. Mother Anastasia would not play cards, but we amused ourselves with various sprightly social games, in which the lady who preferred to be called a Person showed a vivacious though sometimes nipping wit. I had no opportunity for further private talk with Mother Anastasia, nor did I desire one. I wished to interest her in my love for Sylvia, but not to bore her with it.

The next day, at about eleven o'clock, the Sand Lady and the Shell Man walked over to our little bay, where they found Walkirk and me fencing upon the level beach.

"Stop your duel, gentlemen," said the lady. "I come to give you the farewells of the Interpolation. She was sorry she could not do this herself, but she went away very early this morning."

"Went away!" I cried, dropping my foil upon the sand. "Where did she go?"

"She sailed in our yacht for Sanford," answered the Sand Lady, "to take the morning train for her beloved House of Martha. My brother accompanied her to the town, but he will be back to-day."

I was surprised and grieved, and showed it.

"We are all sorry to have her go," said the Sand Lady, "and sorry to see her wearing that doleful gray garb, which my brother allowed her to assume this morning."

"I am glad," I exclaimed, "that I did not see her in it!"

The lady looked at me with her pleasant, quiet smile.

"You seem very much interested in her."

"I am," I replied, "very much interested, both directly and indirectly, and I am exceedingly sorry that she departed without my knowing it."

This time the Sand Lady laughed. "Good-morning, gentlemen," said she. "Go on with your duel."

XXVII.

A PERSON.

I fenced no more. "Walkirk," I cried, "let us get our traps on board, and be off!"

My Understudy looked troubled,—more troubled than I had ever seen him before.

"Why do you think of this?" he asked. "Where do you propose to go?"

"Home," said I, "to my own house. That is the place where I want to be."

Walkirk stood still and looked at me, his face still wearing an air of deep concern.

"It is not my place to advise," he said, "but it seems to me that your return at this moment would have a very odd appearance, to say the least. Every one would think that you were pursuing Mother Anastasia, and she herself would think so."

"No," said I, "she will not suppose anything of the kind. She will know very well on whose account I came. And as for the people here, they might labor under a mistake at first, because of course I should not offer them any explanation, but they would soon learn the real state of the case; that is, if they correspond with the Mother Superior."

"You propose, then," said Walkirk, "to lay siege to the House of Martha, and to carry away, if you can, Miss Sylvia Raynor?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have made no plans," I answered, "but I can look after my interests better in Arden than I can here. I do not like this sudden departure of the Mother Superior. I very much fear that something has induced her to withdraw the good will with which she previously seemed to look upon my attachment to Miss Raynor. Were this not so, she would have advised with me before she left. Nothing could have been more natural. Now I believe she has set herself against me, and has gone away with the intention permanently of separating Sylvia and myself."

"Have you any reason," asked Walkirk, "to impute such an intention to her?"

"Her sudden flight indicates it," I replied; "and besides, you know, although she is not a Roman Catholic, she is at the head of a religious house, and persons in that position are naturally averse to anybody marrying the sisters under their charge. Even if she does not approve of Miss Raynor's remaining in the House, she may not want her to date a love affair from the establishment. If I remain here, Miss Raynor may be spirited entirely out of my sphere of action."

"It strikes me," said Walkirk, "the way to get her spirited out of your sight and knowledge is for you to go home at this juncture. In that case, Mother Anastasia would be bound, in duty to the young lady and her family, to send her away. Do you not agree with me that if you were to reach Arden in the natural course of events, so to speak, and especially if you got there after your grandmother had returned, you would avoid a great deal of undesirable complication, and perhaps actual opposition?"

"You are right," I answered; "it would not look well for me to start away so suddenly. We will wait a day or two, and then drop off naturally."

Walking toward the house, in the afternoon, I met the Person. She advanced toward me, holding out her hand with an air of peremptory friendliness.

"I am heartily glad to see you. I want you to amuse me. I could not ask this of you so long as that fascinating abbess was on the island."

I was a little surprised at this salutation, and not at all pleased. I did not fancy this lady. She had an air as if she were availing herself of her right to be familiar with her inferiors.

"I fear it is not in my power to do anything to amuse you," said I.

"Entirely too modest," she answered. "Let us walk over to this bench in the shade. You are not desired at the house; everybody is taking a nap."

I went with her to the bench she had pointed out, and we sat down.

"Now, then," said she, turning toward me, "will you do me the favor to flirt with me? Say for twenty-five minutes," looking at her watch; "that will bring us to four o'clock, when I must go indoors."

At first I thought the woman was insane, but a glance at her face showed that there was no reason for fear of that kind.

"That sounds crazy, does n't it?" she asked, "but it is n't. It is an honest expression of a very natural wish. Hundreds of ladies have doubtless looked at you and had that wish; but social conventions forbade their expressing it. Here we have no conventions, and I speak my mind."

"Madam," said I, "or miss, there are few things I hold in such abhorrence as flirtation." As I said this I looked at her severely, and she looked at me quizzically. She had gray eyes, which were capable of a great variety of expressions, and her face, suffused by the light of a bantering jocularity, was an attractive one. I was obliged to admit this, in spite of my distaste for her.

"I like that," she said; "it sounds so well, after your vigorous flirtation with our abbess. If I had not seen a good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deal of that, I should not have dared to ask you to flirt with me. I thought you liked it, and now that she is gone might be willing to take up with some one else."

I was irritated and disquieted. I had been very earnest in my attentions to Mother Anastasia. Perhaps this lady had seen me attempt to kiss her hand. I must set myself right.

"You are utterly mistaken," said I. "What I had to say to Mother Anastasia related entirely to another person."

"One of the sisters in her institution?" she asked. "She had nothing to do with any other persons, so far as I know. Truly, that is a capital idea!" she exclaimed, without waiting for response from me. "In order to flirt with a member of the sisterhood, a gentleman must direct his attentions to the Mother Superior who represents them, and the flirting is thus done by proxy. Now don't attempt to correct me. The idea is entirely too delightful for me to allow it to be destroyed by any bare statements or assertions."

"I suppose," I answered, "that Mother Anastasia has taken you into her confidence?"

"Thank you very much for that most gratifying testimony to my powers of insight!" she cried. "The Mother Superior gave me no confidences. So you have been smitten by a gray-gown. How did you happen to become acquainted with her? I do not imagine they allow gentleman visitors at the House of Martha?"

"Madam, you know, or assume to know, so much of my affairs," said I, "that in order to prevent injurious conjectures regarding the House of Martha, its officers and inmates, I shall say that I became acquainted in a perfectly legitimate manner with a young lady living therein, who has not yet taken the vows of the permanent sisterhood, and I intend, as soon as circumstances will permit, to make her an offer of marriage. I assure you, I regret extremely that I have been obliged to talk in this way to a stranger, and nothing could have induced me to do it but the fear that your conjectures and surmises might make trouble. I ask as a right that you will say no more of the matter to any one."

"Would you mind telling me the lady's name?" she asked.

"Of course I shall do no such thing," I answered, rising from my seat, with my face flushing with indignation.

"This is odd flirting, is n't it?" said she, still retaining her seat, — "a quarrel at the very outset. I shall not be prevented from informing you why you ought to tell me the name of the lady. You see that if you don't give me her name my ungovernable curiosity will set me to working the matter out for myself, and it is quite as likely as not that I shall go to the House of Martha, and ask questions, and pry, and watch, and make no end of trouble. If a blooming bride is to be picked out of that flock of ash-colored gruel-mixers, I want to know who it is to be. I used to be acquainted with a good many of them, but I have n't visited the House for some time."

I had never known any one assume toward me a position so unjustifiable and so unseemly as that in which this lady had deliberately placed herself. I could find no words to express my opinion of her conduct, and was on the point of walking away, when she rose and quickly stepped to my side.

"Don't go away angry," she said. "On this island we don't get angry; it is too conventional. I am bound to find out all about this affair, because it interests me. It is something quite out of the common; and although you are in a measure right in saying that I have nothing to do with your affairs, you must know you have in a measure mixed yourself up with my affairs. I am one of the original subscribers to the House

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Martha, and used to take a good deal of interest in the establishment, as was my right and privilege; but the sisters bored me after a time, and as I have been traveling in Europe for more than a year I now know very little of what has been going on there. But if there is a young woman in that house who prefers marriage to hospital life and tailor-made costumes to ash-bags, I say that she has mistaken her vocation, and ought to be helped out of it; and although I know you to be a pretty peppery gentleman, I am perfectly willing to help her in your direction, if that is the way she wants to go. I offer myself to you as an ally. Take me on your side, and tell me all about it. It would be perfectly ridiculous to let me go down there imagining that this or that underdone-griddle-cake-faced young woman was your lady-love. I might make mistakes, and do more harm than good."

"Madam," I replied, "let us have done with this. I have never said one word to the young lady in question of my feelings toward her, and it is in the highest degree improper and unjust that she should be discussed in connection with them. I have laid the matter before Mother Anastasia, as she stands in position of parent to the young lady; but with no one else can I possibly act, or even discuss the subject," and I bowed.

"I don't like this," she said, without noticing that I had taken leave of her. "Mother Anastasia did not intend to leave here until to-morrow, and she went away early this morning. She has some pressing business on hand, and ten chances to one she has gone to fillip your young lady out of your sight and hearing. Don't you see that it would not look at all well for one of her sisters to marry, or even to receive the attentions of a gentleman, immediately after she had left the institution?"

This suggestion, so like my own suspicions, greatly disturbed me.

"Are you in earnest," said I, "or is all this chaffer? What reasonable interest can you take in me and my affairs?"

"I take no interest whatever," said she, "excepting that I have heard you are both eccentric and respectable, and that I have found you amusing, and in this class of people I am always interested. But I will say to you that if there is a woman in that House who might make a suitable and satisfactory marriage, if an opportunity were allowed her, I believe she should be allowed the opportunity, and, acting upon general principles of justice and a desire to benefit my fellow-mortals, I should use my influence to give it to her. So you see that I should really be acting for the girl, and not for you, although of course it would amount to the same thing. And if Mother Anastasia has gone to pull down the curtain on this little drama, I am all the more anxious to jerk it up again. Come, now, Mr. Lover in Check, — and when I first heard your name I had no idea how well it fitted, — confide in me. It would delight me to be in this fight; and you can see for yourself that it would be a very humdrum matter for me to join your opponents, even if I should be of their opinion. They do not need my help."

This argument touched me. I needed help. Should Mother Anastasia choose to close the doors of the House of Martha against me, what could I do? It might divert this lady to act on my behalf. If she procured an interview for me with Sylvia, I would ask no more of her. There was nothing to risk except that Sylvia might be offended if she heard that she had been the object of compacts. But something must be risked, otherwise I might be simply butting my head against monastic brickwork.

"Madam," said I, "whatever your motives may be, I accept your offer to fight on my side, and the sooner the battle begins the better. The young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lady to whom I wish to offer myself in marriage, and with whom I am most eager to meet, is Miss Sylvia Raynor, a novice, or something of the kind, in the House of Martha."

With her brows slightly knitted, as if she did not exactly understand my words, my companion looked at me for an instant. Then her eyes sparkled, her lips parted, and a flush of quick comprehension passed over her face. She put back her head and laughed until she almost lost her breath. I looked upon her, shocked and wounded to the soul.

"Pardon me," she said, her eyes filled with the tears of laughter, "but it can't be helped; I withdraw my offer. I cannot be on your side, at least just now. But I shall remain neutral, — you can count on that," and, still laughing, she went her way.

Any one more disagreeably unpleasant than this woman I had never met. When I told Walkirk what had happened I could not restrain my burning indignation, and I declared I would not remain another hour on the island with her. He listened to me with grave concern.

"This is very unfortunate," he said, "but do not let us be precipitate."

XXVIII.

THE FLOATING GROCERY.

I now positively decided that the next day I would leave this island, where people flew off at such disagreeable tangents; but as I was here on invitation, I could not go away without taking leave of my hostess. Accordingly, in the evening Walkirk and I went up to the house.

The Sand Lady was manifestly grieved when she heard of our intended departure, and her brother was quite demonstrative in his expressions of regret; even the Shell Man, who had discovered in Walkirk some tastes similar to his own, demurred at our going. The Person, however, made no allusion to the subject, and gave us, indeed, as little of her society as she apparently did of her thoughts.

In order not to produce the impression that I was running after Mother Anastasia, as Walkirk had put it, I announced that we should continue our cruise for an indefinite time. I was sorry to leave these good people, but to stay with that mocking enigma of a woman was impossible. She had possessed herself, in the most crafty and unwarrantable manner, of information which she had no right to receive and I had no right to give, and then contemptuously laughed in my face. My weakness may have deserved the contempt, but that made no difference in my opinion of the woman who had inflicted it upon me. I was glad, when we bade goodnight and farewell to the little party, that the Person was not present.

But early the next morning, just as we were hoisting sail on our boat, this lady appeared, walking rapidly down to our beach. She was dressed in a light morning costume, with some sort of a gauzy fabric thrown over her head, and if I had not hated her so thoroughly I should have considered her a very picturesque and attractive figure.

"I am glad I am in time," she called out. "I don't want you to go away with too bad an opinion of me, and I came to say that what you have confided to me is just as safe with me as it would be with anybody else. Do you think you can believe that if you try?"

It was impossible for me to make any answer to this woman, but I took off my hat and bowed. The sail filled, and we glided away.

Walkirk was not in good spirits. It was plain enough that he liked the Tangent island and wanted to stay; and he had good reason, for he had found pleasant company, and this could not always

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be said to be the case when sailing in a small boat or camping out with me. My intention was to sail to a town on the mainland, some thirty miles distant, there leave our boat, and take a train for Arden. This, I considered, was sacrificing to appearances as much time as I could allow.

But the breeze was light and fitful, and we made but little progress, and about the middle of the forenoon a fog came slowly creeping up from the sea. It grew thicker and heavier, until in an hour or two we were completely shut out from all view of the world about us. There was now no wind. Our sail hung damp and flabby; moisture, silence, and obscurity were upon us.

The rest of the day we sat doleful, waiting for the fog to lift and the wind to rise. My fear was that we might drift out to sea or upon some awkward shoals; for, though everything else was still, the tide would move us. What Walkirk feared, if anything, I do not know, but he kept up a good heart, and rigged a lantern some little distance aloft, which, he said, might possibly keep vessels from running into us. He also performed, at intervals, upon a cornet which he had brought with him. This was a very wise thing to do, but, for some reason or other, such music, in a fog, depressed my spirits; however, as it seemed quite suitable to the condition of my affairs I did not interfere, and the notes of Bonnie Doon or My Old Kentucky Home continued to be soaked into the fog.

Night came on; the fog still enveloped us, and the situation became darker. We had our supper, and I turned in, with the understanding that at midnight I was to take the watch, and let Walkirk sleep. It was of no use to make ourselves any more uncomfortable than need be.

It was between two and three o'clock when I was called to go on watch; and after I had been sitting in the stern smoking and thinking for an hour or more, I noticed that the light on the mast had gone out. It was, however, growing lighter, and, fancying that the fog was thinner, I trusted to the coming of the day and a breeze, and made no attempt to take down and refill the lantern.

Not long after this my attention was attracted by something which appeared like the nucleus of a dark cloud forming in the air, a short distance above the water, and not far away on our port quarter. Rapidly the cloud grew bigger and blacker. It moved toward us, and in a few moments, before I had time to collect my thoughts and arouse Walkirk, it was almost upon us, and then I saw that it was the stern of a vessel, looming high above my head.

I gave a wild shout; Walkirk dashed out of his bunk; there was a call from above; then I felt a shock, and our boat keeled over on her starboard side. In a moment, however, she receded from the other vessel, and righted herself. I do not know that Walkirk had ever read in a book what he ought to do in such an emergency, but he seized a boat hook and pushed our boat away from the larger vessel.

"That's right!" cried a voice from above. "I'll heave ye a line. Keep her off till we have drifted past ye, and then I'll haul ye in."

Slowly the larger vessel, which was not very large, but which drifted faster than our little boat, floated past us, until we were in tow at her bow. We could now see the form of a man leaning over the rail of the vessel, and he called out to us to know if we were damaged, and if we wanted to come aboard. I was about to reply that we were all right, and would remain where we were, when Walkirk uttered an exclamation.

"We are taking in water by the bucketful," said he; "our side has been stoved in."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were not struck with enough force for that."

But examination proved that he was correct. One or more of our planks had been broken just below the water line, and our boat was filling, though not rapidly.

"Stove in, eh?" shouted the voice from above. "Well, ye need n't sink. I 'll haul yer bowline taut, and I 'll heave ye another to make fast to yer stern. That 'll keep yer little craft afloat until ye can unlade her; and the quicker ye get yer traps up here the better, if ye don't want 'em soaked."

Acting upon these suggestions, Walkirk and I went vigorously to work, and passed up our belongings as rapidly as possible to the man above, who, by leaning over the rails, could easily reach them. When everything movable had been taken out of our boat the man let down a ladder, and I climbed on board the larger vessel, after which he came down to our boat, detached the boom, gaff, and sail, unshipped the mast, all of which we afterwards hoisted on board his vessel by means of a block and tackle.

"Now, then," said our new companion, "ye 're safe, and yer boat can capsize if it 's a mind to, but it can't sink; and when it 's better daylight, and Abner 's on deck, perhaps we 'll rig out a couple of spars and haul her up at the stern; but there 's time enough to settle all that. And now I 'd like to know how ye came to be driftin' around here with no light out."

I explained, but added I had not seen any light on his vessel.

"Well," said the man, looking upward, "that light 's out, and ten to one it was out when we run inter ye. I 'spect Abner did n't calkerlate for fillin' it for day work and night work too."

The speaker was a grizzled man, middle-aged, and rather too plump for a sailor. He had a genial, good-natured countenance, and so far as I could see was the only occupant of the vessel.

His craft was truly a peculiar one. It was sloop-rigged, and on the after part of the deck, occupying about one third of the length of the vessel, was a structure resembling a small one-storied house, which rose high above the rest of the deck, like the poop of an old-fashioned man-of-war. In the gable end of this house, which faced upon the deck, there was a window and a door. The boom of the mast was rigged high enough to allow it to sweep over the roof.

"I reckon you gents think this is a queer kind of a craft," said the man, with a grin of pleasure at our evident curiosity; "and if ye think that ye are about right, for there is n't jist such another one as far as I know. This is a floating grocery, and I am captain of the sloop or keeper of the store, jist as it happens. In that house there is a good stock of flour, sugar, feed, trimmings, notions, and small dry goods, with some tinware and pottery, and a lot of other things which you commonly find in a country grocery store. I have got the trade of about half the families in this bay; all of them on the islands, and a good many of them on the mainland, especially sech as has piers of their own. I have regular days for touching at all the different p'ints; and it is a mighty nice thing, I can tell ye, to have yer grocery store come round to ye instead of yer having to go to it, especially if ye live on an island or out in the country."

Walkirk and I were very much interested in this floating grocery store, which was an entirely novel thing to us, and we asked a good many questions about it.

"There 's only me and Abner aboard," said the grocer-skipper, "but that 's enough, for we do a good deal more anchorin' than sailin'. Abner, he 's head clerk, and don't pretend to be no sailor at all; but he lays a hold of anythin' I tell him to, and that 's all I ask of him in the sailorin' line. But he is first class

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behind the counter, I can tell ye, and in keepin' the books I could n't find nobody like Abner, — not in this State. Now it may strike ye, gents, that I am not much of a sailor neither, to be driftin' about here at night in this fog instead of anchorin' and tootin' a foghorn; but ye see, I did anchor in the fore part of the night, and after Abner had gone to his bunk — we don't keep regular watches, but kinder divide the night between us, when we are out on the bay, which is n't common, for we like to tie up at night, and do our sailin' in the daytime — it struck me that as the tide was runnin' out we might as well let it take us to Simpson's Bar, which, if ye don't know this bay, is a big shallow place, where there is always water enough for us, bein' a good deal on the flat-bottomed order, but where almost any steamin' craft at low tide would stick in the mud before they could run into us. So thinks I, If we want to get on in the direction of Widder Kinley's (whose is the last house I serve down the bay), and to feel safe besides, we had better up anchor, and I upped it. But I had ought to remembered about that light; it was n't the square thing to be driftin' about without the light, no more fur me than fur ye. I 've sounded a good many times, but we don't seem to have reached the bar yet. It must be pretty near time for Abner to turn out," and he looked at his watch.

"Your assistant must be a sound sleeper," I remarked.

"Yes, he is," replied the man. "He needs lots of sleep, and I make it a p'int to give it to him. If it is n't positively necessary, I don't wake him up until the regular time. Of course, if it had been our boat that had been stoved in, and she had been like to sink, I 'd have called Abner; but as it was yer boat, and none of us was in no danger, I did n't call him. Here he is, though, on time."

At this, a tall, lean man, not quite so much grizzled as the other, made his appearance on deck. He gazed from one to the other of us, and upon our various belongings, which were strewn upon the deck, with undisguised amazement.

His companion laughed aloud. "I don't wonder, Abner," he cried, "that ye open yer eyes; 't ain't often two gentlemen come on board in the night, bag and baggage; but these two stoved in their boat agin our rudder, and here they are, with their own craft triced up to keep her from sinkin'."

Abner made no answer, but walked to the side of the vessel, looked over, and satisfied himself that this last statement was correct.

"Capt'n Jabe," said he, turning to the other, "we can't sail much, can we, with that thing hangin' there?"

"Well, now, Abner," replied the captain, "we are not sailin' at the present time, — we are driftin'; for it is my idee to drop anchor as soon as we get to Simpson's Bar, and this tide is bound to carry us over it if we wait long enough, so we must keep soundin', and not slip over without knowin' it."

"It strikes me," said Abner, "that we should save a lot of trouble if we should put the anchor out and let it hang; then, when we come to the bar, she 'll ketch and fetch us up without our havin' it on our minds."

"You see, gents," said Captain Jabe to us, "Abner don't pretend to be no sailor, but he 's got his idees about navigation, for all that."

Abner took no notice of this remark. "Capt'n," said he, "does these gents want to turn in?"

"Not till they have had some breakfast," replied Captain Jabe, and we assented.

"All right," said Abner, "I 'll tackle the grub," and, opening the door of the grocery store, he went inside. In a few minutes he reappeared. "Capt'n," said he, in a voice which he intended

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be an aside, "are you goin' to count 'em as mealers, or as if they was visitin' the family?"

Captain Jabe laughed. "Well, Abner," said he, "I guess we will count them as mealers, though I don't intend to make no charge."

Abner nodded, and again entered the little house.

"What are mealers?" I asked of the captain.

"In this part of the country," he answered, "there 's a good many city folks comes for the summer, and they take houses; but they don't want the trouble of cookin', so they make a contract with some one livin' near to give them their meals regular, and this sort of folks goes by the general name of mealers. What Abner wanted to know fur was about openin' the cans. You see, most of our victuals is in cans, and if Abner knowed you was regular payin' mealers he would open fresh ones; but if you was visitin' the family, he 'd make you help eat up what was left in the cans, just as we do ourselves."

It was not long before the thrifty Abner had given us a substantial breakfast; and then Walkirk and I were glad to take possession of a spare couple of bunks, for we were tired and sleepy, and the monotonous fog still hung around us.

It was about noon when I waked and went on deck, where I found Walkirk, Captain Jabe, and Abner engaged in consultation. There was a breeze blowing, and every particle of fog had disappeared.

"We 've been considerin'," said the captain, addressing me, "what 's the best thing to do with yer boat; there 's no use tryin' to tinker her up, for she has got a bad hole in her, and it is our fault, too. One of the iron bands on our rudder got broke and sprung out a good while ago, and it must have been the sharp end of that which punched into yer boat when we drifted down on her. We ain't got no tackle suitable to h'ist her on board, and as to towin' her, — a big boat like that, full of water, — 't ain't possible. We 've lost a lot of time already, and now there 's a good wind and we are bound to make the best of it; so me and Abner thinks the best thing ye can do is to sink yer boat right here on the bar where we are now anchored, having struck it all right, as ye see, and mark the spot with an oil-cag. Anybody that knows this bay can come and git her if she is on Simpson's Bar, buoyed with an oil-cag."

I was sorry that we should not be able to repair our boat and continue our trip in her, but I saw that this would be impossible, and I asked Captain Jabe if he could take us to Brimley.

"I can do that," he answered, "but not straight. I have got fust to sail over to Widder Kinley's, which is on that p'int which ye can just see over there on the edge of the water, and where I was due yesterday afternoon. Then I 've got to touch at three or four other places along the east shore; and then, if this wind holds, I guess I can git across the bay to my own house, where I have got to lay up all day tomorrow. The next day is Saturday, and then I am bound to be in Brimley to take in stock. There ye two gents can take the cars for wherever ye want to go; and if ye choose to give me the job of raisin' yer boat and sendin' it to its owners, I 'll do it for ye as soon as I can fix things suitable, and will charge ye just half price for the job, considerin' that nuther of us had our lights out, and we ought to share damages."

I agreed to the proposed disposition of our boat, and asked Captain Jabe if I could not hire him to take us direct to Brimley.

"No, sir!" he answered. "I never pass by my customers, especially Widder Kinley, for she is the farthest off of any of them."

"And she must be lookin' out sharp

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for us, too," said Abner, "for she bakes Thursdays, and she ought to sot her bread last night."

"And I am a great deal afeard," continued Captain Jabe, "that her yeast cakes won't be any too fresh when she gits 'em; and the quicker that boat's down to the bottom and our anchor up off the bottom, the better it will be for the Widder Kinley's batch of bread."

In the course of half an hour an empty oil-keg was moored over the spot where our boat lay upon the sandy bar, and we were sailing as fast as such an unwieldy vessel, with her mainsail permanently reefed above the roof of her grocery store, could be expected to sail. Our tacks were long and numerous, and although Walkirk and I lent a hand whenever there was occasion for it, and although there was a fair wind, the distant point rose but slowly upon our horizon.

"I hope," I remarked to Captain Jabe, "that the Widow Kinley will buy a good bill of you, after you have taken all this trouble to get to her."

"Dunno," said he; "she don't generally take more than she has ordered the week before, and all she has ordered this time is two yeast cakes."

"Do you mean," exclaimed Walkirk, "that you are taking all this time and trouble to deliver two yeast cakes, worth, I suppose, four cents?"

"That's the price on 'em," said the captain; "but if the Widder Kinley did n't git 'em she would n't do no bakin' this week, and that would upset her housekeepin' keel up."

Late in the afternoon we delivered the yeast cakes to the Widow Kinley, whom we found in a state of nervous agitation, having begun to fear that another night would pass without her bread being "sot." Then we coasted along the shore, tying up at various little piers, where the small farmers' and fishermen's families came on board to make purchases.

Now Abner was in his glory. Wearing a long apron made of blue-and-white bed-ticking, he stood behind the counter in the little house on deck, and appeared to be much more at ease weighing sugar, coffee, and flour than in assisting to weigh anchor. I seated myself in the corner of this floating grocery, crowded, shelves, floor, and counter, with such goods as might be expected to be found at an ordinary country store.

It seemed to me that nearly every one who lived near the points at which we touched came on board the floating grocery, but most of them came to talk, and not to buy. Many of those who did make purchases brought farm produce or fish, with which to "trade." It was an interesting spectacle, and amused me. During our slow progress from one place to another, Captain Jabe told me of an old woman who once offered him an egg which she wished to take out in groceries, half in tea and half in snuff.

"We don't often do business down as fine as that," said the captain; "but then, on the other hand, we don't calkerlate to supply hotels, and could n't if we wanted to."

Walkirk appeared uneasy at the detentions which still awaited us.

"Could n't you take us straight on to Brimley," he asked of the captain, "and sail back to your home in the morning?"

"No, sir!" answered Captain Jabe, with much decision. "My old woman 'spects me to-night, — in p'int of fact, she 'spected me a good deal before night, — and I am not goin' to have her thinkin' I am run down in a fog, and am now engaged in feedin' the sharks. There is to be a quiltin' party at our house tomorrow arternoon, and there 's a lot to be done to get ready for it. Abner and me will have to set up pretty late this night, I can tell yer!"

"Is there no way of getting to the railroad," I asked, "but by your boat?"

"No," said Captain Jabe, "I can't see that there is. Pretty nigh all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folks that will be at the bee to-morrow will come in boats. None of them live nigh to a railroad station, and if they did, and could take ye back with 'em, they would n't leave early enough for ye to ketch the last train: so the best thing ye can do is to stick by me, and I 'll guarantee to git ye over to Brimley in time for the mornin' train on Saturday."

Frank R. Stockton.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED AT SEMPACH.

The comprehensive view which is obtained from the various peaks of the Rigi affords the best possible introduction to the study of Swiss history. Almost every spot celebrated in the annals of the early Confederation or hallowed by its traditions is visible from this height; and when not actually visible can readily be located with the help of a map. Of course the eye rests first upon the matchless snow mountains rearing their crests upon the horizon in an unbroken phalanx; but when you look down and examine the country lying near the base of the Rigi, historical points without end disclose themselves. Here is the Lake of Ægeri, where the battle of Morgarten was fought and won; on this side lies the village of Schwyz, from which the whole Confederation derives its name; in another direction, half hidden amongst the trees, is the chapel erected where William Tell is supposed to have shot Gessler from ambush; and in the distance faint indications of the city of Zürich and of the castle of Habsburg may be discovered.

There are two places, however, seen from the Rigi which concern us especially in treating of Arnold Winkelried and the battle of Sempach. Look out upon the rolling land of forest and meadow to the northwest, and you will notice three small lakes imbedded in the hills. The most westerly of the three is the Lake of Sempach, near which the battle of that name took place, more than five hundred years ago. Then turn towards the southwest and examine the canton of Unterwalden, which occupies the southern shore of the Lake of Lucerne. You will perceive that the canton is divided into two natural sections by a range of mountains extending back from the Stanzerhorn to the snow-clad peak of the Titlis. The fact that a great forest formerly covered part of this range caused the two valleys to be called respectively Obwalden (Above-the-Forest) and Nidwalden (Below-the-Forest). In the latter division is situated a village of great antiquity, Stans, the home of the Winkelried family. It lies a mile or two from the water's edge, and is easily distinguishable from the Rigi-Kulm.

The traveler will not find much of interest in the village itself. At the eastern extremity stands an ancient stone house, which, although known locally as the Winkelried homestead, was more likely the property of the Counts of Habsburg, and in the little arsenal is shown a coat of mail which is said to have been the hero's own, but with no better reason than popular say-so. A modern marble group, by Schlöth, in the village square is the most prominent object and show-piece of Stans. It represents Arnold Winkelried in the act of pressing the Austrian spears into his breast and holding them down, while a second figure from the ranks of the Confederates pushes forward to take advantage of the gap thus created in the Austrian line. The latter warrior swings on high a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rude weapon much used by the early Swiss, which consists of a club ending in a massive knob with spikes protruding in every direction, so as to suggest the facetious name of "morning star."

Fortunately, the evidence concerning the ancestry of Winkelried, unlike that of William Tell, reposes upon a solid foundation. As long ago as 1854 Dr. Hermann von Liebenau, whose services in the cause of Swiss historical research have been invaluable, published a genealogical record of the family from contemporary documents covering the period between 1248 and 1534. The knights of Winkelried appear at intervals, according to Von Liebenau's investigations, occupying positions of honor and trust amongst the families of lesser nobles which Unterwalden possessed from very early times. In 1367, nineteen years before the battle of Sempach, the name of a man Erni Winkelried was affixed as witness to a deed of transfer, Erni being the local diminutive of Arnold. The same name, whether representing the same person or not is unknown, but with the particle *von* added, occurs again three years after the battle, and without the *von* thirty-one years after, when one Erni Winkelried is mentioned as Landammann of Unterwalden.

The existence of a man Arnold Winkelried at about the time of the battle is, therefore, an established fact; the only points questioned by historical critics are whether this Arnold Winkelried was present at Sempach, and whether he performed the act of heroism popularly attributed to him, — two questions which will be considered later in this article.

After their signal victory over Duke Leopold of Austria at Morgarten, the Confederates had not lapsed into inactivity, but had gradually incorporated their neighbors into their league. In 1332 the town of Lucerne concluded a perpetual alliance with them, thus completing the circle around the Lake of Lucerne, which now began to be called the Lake of the Four Forest States. This enlarged union was held firmly together by mutual commercial interests, and by a common fear and hatred of Habsburg-Austria, the greatest land-owning and office-holding family in the whole region. Twenty years elapsed, when the Confederation, as though to make up for lost time, added four more members in rapid succession: in 1351 Zürich, the powerful industrial city of eastern Switzerland, and in 1352 the land community of Glarus, the town and country districts of Zug, and finally the martial city of Bern, in western Switzerland, — all more or less harassed by Habsburg-Austria, and working out their independence in opposition to that power. Many conflicts had marked the growth of these several communities into sovereign bodies. A harrowing, desultory warfare had been waged sullenly for years, but it was evident that a decisive conflict between the Confederation and the ducal house could no longer be averted; that two expanding forces trying to occupy the same territory must eventually come into open collision.

Duke Leopold III., nephew of the Leopold who was defeated at Morgarten, ruled over the western possessions of the Habsburg family, including those situated in what is now Switzerland. In his efforts to extend and consolidate his authority in southern Germany he had encountered the determined opposition of a coalition known as the League of the Swabian Cities. Seeing this, the Confederates hastened to ally themselves with the new league, in the hope of sweeping their hereditary enemy out of the country altogether. Had this alliance been of a firm and durable kind, the desired result might have been obtained; but it was weak and vacillating, unable, as subsequent events proved, to stand the test of actual warfare. For when, hostilities having finally broken out, the Confederates sent the customary summons to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Swabian cities, the latter attempted to withdraw from the pledge to send help, and in the end left their allies to bear the brunt of the storm alone.

In June, 1386, Leopold organized the expedition with which he hoped to deal the Confederation a death-blow. Many well-known noblemen flocked to his standard, attracted by his knightly character and by the hope of inflicting a lasting punishment upon the insolent peasants. There were the margraves of Baden and Hochberg, and the counts of Hohen-Zollern, Nassau, and Habsburg-Lauffenburg; from Italy came the Marquis of Este with two hundred Milanese lances, and his brother-in-law, Duke Conrad of Theck. Leopold had also hired the services of several noted mercenary captains: the Duke of Lorraine; the Dutch Count of Salm; Lord Jean de Raye, who later became Marshal of France; Lord Jean de Vergy, Sénéchal and Marshal of Burgundy; and Enguerrand de Coucy, a famous free-lance, who had fought in the French and English wars, and had once before invaded Switzerland at the head of plundering troops. It was Leopold's plan to penetrate at once to Lucerne, the geographical centre of the Confederation, while diverting the enemy's attention by a reconnaissance upon Zürich; and had his force been compact and available for immediate invasion, the issue of the war might have been very different. But a great part of his army did not reach the scene of action at all, so that only a comparatively small column made the disastrous march upon Lucerne. From the little town of Brugg, near which is perched the ancestral castle of Habsburg, Leopold advanced by way of Zofingen and Willisau to Sursee, foolishly wasting more than a week of valuable time in stopping at Willisau to punish a refractory *châtelaine* for her allegiance to Bern. On the 9th of July the main force finally rode along the northern shore of the Lake of Sempach, in order to reach Lucerne by way of Rothenburg.

The battle ground of Sempach, like that of Morgarten, is not situated amongst the high Alps, but in the undulating lowlands which lead up to them. A ten-mile ride in the train from Lucerne and a short walk from the rustic station will take you to the gates of the miniature walled town of Sempach, a quaint survival of the Middle Ages, practically untouched by the march of time. There is, however, nothing particular to see, except the brand new and somewhat inappropriate monument erected in 1886 to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the battle. Take the road which climbs the hill in a northeasterly direction towards Hildisrieden. In something like half an hour you will reach an uneven plateau, where a road joins your own from the west. This is the battle ground of Sempach. A chapel stands by the wayside to mark the spot where Duke Leopold met his death; in the open field a rude pyramid of granite, surrounded by pine saplings, bears this legend: "Hier Hat Winkelried den Seinen Eine Gasse Gemacht 1386." To the south, across the sloping field, broken by little brooks into rough divisions, lies a tract of forest known as the Meierholz, where the Confederates lay in hiding on that eventful day, waiting for the arrival of the Austrians from Sursee.

As soon as war had been declared the various states of the Confederation had taken steps to put their frontiers into a defensive condition, Bern alone remaining inactive and preserving an expectant attitude. About fifteen hundred troops marched to Zürich to defend that city, because it was generally believed that Leopold would select it for his principal attack; but at the last moment news came that the Austrians were advancing upon Lucerne, and the troops hastened to take up a position from which they could surprise Leopold on the march. Thus it happened that when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Austrians reached the uneven plateau which I have described above, the battle came upon them as a complete surprise, and in a locality ill suited for the evolutions of their cavalry. The majority of the knights dismounted, sent their horses and squires to one side, and stationed themselves in long and deep lines, clad in heavy armor, and holding before them the lances they were accustomed to wield on horseback. The rest, amongst whom rode Leopold himself, remained behind to act as a reserve with the contingents sent by Austria's partisans. According to the most reliable accounts, some adventurous young noblemen, eager to win their spurs that day, straightway rushed upon the Confederates, who were drawn up in a wedge-shaped column peculiar to them, and were armed with their famous halberds and a variety of short weapons.

There can be no question that the first part of the battle proved most unfavorable to the Confederates. It appears that their short weapons were useless against the long spears which confronted them, for they could not reach the Austrians to strike them, and could at best only shatter the wooden shafts. In vain they rushed against the bristling array, in vain they attempted to break through that solid phalanx; the foremost were invariably pierced through before they could make use of their short weapons. By degrees the Austrians were pressing the Confederates off the field, and victory seemed assured to the noblemen against the peasants.

Suddenly, however, the tide of battle turned; defeat was changed to triumph as though by a miracle. How this came about is a problem which has exercised the minds of many historians, for it is at this point that certain versions introduce the much-contested episode of Arnold Winkelried, while others ascribe the cause of this good fortune to a change of tactics adopted by the Confederates, or to the hot July sun acting upon the heavy armor in which the Austrians were encased. Probably these circumstances affected the issue of the battle to a certain extent; but it seems to me that there is room for the heroic deed of Winkelried as well. In the words of the anonymous chronicler who is the first to mention the subject: "To this [victory] a trusty man amongst the Confederates helped us. When he saw that things were going so badly, and that the lords with their lances and spears always thrust down the foremost before they could be touched by the halberds, then did that honest man and true rush forward and seize as many spears as he could, and press them down, so that the Confederates smote off all the spears with their halberds, and so reached the enemy." As soon as the Confederates had succeeded in breaking through the enemy's line, and were at close quarters, whatever the manner in which this was accomplished, their short weapons at once became superior to the enemy's long spears, and their light equipment gave them a great advantage over the knights, whose movements were hampered by heavy armor. The Austrian knights, encased in plates of iron and steel, half suffocated under heavy helmets heated by a broiling sun, their legs covered with greaves, could not long withstand the light-footed peasants. Austria's standard was seen to sway to and fro, threatening to fall, and the cry went up, "Austria to the rescue!" Then Leopold, who had been watching the fray from his post amongst the reserves, sprang forward, unmindful of his followers' prayers, plunged into the thick of the fight to save the honor of his house, and, after a brave struggle, fell himself beneath the strokes of the victorious Confederates. Then ensued a moment of indescribable confusion, for the mounted knights, seeing their leader's fate, fled precipitately, while the dismounted ones called aloud for their squires and horses. But alas! they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too had fled; and thus abandoned by their friends, weak from exhaustion, and imprisoned in their armor, these warriors perished, an easy prey of the relentless peasants. When all was over, the Confederates, as was their wont, fell upon their knees to sing a Kyrie, and to thank God for their victory. Then they remained three days upon the battle-field, to gather up the spoils, to bury their dead, and to be ready to meet the enemy should they return.

Beside Leopold the Austrians mourned the loss of a host of nobles, whose names are carefully recorded in various annals, in all more than six hundred of the best blood of Swabia and the lands subject to the Habsburg family. The victors also lost some of their best leaders, notably Conrad der Frauen, the Landammann of Uri, and Peter von Gundoldingen, late Avoyer of Lucerne. Great booty in costly weapons, garments, and jewels fell into their hands, of which they could hardly understand the uses or appreciate the value. The museum of Lucerne still contains a few authenticated trophies captured in the battle, but most of the spoils were scattered about, and are of course extremely difficult to identify at this late date. It is interesting to know that, when Leopold's body was transported to Austria from the monastery church of Königsfelden, near Brugg, where he had been temporarily laid to rest after the battle, an eye-witness of the ceremony reported that his head was covered with long reddish-gold hair, and that no wound whatever was visible on his head.

In forming an estimate of the duke's character, we must not allow ourselves to be influenced by the humiliating defeat which he sustained at Sempach. He seems to have been every inch a knight; not by any means free from the failings peculiar to his class and his age, but a man possessed of the manly virtues, brave, keen, and well practiced in arms. There was something extraordinary in the sensation caused by the reports of this rout of the nobles. The news flew like wildfire in every direction, so that we find it mentioned in the chronicles of places as far removed from the scene of battle as Lübeck and Limburg in the far north, and an Italian city in the south. A Swabian writer expressed the pious wish "that the cursed Swiss at Sentbach [Sempach] might be confounded, and their descendants destroyed forever," while the Confederates, on their side, made all manner of fun of the vanquished knights, accumulating a large stock of anecdotes and war songs upon the subject. It is related, for instance, that the dismounted horsemen were obliged to cut off the awkward beak-shaped points to their shoes, which were fashionable in those days, before entering into battle, and that this is the reason why a field near by is still called the Schnabelacker, or Beakfield.

A further task in historical criticism remains to be accomplished before leaving this subject, — a disagreeable duty in many respects, for it is to examine whether Arnold Winkelried did really perform the heroic act attributed to him, or whether his story is merely an interpolation, inserted by unscrupulous chroniclers. Let me say at once that the evidence which has so far been gathered — and there is a vast pile of it already — is not conclusive either one way or the other, so that the most recent of Swiss historians are still divided in their estimate of this evidence.

There is, first, the ominous silence of contemporary chronicles, for the heroic act is not mentioned until something like half a century after the battle, and even this date is open to question. The name of Winkelried does not occur in the version which has been quoted above in the description of the course of the battle, where he is described simply as "a trusty man amongst the Confederates;" in fact, we meet the name for the first time in a certain battle song attributed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to one Halbsuter of Lucerne, the date of its production being also a matter in dispute, but generally conceded to be about 1476. I have translated from the rude original dialect the three stanzas which deal with the Winkelried episode, and present the result here in all its naive simplicity: —

The nobles' force was firm,
Their order deep and broad;
This vexed the pious guests.[1]
A Winkelriet, he said:
"Ha! if you 'll make amends
To my poor child and wife,
I 'll do a daring deed.

"True and dear Confederates,
I 'll lose my life with you;
They 've closed their line of battle,
We cannot break it through;
Ha! I will force an opening,
Because to my descendants
You 'll make amends forever!"

With this he then did seize
Of spears an armful quickly;
For them he makes a way,
His life is at an end.
Ah! he has a lion's courage;
His brave and manly death
Saved the Four Forest States.

In 1538, Rudolph Gwalther,[2] Zwingli's son-in-law, tells the same story, without, however, mentioning Winkelried's name. Two lists of those who fell in the battle have put the hero's name on record; but, unfortunately, they were both drawn up long after Sempach, almost two hundred years having elapsed since that event, so that their testimony is open to suspicion. In the course of this controversy, it has also transpired that five similar feats are on record in Swiss history. One historian (K. Bürkli) has gone so far as to assert that the whole story has been transferred to Sempach from the fight which occurred at Bicocca, near Milan, in 1522, where another Arnold Winkelried met his death in a similar manner; while somebody else even maintains that Winkelried did not seize the enemy's spears at all, but himself used a bundle of spears to break through the enemy's ranks.

The upshot of the whole discussion seems to be somewhat as follows: —

The strictest historical research has established that a man Arnold Winkelried lived in Stans of Unterwalden at about the time of the battle of Sempach, but it is still a debatable question whether he was present at the battle. The fact that he came from a knightly family, distinguished for its warlike character, would lead one to suppose that he would not absent himself at a critical moment, such as the day of Sempach undoubtedly was. As for the act itself, the evidence for and against seems fairly well balanced. There was, unquestionably, a wonderful turning-point in the course of the battle, and Winkelried's act might have accomplished all that has been claimed for it; but, on the other hand, the silence of contemporary accounts, the similarity of the feat recorded of the battle of Bicocca, and the unscrupulousness of chroniclers and balladmongers in glorifying their particular locality are arguments which must be considered to weigh heavily against the story of the patriotic self-sacrifice.

Personally, I confess to an intense enthusiasm for this heroic act, whether performed at Sempach or at Bicocca, by a Winkelried or by an unknown "trusty man amongst the Confederates." It has in it something exceptionally noble, something classic, as though destined to fire the imagination and arouse the devotion of mankind for all time. William Tell's disappearance from the historical stage has proved a great gain, especially by opening the way for a serious study of the origin of the Swiss Con-

[1] Referring, probably, to the fact that the men of Unterwalden were, in a sense, military guests of Lucerne, in whose territory the battle of Sempach was fought.

[2] It may be interesting to know that a descendant of this Gwalther, a personal friend of the writer, is now established in business in New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

federation. His conduct never merited the eulogisms which have always been lavished upon it; for to imperil the life of his own child by an exhibition of fancy shooting, and then to murder the tyrant from ambush, were acts which we cannot sanction unreservedly. William Tell's story is picturesque, but Winkelried's is heroic, unsoiled even by the semblance of self-interest. If it be destined to disappear from the pages of strict history, let it at least live in the hearts of men forever as a divine fiction.

W. D. McCrackan.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

XVII.

OVER THE SNOW.

When Yejiro pushed the *shōji* and the *amado* (night shutters) apart in the morning, he disclosed a bank of snow four feet deep; not a snowfall overnight, but the relic of the winter. I found myself in a snow grotto beyond which nothing was visible. He then imparted to me the cheerful news that the watchman had changed his mind, and now refused to set out with us. It was too late in the day to start, the man said, which, in view of his having informed us only the night before that the snow would not be fit to travel on till this very hour, was scarcely logical. The trouble lay not in the way, but in the will. The man had repented him of his promise. Things look differently as certainties in the morning from what they do as possibilities overnight. Fortunately, he proved amenable to importunity, and finally consented to go. His fellow was much worried, and followed him distressfully to the outer threshold; whence, in perturbation of spirit, he watched us depart, calling out pathetically to his mate to be very careful of himself. His almost motherly solicitude seemed to me more comical at the time than it came to seem later.

The sky was without a fleck of cloud, and, as we struck out across the snow, I feared at first for my eyes, so great was the glare; for I had neither goggles nor veil. In fact, we were as unprepared a troop as ever started on such an expedition. We had not a pair of foot spikes nor a spiked pole to the lot of us.

The jagged peaks of the valley's wall notched the sky in vivid relief, their sharp teeth biting the blue. We below were blinking. Luckily, before very long we had crossed the level and were attacking the wall, and once on it the glare lessened; for we were facing the south, and the slant of the slope took off from the directness of the sun's rays. The higher we rose, the greater the tilt became. The face of the slope was completely buried in snow except where the *arêtes* stuck through, for the face was well wrinkled. The angle soon grew unpleasant to look upon, and certainly appeared to have exceeded the limit of stable equilibrium. In mid-ascent, as we were winding cautiously up, a porter slipped. He stopped himself, however, and was helped on to his feet again by his fellow behind. The bad bit was preface to a worse effect round the corner, for, on turning the arête, we came upon a snow slope like a gigantic house-roof. It was as steep as you please, and disappeared a few hundred feet below over the edge into the abyss. Across and up this the guide, after looking about him, struck out, and I followed. The snow was in a plastic state, and at each step I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kicked my toes well in, to wedge my footing. The view down was very unnerving. It soon grew so bad that I fixed my thought solely on making each step secure, and went slowly, which was much against my inclination. In this manner we tacked gradually upward in zigzags, some forty feet apart, each of us improving the footprints of his predecessor.

After a short eternity we came out at the top. I threw myself upon the snow, and when I had sufficiently recovered my breath asked the guide, with what I meant for sarcasm, whether that was his idea of "a good road." He owned that it was the worst bit on the way, but he somewhat grudgingly conceded it a "*gake*." I sat corrected, but in the interest of any future wanderer I submit the following definition of a "gake," which, if not strictly accurate, at least leans to the right side. If the cliff overhang, it is a "gake;" but if a plumb line from the top fall anywhere within the base, it is no longer a "gake," but "a good road."

On the other side the slope was more hospitable. Even trees wintered just below the crest, their great gaunt trunks sunk deep into the snow. We glissaded down the first few hundred feet, till we brought up standing at the head of an incipient gorge, likewise smothered in snow. Round the boles of the trees the snow had begun to thaw, which gave me a chance to measure its depth, by leaning over the rim of the cup and thrusting my pole down as far as I could reach. The point of it must have been over seven feet from the surface, and it touched no bottom. My investigations took time enough to put a bend of the hollow between me and the others, and when at last I looked up they were nowhere to be seen. As I trudged after them alone I felt like that coming historical character, the last man on our then frozen earth.

For some minutes past a strange, faraway musical note, like the murmur of running water, had struck my ear, and yet all about everything looked dead. Of animate or even inanimate pulsation there was no sign. One unbroken sheet of snow stretched as far as I could see, in which stood the great trees like mummies. Still the sound continued, seeming to come from under my feet. I stopped, and, kneeling down, put my ear to the crust; and there, as distinct as possible, I heard the wimpling of a baby brook, crooning to itself under its thick white blanket. Here, then, was the cradle of one of those streams that later would become such an ugly customer to meet. It was babily innocent now, and the one living thing beside myself, on this May day, in the great snow-sheeted solitude.

Perhaps it was the brook that had undermined the snow. At all events, soon after I overtook the others, the guide, fearing to trust to it farther, suddenly struck up again to the left. We all followed, remonstrating. We had no sooner got up than we went down again the other side, and this picket-fence style of progress continued till we emerged upon the top of a certain spur, which commanded a fine view of gorges. Unfortunately, we ourselves were on top of some of them. The guide reconnoitred both sides for a descent, pushing his way through a thick growth of dwarf bamboo, and brought up each time on the edge of an impassable fall to the stream below. At last he took to the arête. It was masked by trees for some distance, and then came out as a bare knife edge of rock and earth. Down it we scrambled, till the slope to the side became passable. This was now much less steep, although still steep enough for the guide to make me halt behind a tree, for fear of the stones dislodged by those behind. These came down past us like cannon balls, ricochetting in big bounds.

At the bottom we reached the stream, and beside it we halted for lunch. Just below our resting-place another stream

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

joined our own, both coming down forbidding-looking valleys shut in by savage peaks. On the delta, between the waters, we made out a band of hunters, three of them, tarrying after an unsuccessful chase. This last was a general inference rather than an observed fact.

The spot was ideal for picturesque purposes, — the water clear as crystal, and the sunshine sparkling. But otherwise matters went ill with us. Our extempore guide had promised us, over his own fire the evening before, a single day of it to Arimine. On the road his estimate of the time needed had increased alarmingly. From direct questioning it now appeared that he intended to camp out on the mountain opposite, whose snowy slopes were painfully prophetic of what that night would be. Besides, this meant another day of it to Arimine; and even when we reached Arimine we were nowhere, and I was scant of time. We had already lost three days; if we kept on, I foresaw the loss of more. It was very disheartening to turn back, but it had to be done.

Our object now was to strike the Ashikura trail and follow it down. The guide, however, was not sure of the path, so we hailed the hunters. One of them came across the delta to the edge of the stream, within shouting distance, and from him we obtained knowledge of the way.

At first the path was unadventurous enough, though distressingly rough. In truth, it was no path at all; it was an abstract direction. It led straight on, regardless of footing, and we followed; now wading through swamps, now stumbling over roots, now ducking from whiplike twigs that cut us across the face, until at last we emerged above the stream, and upon a scene as grandly desolate as the most morbid misanthrope might wish. A mass of boulders of all sizes, from a barn to a cobblestone, completely filled a chasm at the base of a semicircular wall of castellated clay cliffs. Into the pit we descended. The pinnacles above were impressively high, and between them were *couloirs* of *débris* that seemed to us to be as perpendicular as the cliffs. Up one of these breakneck slides the guide pointed for our path. Porters and all, we demurred. Path, of course, there was none; there was not even an apology for a suspicion that any one had ever been up or down the place. We felt sure there must be some other way out. The more we searched, however, the less we found. The stream, which was an impassable torrent, barred exit below on our side by running straight into the wall of rock. The slide was an ugly climb to contemplate, and we looked at it some time before we accepted the inevitable.

When, in desperation, we finally made up our minds, we began picking our dubious way up among a mass of rocks that threatened to become a stone avalanche at any moment. None of us liked it, but none of us knew how little the others liked it till that evening. In the expansion of success we admitted our past feelings. One poor porter said he thought his last hour had come, and most of us believed a near future without us not improbable. It shows how danger unlocks the heart that, just because, halfway up, I had relieved this man of his stick, which from a help had become a hindrance, he felt toward me an exaggerated gratitude. It was nothing for me to do, for I was free, while he had his load; but had I really saved his life he could not have been more beholden. Indeed, it was a time to intensify emotion.

As we scrambled upward on all fours, the ascent, from familiarity, grew less formidable. At least, the stones decreased in size, although their tilt remained the same, but the angle looked less steep from above than from below.

At last, one after the other, we reached a place at the side of the neck of the couloir, and, scrambling round the cop-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of turf at the top, emerged, to our surprise, upon a path, or rather upon the ghost of one. For we found ourselves upon a narrow ridge of soil between two chasms, ending in a pinnacle of clay; and along this ribbon of land ran a path, perfectly preserved for perhaps a score of paces out, when it broke off bodily in mid-air. The untoward look of the way we had come stood explained. Here, clearly, had been a cataclysm within itinerary times. Some gigantic landslide must have sliced the mountain off into the gorge below, and instead of a path we had been following its still unlaid phantom. The new-born character of the chasm explained its shocking nakedness. But it was an uncomfortable sight to see a path in all its entirety vanish suddenly into the void.

The uncut end of the former trail led back to a little tableland, supporting a patch of tilling and tenanted by an uninhabited hut. The Willow Moor they called it, though it seemed hardly big enough to bear a name. On reconnoitring for the descent, we found the farther side fallen away like the first; so that the plateau was now cut off from all decent approach. One of us, at last, struck the butt end of a path; but we had not gone far down it before it broke off, and delivered us to the gullies. This side, however, was much better than the other, and it took none of us very long to slip down the slope, repair the bridge, and join the Ashikura trail.

We were now once more on the path we had come up, with the certainty of bad places instead of their uncertainty ahead of us, — a doubtful betterment. The Oni ga Jo lay in wait round the corner, and the rest of the familiar devils would all appear in due course of time.

Tied over my boots were the straw sandals of the country. They were not made to be worn thus, and showed great uneasiness in their new position, do what we might with the thongs. Everybody tried his hand at it, first and last; but the fidgety things always ended by coming off at the toe or the heel, or sluing round to the side till they were worse than useless. They were supposed to prevent one from slipping, which no doubt they would have done had they not begun by slipping off. They wore themselves out by their nervousness, and had to be renewed from time to time from the stock the porters carried. In honor of the Oni ga Jo I had a fresh pair put on beside the brook sacred to the memory of my pocket handkerchief. We then rose to the Devil Place, and threaded it in single file. Whether it were the companionship, or familiarity, or simply that my right side instead of my left next the cliff gave greater seeming security, I got over it a shade more comfortably this time, though it was still far from my ideal of an afternoon's walk. The road to the next world branched off too disturbingly to the left.

At last the path descended to the river bottom for good. I sat down on a stone, pulled out my tobacco pouch, and lit a pipe. The porters passed on out of sight. Then I trudged along myself. The tension of the last two days had suddenly ceased, and in the expansion of spirit that ensued I was conscious of a void. I wanted some one with me then, perhaps, more than I ever craved companionship before. The great gorge about me lay filled to the brim with purple shadow. I drank in the cool, shade-scented air at every breath. The forest-covered mountain sides, patched higher up with snow in the gullies, shut out the world. Only a gilded bit here and there on some lofty spur lingered to hint a sun beyond. The strip of pale blue sky, far overhead, bowed to meet the vista of the valley behind, a vista of peaks more and more snow-clad, till the view was blocked at last by a white, nun-veiled summit, flushed now, in the late afternoon light, to a tender rose. Past strain had left

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the spirit as past fatigue leaves the body, exquisitely conscious; and my fancy came and walked with me there in that lonely valley, as it gave itself silently into the arms of night.

Probably none I know will ever tread where I was treading then, nor I ever be again in that strange wild cleft, so far out of the world; and yet, if years hence I should chance to wander there alone once more, I know the ghost of that romance will rise to meet me as I pass.

I own I made no haste to overtake the caravan. Darkness fell upon us while we were yet a long way from Ashikura, with an uncertain cliff path between us and it; for the path, like a true mountain trail, had the passion for climbing developed into a mania, and could never rest content with the river's bed whenever it spied a chance to rise. It had just managed an ascent up a zigzag stairway of its own invention, and had stepped out in the dark upon a patch of tall mountain grass, as dry as straw, when Yejiro conceived the brilliant idea of torches. He had learned the trick in the Hakone hills, where it was the habit, he told the guide, when one was caught out at night; and he proceeded to roll some of the grass into long wisps for the purpose. The torches were remarkably picturesque, and did us service beside. Their ruddy flare, bowing to the breeze, but only burning the more madly for its thwarting, lighted the path like noonday through a circle of fifteen feet, and dropped brands, still flaring, into the stubble, which we felt it a case of conscience to stop and stamp out. The circle, small as it was, sufficed to disclose a yawning gulf on the side, to which the path clung with the persistency of infatuation.

The first thing to tell us of approach to human habitation was the croaking of the frogs. After the wildness of our day it sounded like some lullaby of Mother Earth, speaking of hearth and home, and we knew that we were come back to rice fields and man. It was another half hour, however, before our procession reached the outskirts of the village. Here we threw aside our torches, and in a weary, drawn-out file found our way, one by one, into the courtyard of the inn. It was not an inn the year round; it became such only at certain seasons, of which the present was not one. It had the habit of putting up pilgrims on their way to the Dragon Peak; between the times of its pious offices it relapsed into a simple farmhouse. But the owner received us none the less kindly for our inopportune appearance, and hastened to bring the water-tubs for our feet. Never was I more willing to sit on the sill a moment and dabble my toes; for I was footsore and weary, and glad to be on man's level again. I promise you, we were all very human that evening, and felt a deal aloud.

XVIII.

A GENIAL INKYO.

The owner of the farmhouse had inherited it from his father. There was nothing very odd about this even to our other-world notions of property, except that the father was still living, as hale and hearty as you please, in a little den at the foot of the garden. He was, in short, what is known as an *inkyo*, or one "dwelling in retirement," — a singular state, composed of equal parts of this world and the next; like dying in theory, and then undertaking to live on in practice. For an inkyo is a man who has formally handed in his resignation to the community, and yet continues to exist most enjoyably in the midst of it. He has abdicated in favor of his eldest son, and, having put off all responsibilities, is filially supported in a life of ease and pleasure.

In spite of being no longer in society,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the father was greedily social. As soon as he heard a foreigner had arrived he trotted over to call, and nothing would do but I must visit his niche early in the morning, before going away.

After breakfast, therefore, the son duly came to fetch me, and we started off through the garden. For his sire's place of retirement lay away from the road, toward the river, that the dear old gentleman might command a view of the peaks opposite, of one of which, called the Etchiu Fuji from its conical form, he was dotingly fond.

It was an expedition getting there. This arose, not from any special fault in the path, which for the first half of the way consisted of a string of stepping-stones neatly laid in the ground, and for the latter fraction of no worse mud than could easily be met with elsewhere. The trouble came from a misunderstanding in foot-gear. It seemed too short a walk for one to put one's boots twice on and off. On the other hand, to walk in stocking-feet was out of the question, for the mud. So I attempted a compromise, consisting of my socks and the native wooden clogs, and tried to make the one take kindly to the other. But my mittenlike socks would have none of my thongs, and, failing of a grip for my toes, compelled me to scuffle along in a very undignified way. Then every few steps one or the other of the clogs saw fit to stay behind, and I had to halt to recover the delinquent. I made a sorry spectacle as I screwed about on the remaining shoe, groping after its fellow. Once I was caught in the act by my cicerone, who turned round inopportunely to see why I was not following; and twice in attempting the feat I all but lost my balance into the mud.

The worthy virtuoso, as he was, met us at the door, and escorted us upstairs to see his treasures. The room was tapestried with all manner of works of art, of which he was justly proud, while the house itself stood copied from a Chinese model, for he was very classic. But I was pleased to find that above all his heart was given to the view. It was shared, as I also discovered, by the tea ceremonies, in which he was a proficient; such a mixture is man. But I believe the view to have been the deeper affection. While I was admiring it, he fetched from a cupboard a very suspicious-looking bottle of what turned out to be honey, and pressed a glass of it upon me. I duly sipped this not inappropriate liquor, since cordials savor of asceticism, and this one, being of natural decoction, peculiarly befitted a secular anchorite. Then I took my leave of one who, though no longer in the world, was still so charmingly of it.

The good soul chanced to be a widower, but such bereavement is no necessary preliminary to becoming a "dweller in retirement." Sometimes a man enters the inkyo state while he still has with him the helpmate of his youth, and the two go together to this aftermath of life. Surely a pretty return this of the honeymoon! Darby and Joan starting once more hand in hand, alone in this Indian summer of their love, as they did years ago in its springtide, before other generations of their own had pushed them on to less romantic parts: Darby come back from paternal cares to be once more the lover, and Joan from mother and grandam again become his girl.

We parted from our watchman-guide and half our porters with much feeling, as did they from us. As friendships go we had not known one another long, but intimacy is not measured by time. Circumstances had thrown us into one another's arms, and, as we bade good-by first to one and then to another, we seemed to be severing a tie that touched very near the heart.

Two of the porters came on with us, as much for love as for money, as far as Kamiichi, where we were to get *kuruma*. A long tramp we had of it across leagues of rice fields, and for a part of the way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beside a large, deep canal, finely bowered in trees, and flowing with a swift, dark current, like some huge boa winding stealthily under the bamboo. It was the artery to I know not how many square miles of field. We came in for a steady drizzle after this, and it was long past noon before we touched our noontide halt, and stalked at last into the inn.

With great difficulty we secured three kuruma, — the place stood on the limits of such locomotion, — and a crowd so dense collected about them that it blocked the way out. Everybody seemed smitten with a desire to see the strangers, which gave the inn servants, by virtue of their calling, an enviable distinction to village eyes. But the porters stood highest in regard, both because of their more intimate tie with us and because here we parted from them. It was severing the final link to the now happy past. We all felt it, and told our rosary of memories in thought, I doubt not, each to himself, as we went out into the world upon our different ways.

Eight miles in a rain brought us to the road by which we had entered Etchiu some days before, and that night we slept at Mikkaichi once more. On the morrow morning the weather became fair, and toward midday we were again facing the fringe of breakers from the cliffs. The mountain spurs looked the grimmer that we now knew them so well by repulse. The air was clearer than when we came, and as we gazed out over the ocean we could see for the first half day the faint coast line of Noto, stretching toward us like an arm along the horizon. We watched it at intervals as long as it was recognizable; and when at last it vanished beyond even imagination's power to conjure up, we felt a strange pang of personal regret. The sea that snatches away so many lands at parting seems fitly inhuman to the deed.

In the course of these two days, two things happened which pointed curiously to the isolation of this part of Japan. The first was the near meeting with another foreigner, which would seem to imply precisely the contrary. But the unwonted excitement into which the event threw Yejiro and me was proof enough of its strangeness. It was while I was sipping tea, waiting for a fresh relay of kuruma at Namerigawa, that Yejiro rushed in to announce that another foreigner was resting at an inn a little further up town. He had arrived shortly before from the Echigo side, report said. The passing of royalty or even a circus would have been tame news in comparison. Of course I hastened into my boots and sallied forth. I did not call on him formally, but I inspected the front of the inn in which he was said to be with peculiar expectation of spirit, in spite of my affected unconcern. He was, I believe, a German; but he never took shape.

The second event occurred the next evening, and was even more singular. Like the dodo it chronicled survival. It was manifested in the person of a policeman.

Some time after our arrival at the inn Yejiro reported that the police officer wished to see me. The man had already seen the important part of me, the passport, and I was at a loss to imagine what more he could want. So Yejiro was sent back to investigate. He returned shortly with a sad case of concern for consideration, and he hardly kept his face as he told it. The conscientious officer, it seemed, wished to sleep outside my room for my protection. From the passport he felt himself responsible for my safety, and had concluded that the least he could do would be not to leave me for a moment. I assured him, through Yejiro, that his offer was most thoughtful, but unnecessary. But what an out-of-the-world corner the thought implied, and what a fine fossil the good soul must have been! Here was survival with an emphasis! The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man had slept soundly through twenty years or more of change, and was still in the pre-foreign days of the feudal ages.

The prices of kuruma, too, were pleasingly behind the times. They were but two fifths of what we should have had to pay on the southern coast. As we advanced toward Shinshiu, however, the prices advanced too. Indeed, the one advance accurately measured the other. We were getting back again into the world, it was painfully evident. At last fares rose to six cents a *ri*. Before they could mount higher we had taken refuge in the train, and were hurrying toward Zenkoji by steam.

Our objective point was now the descent of the Tenriūgawa rapids. It was not the shortest way home, but it was part of our projected itinerary, and took us through a country typical of the heart of Japan. It began with a fine succession of passes. These I had once taken on a journey years before with a friend, and as we started now up the first one, the Saru ga Bamba no tōge, I tried to make the new impression fit the old remembrance. But man had been at work upon the place without, and imagination still more upon its picture within. It was another tōge we climbed in the light of that latter-day afternoon. With the companion the old had passed away.

Leaving the others to follow, I started down the zigzags on the farther side. It was already dusk, and the steepness of the road and the brisk night air sent me swinging down the turns with something of the anchor-like escapement of a watch. Midway I passed a solitary pedestrian, who was trolling to himself down the descent; and when in turn he passed me, as I was waiting under a tree for the others to catch up, he eyed me suspiciously, as one whose wanderings were questionable. They were certainly questionable to me, for by that time we were come to habitations, and each fresh light I saw I took for the village where we were to stop for the night, in spite of repeated disillusionings.

Overhead, the larger stars came out and winked at me, and then, as the fields of space became more and more lighted with star-points, the hearth-fires to other homes of worlds, I thought how local, after all, is the great cone of shadow we men call night; for it is only Nature's nightcap for the nodding Earth, as she turns her head away from the Sun to lie pillowed in space.

The next day was notable chiefly for the up-and-down character of the country even for Japan; which was excelled only by the unhesitating acceptance of it on the part of the road, and this in its turn only by the crowds that traveled it. It seemed that the desire to go increased inversely as the difficulty in going. The wayfarers were most sociable folk, and for a people with whom personality is at a discount singularly given to personalities. Not a man who had a decent chance but asked whither we were going and whence we had come. To the first half of the countryside we confided so much of our private history; to the second we contented ourselves with saying, with elaborate courtesy, "The same as six years ago," an answer which sounded polite, and rendered the surprised questioner speechless for the time we took to pass.

Especially the women added to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Their heads done up in gay-colored kerchiefs, framing round and rosy faces, their kit slung over the shoulder, and their *kimono* tucked in at the waist, they trudged along on useful pairs of ankles neatly cased in lavender gaiters. Some followed dutifully behind their husbands; others chatted along in company with their kind, — members these last of some pilgrim association.

There were wayfarers, too, of less happy mind. For over the last pass the authorities were building a new road, and long lines of pink-coated convicts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marched to and fro at work upon it, under the surveillance of the dark-blue police; and the sight made me think how little the momentary living counts in the actual life. Here we were, two sets of men, doing for the time an identical thing, trudging along a mountain path in the fresh May air; and yet to the one the day seemed all sunshine, to the other nothing but cloud.

XIX.

OUR PASSPORT AND THE BASHA.

It was bound to come, and we knew it; it was only a question of time. But then we had so far braved the law so well, we had almost come to believe that we should escape altogether. I mean the fatal detection by the police that we were violating my passport. That document had already outrun the statute of limitations, and left me no better than an outlaw. For practical purposes my character was gone, and being thus self-convicted I might be arrested at any moment!

In consequence of pending treaty negotiations, the government had become particular about the privileges it granted. One of the first countermoves to foreign insistence on exterritoriality was the restricting of passports to a fortnight's time. You might lay out any tour you chose, and if permitted by the government the provinces designated would all be duly inscribed in your passport, but you had to compass them in the fortnight or be punished. Of course this could be evaded, and a Japanese friend in the foreign office had kindly promised to send me an extension by telegraph. But the dislike of being tied to times and places made me sinfully prefer the risk of being marched back to Tōkyō under the charge of a policeman, a fate I had seen overtake one or two other malefactors, caught at somewhat different crimes, whom we had casually met on the road. The Harinoki tōge was largely to blame for the delay, it is true. But then, unluckily, the Harinoki tōge could not be arrested, and I could.

The bespectacled authorities who examined my credentials every night had hitherto winked at my guilt, so that the bolt fell upon us from a clear sky. It is almost questionable whether it had a right to fall at that moment at all. It was certainly a case of officious officialdom. For we had stopped simply to change kuruma, and the unwritten rule of the road runs that so long as the traveler keeps moving he is safe. To catch him napping at night is the recognized custom.

Besides, the police might have chosen, even by day, some other opportunity to light upon us than in the very thick of our wrestle with the extortionate prices of fresh kuruma. It was inconsiderate of them, to say the least; for the attack naturally threw us into a certain disrepute not calculated to cheapen fares. Then, too, our obvious haste helped furnish circumstantial evidence of crime.

Nevertheless, in the very midst of these difficult negotiations at Matsumoto, evil fate presented itself, clothed as a policeman, and demanded our papers. Luckily they were not at the very bottom of the baggage, but in Yejiro's bosom; for otherwise our effects would have become a public show, and collected an even greater crowd than actually gathered. The arm of the law took the passport, fell at once on the indefensible date, and pointed it out to us. There we were, caught in the act. We sank several degrees instantly in everybody's estimation.

How we escaped is a secret of the Japanese force; for escape we did. We admitted our misfortune to the policeman, and expressed ourselves as even more desirous of getting back to Tōkyō

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than he could be to have us there. But we pointed out that now the Tenriūgawa was, to all intents, as short a way as any, and, furthermore, that it was the one expressly nominated in the bond. The policeman stood perplexed. Out of doubt or courtesy, or both, he hesitated for some moments, and then reluctantly handed the passport back. We stood acquitted. Indeed, we were not only suffered to proceed, and that in our own way, but he actually accelerated matters himself, for he turned to against the kuruma, to their instant discomfiture. Indeed, this was quite as it should be, for he was as anxious to be rid of us as we were to be quit of him.

On the road the kuruma proved unruly. The exposure we had sustained may have helped to this, or the coercion of the policeman may have worked revolt. They jogged along with increasing hesitation, till at last the worst of them refused to go on at all. After some quite useless altercation, we made what shift we might with the remainder, but had not got far when we heard the toot of a fish-horn behind, and the sound gradually overhauled us. Now, a fish-horn on a country road in Japan means a *basha*, and a basha means the embodiment of the objectionable. It is a vehicle to be avoided; both externally, like a fire-engine, and internally, like an ambulance or a hearse. Indeed, so far as its victim is concerned, it usually ends by becoming a cross between the last two named. It is a machine absolutely devoid of recommendations. I speak from experience, for, in a moment of adventure, I once took passage in one, some years ago, and I never mean to do so again. Even the sound of its fish-horn now provokes me to evil thoughts. But we were in a bad way, and, to my wonder, I found my sentiments perceptibly softening. Before the thing caught up with us I had actually resolved to take it.

We made signals of distress, and, rather contrary to my expectation, the machine stopped. The driver pulled up, and the guard, a half-grown boy, who sat next him on the seat in front, making melody on the horn, jumped down, a strange bundle of consequence and courtesy, and helped us and our belongings in. He then swung himself into his seat, as the basha set off again, and fell to tooting vociferously. We had scarce got settled before the vehicle was dashing along at what seemed, to our late perambulator experience, a perfectly breakneck speed. The pace and the enthusiasm of the boy infected us. Yejiro and I began to congratulate each other with some fervor on our change of conveyance; and each time we spoke, the boy whisked round in his seat and cried out, with a knowing wag of his head, "I tell you, it's fast, a basha! Hé!" and then as suddenly whisked back again, and fell to tooting with renewed vigor, like one who had been momentarily derelict in duty. The road was quite deserted, so that the amount of noise would have seemed unnecessary. The boy thought otherwise. Meanwhile, we were being frightfully jolted, and occasionally slung round corners in a way to make holding on a painful labor.

I suppose the unwonted speed must have intoxicated us. There is nothing else that will account for our loss of head. For before we were well out of the machine we had begun negotiations for its exclusive possession on the morrow; and by the time we were fairly installed in the inn at Shiwojiri the bargain stood complete. In consideration of no exorbitant sum, the vehicle, with all appertaining thereto, was to be taken off its regular route, to wander, like any tramp, at our sweet will, in quite a contrary direction. The boy with the horn was expressly included in the lease. By this arrangement we hoped to compass two days' journey in one, and reach by the morrow's night the point where boats are taken for the descent of the Tenriūgawa rapids. We knew the drive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be painful, but we had every promise that it would be fast.

The inn at Shiwojiri possessed a foreign table and chairs, a bit of furnishing from which the freshness of surprise never wore off. What was even less to be looked for, the son of the house was proficient in English, having studied with a missionary in Tōkyō. I had some talk with him later, and lent him an English classic which he showed a great desire to see.

Betimes the next morning the basha appeared, both driver and guard got up in a fine dark-green uniform, a spruceness it much tickled our vanity to mark. *With a feeling akin to princely pride* we stepped in, the driver cracked his whip, and, amid the bows of the inn household, we went off up the street. Barring the loss of an umbrella, which had happened somewhere between the time when we boarded the basha on the yestereve and the hour of departure that morning, and an exhaustive but vain hunt for the same, first in the vehicle and then at the stables, nothing marred the serenity of our first half hour. The sky was dreamy; a delicate blue seen through a golden gauze. I fancy it was such a sky with which Danaë fell in love. We rose slowly up the Shiwojiri pass, which a new road enabled even the basha to do quite comfortably; and the southern peaks of the Hida-Shinshiu range rose to correspond across the valley, the snow line distinctly visible, though the nearer ranges did their best to cut it off. Norikura, the Saddle, especially, showed a fine bit of its ten thousand feet, wrapped in the indistinctness of the spring haze. The heavy air gave a look of slumber to the peaks, as if those summits, waked before the rest of the world, had already grown drowsy. We had not yet ceased gazing at them when a turn of the road shut them out. A rise of a few feet, a dip, a turn, and the lake of Suwa lay below us on the other side, flanked by its own mountains, through a gap in which showed the just perceptible cone of Fuji.

The Shiwojiri tōge is not a high pass, and yet it does duty as part of a great divide. A drop of water falling on the Shiwojiri side, if it chance to meet with other drops before it be snatched up again into the sky, wanders into the Sea of Japan; while its fellow, coming to earth not a yard away, ends its journey at last in the Pacific Ocean. Our way now lay with the latter, for the Tenriū-gawa, or River of the Heavenly Dragon, takes its rise in the lake of Suwa, a bowl of water a couple of miles or more across. *It trickles out insignificantly* enough at one end, gathers strength for fifty miles of flow, and then for another hundred cuts its way clean across a range of mountains. How it ever got through originally, and why, are interesting mysteries. Its gorge is now from one to two thousand feet deep, cleft, not through a plateau, but through the axis of a mountain chain. In most places there is not a yard to spare.

We were still a doubtful day off from where it is customary to take a boat. We had started somewhat late, stopped for the lack of umbrella, and now were committed to a digression for letters I expected at Shimonosuwa. I never order my letters to meet me on the line of march but I bitterly repent having chosen that special spot. There is always some excellent reason why it turns out most inconvenient. But as yet I was hopeful, for I thought I knew the speed of the basha, and the day was still young.

The day had grown older and I wiser by the time my letters were read, with their strange perfume from *outre-mer*, the horses harnessed afresh, and we under way once more, clattering down the main street of the village. It was not only in the village that we made a stir. A basha is equal to the occasion anywhere. The whole countryside stopped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its tracks to turn and stare as we passed, and at one point we came in for a perfect ovation; for our passage and the noonday recess of a school happening to coincide, the children, at that moment let loose, instantly dashed after us pell-mell, in a mass, shouting. One or two of them were so eager in the chase that they minded not where they went, and, tripping over stones or ruts, fell headlong in the mud. The rest pursued us, panting, each according to his legs, and gave over at last only for want of wind.

The guard was supremely happy. What time the upper half of him was too tired to toot, the lower half spent in hopping off his seat and on again upon imaginary duty. Meanwhile, in spite of enlivenments not included in the bill, my old dislike was slowly but surely coming back. I began to be uneasy on the score of time. The speed was not what hope and the company had led me to expect. I went through some elaborate rule-of-three calculation between the distance, the speed, and the time, and, as far as I could make out, it began to look questionable whether we should arrive that night at all. I had already played the part of goad out of precaution; I now had to take to it in good earnest, — futilely to boot. Meanwhile, my body was as uneasy as my mind. In the first place, the seats faced sideways, so that we progressed after the fashion of crabs. Secondly, the vehicle hardly made apologies for springs. We were rattled about like parched corn in a hopper.

What a blessed trick of memory that of winnowing the joys of travel from its discomforts, and letting the latter slip unconsciously away! The dust and the heat and the thousand petty annoyances pass with the fact to be forgotten, while the snow-hooded mountains and the deep blue sky and the smiling fields stay with us, a part of ourselves. That drive seems golden as I look back upon it, yet how sadly discomforting it was at the time!

Toward afternoon a rumor became current that the road had been washed away ahead, and that the basha would have to stop some miles short of where we had hoped to be that night. This was disheartening, for, with all its shortcomings, the basha was undeniably faster than perambulators. The rumor gathered substance as we advanced, until in consequence we ceased to advance at all. At a certain village called Miyada the basha drew up, and we were informed that it was impossible to proceed further.

There was nothing for it but to hire kuruma. The men were a rascally lot, and made gain of our necessity. But we were not so sorry to leave the basha as we might have been, and the reports of impassability substantiated themselves before we had got a mile out. In further consolation the kuruma men turned out well on the road, and bowled us along right merrily. The road ran along the skirts of the mountains on the right, which fell in one long sweep to the river, a breadth of plain unexpectedly gored by streams. The cañons were startlingly abrupt, and the darkness which now came on took nothing from the effect. A sudden zigzag down to a depth of a hundred feet, a careful hitching over a decrepit bridge, and a zigzag up the other side, and we were off at a good trot again. This dispatch on the part of the men brought us in much-improved spirits and in very good time into Iijima, our hoped-for goal.

XX.

DOWN THE TENRIŪGAWA.

We had made arrangements overnight for a boat, not without difficulty, and in the morning we started in kuruma for the point of embarkation. We were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eager to be off upon our voyage, else we should have strolled afoot down the long meadow slope, such invitation lay in it: the dew sparkling on the grass blades, the freshly tilled earth scenting the air, and the larks rising like rockets up into the sky, and bursting into song as they went. It seemed the essence of spring, and we had a mile or more of it all before we reached the brink of the cañon; for even here the river had begun a gorge for itself through the plain. We left our jinrikisha at the top, and zigzagged on foot down the steep descent; and straightway departed the upper life of fields and larks and sunshine for a new and semi-subterranean one. It was not simply a change of scene; it was a complete change of sphere. The world with its face open to the day in a twinkling had ceased to be, and another world, a world of dark water girt by shadowed walls of rock and trees, had taken its place.

Amid farewell wavings from the jinrikisha men we pushed off into the stream. In spite of the rush of the water and the creaking of the oars, a strange stillness had fallen on everything. The swirling, inky flood swept us on past the hushed banks, heights of motionless leaves nearly hiding the gray old rock. Occasionally some puff of wind more adventurous than its fellows swooped down to make the leaves quiver a moment, and then died away in awe, while here and there a bird flew in and out among the branches with strangely subdued twitter.

Although this part of the river could show its gorge and its rapids, it made only the preface to that chapter of its biography we had come to read. At Tokimata, some hours further down, begins the voyage proper. But even the preface was imposing. The black water glided sinuous along, its stealthy course now and again interrupted by rapids, where the sullen flood lashed itself to a passion of whitecaps with a kind of hissing roar. Down these we shot, the boat bowing first in acquiescence, and then plunging as madly as the water itself. It was hard to believe that both boat and river were not sentient things.

At intervals we met other boats toiling slowly up stream, pulled laboriously by men who strained along the bank at the ends of hundreds of feet of tow-rope, — the ropes themselves invisible at first for distance; so that we were aware only of men walking along the shore in attitudes of impossible equilibrium, and of boats that followed them doglike from pure affection. It would seem weary work even for canal-boating. It takes weeks to toil up what it once took only hours to float down. As we sped past the return convoys, we appeared sad profligates, thus wantonly to be squandering such dearly won vantage of position. The stream which meant money to them was, like money, hard come and easy go.

Still the stream hurried us on. We hugged the cliffs, now on one side, now on the other, only to have them slip by us the quicker. Bend after bend opened, spread out, closed. The scene changed every minute, and yet was always the same. Then at times we were vouchsafed openings in the surrounding hills, — narrow bits of foreground, hints of a something that existed beyond.

For three hours and more we kept on in our serpentine course, for the river meandered as whimsically as if it still had a choice of its own in the matter. Then gradually the land about began to make overtures toward sociability. The trees on the banks disappeared, the banks themselves decreased in height; then the river took to a more genial flow, and presently we were ware of the whole countryside to the right coming down in one long sweep to the water's edge.

The preface was over. The stream was to have a breathing-spell of air and sunlight before its great plunge into sixty miles of twilight cañon. With a quick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn of his rudder oar the boatman in the stern brought the flat-bottomed craft round, and in a jiffy she lay beached on the shingle at Tokimata. It was now high noon.

The greater part of the village kindly superintended the operation of disembarking, and then the more active of its inhabitants trotted before as guides to the inn. For our boat would go no further, and therefore all our belongings had to come out. It was only when we inquired for further conveyance that the crowd showed signs of satiety and edged off. To our importunities on this head the populace were statuesque, or worse. A Japanese assent is not always the most encouraging of replies, and a Japanese "No" touches in you a depth not unlike despair. They have a way of hinting the utter hopelessness of your wish, past, present, and to come, an eternity of impossibility to make you regret that you ever were born. After we had reached the inn, and had stated our wants to a more informed audience, we were told that the nautical part of the inhabitants were in the fields, gathering mulberry leaves for the silkworms. From the bribe we offered to induce a change in pursuit, we judged money to be no object with them. There remained nothing, therefore, but the police.

It is good policy never to invoke the law except in the last extremity, for you are pretty sure to have some flaw shown up in you before you are through with it. The law in this case was represented, Yejiro found, by a person still yellow with the jaundice. He met the demand for boatmen with the counter-demand for the passport, and when this was produced his official eye at once detected its anachronism.

"This," said he, "is not in order. I do not see how you can go on at all."

To add artificial impossibility to natural was too much. Yejiro answered that he had better come to the inn; which he accordingly did. Poor man! I pitied him. For, in the first place, he was still jaundiced; and, in the second, although conscious of guilt as I was, I was much the less disturbed of the two. I was getting used to being a self-smuggler; while he, as the Japanese say, was "*taihen komarimasŭ*" (exceedingly "know not what to do"), a phrase which is a national complaint. In this instance he had cause. What to do with so hardened a sinner was a problem passing his powers. Here was a law-breaker, who by rights should at once be bundled back to Tōkyō under police surveillance. But he could not go himself, he had no one to send, and, furthermore, the delinquent seemed only too willing to escort himself there, free of government expense, as speedily as possible. All I had to do was to whet his perception that the sooner boatmen were got, the sooner I should be on the right side of the law again. After a conflict with himself he went in search of men.

I was left to study the carp-pond, with its gold and silver fish, the pivot of attention of the pretty little garden court which stood handy to the kitchen. This juxtaposition was no accident; for such ponds are landscape and larder in one. Between meals the fish are scenery; at the approach of the dinner hour they turn into game. The inn guest, having sufficiently enjoyed the gambols of future repasts, picks out his dish to suit his taste or capacity, and the fish is instantly netted and translated to the gridiron. The survivors, none the wiser, continue to steamboat about, intent on their own dinners, flashing their colors as they turn their armored sides in and out of the light. Eccentric nature has fitted these prototypes of navigation with all the modern improvements. Double and even triple sets of screws are common things in tails, and sometimes the fins too are duplex. As for me, I had neither the heart nor the stomach to help depopulate the pond. But I took much mechanical delight in the motions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fishes; so I fed them instead of they me.

I had my choice between doing this and watching the late boatmen at their dinner in the distance. No doubt moods have an æsthetic conscience of their own, — they demand appropriate setting; for I was annoyed at the hilarity of these men over their midday meal. I bore them no malice, but I must own I should have preferred not to have seen them thus making free with time they had declared themselves unable to sell to me.

Thanks in part to my quality of outlaw, and in part to four hours' propitiation of the gods of delay, the jaundiced policeman finally succeeded in beating up a crew. There were four conscripts in all, kerchiefed, not to say petticoated, in the native nautical costume, — a costume not due to being fresh-water sailors, since their salt-water cousins are given to a like disguise of sex. These mariners made us wait while they finished their preparations. It meant a long voyage to them, — a *facilis descensus Averni; sed revocare gradum*, — a very long pull. Then the bow was poled off, the current took us in its arms and swung us out into the stream, and the crowd on the shingle dropped perspectively astern.

While I was still standing gazing at lessening Tokimata, I heard a cry from behind me, and, turning, ducked just in time to escape being unceremoniously somersaulted into the water by a hawser stretched from bank to bank at a level singularly suited to such a trick. The rope was the stationary half of a ferry to which I had neglected to make timely obeisance. It marked, indeed, an incipient stage in the art of suspension bridges, the ferryboat itself supporting a part of the weight, while the ferryman pulled it and himself across. We met several more in the course of the next few minutes, before which we all bowed down into the bottom of the boat, while the hawser scraped, grumbling impotently, overhead.

Our boat was of adaptive build. It was forty-five feet long, not quite four feet wide, and somewhat over two feet deep. These proportions and the character of the wood made it exceeding lithe, so that it bent like a willow before necessity. In the stern stood the headman, wielding for rudder an oar half as long again as those the others used. There was very little rowing done, nor was there need; the current itself took us along at racing speed.

Shortly after ducking under the last ferry rope we reached the gateway to the cañon. Some rapids made an introduction, rocks in places jutting out of the foam; and while we were still curveting to the waves the hills suddenly closed in upon the stream in two beetling cliffs, spanned surprisingly by a lofty cantalever bridge. A person who chanced to cross at the moment stopped in mid-path to watch us through. The stream swept us in, and the countryside contracted to a vanishing vista behind. We were launched on our long cañon voyage.

The change was as immediate as a thunderstorm on a smiling summer afternoon. It was an eclipse of the earth by the earth itself. Dark rocks picketed with trees rose in still darker shadow on either hand, higher than one could see. The black river swirled beside us, silent, sullen, swift. At the bottom of that gorge, untrodden by man, borne by the dark flood that, untouched by sunlight, coiled snakelike along, we seemed adventured on some never to be forgotten Styx.

For some time we had voyaged thus with a feeling not unlike awe, when all at once there was a bustle among the boatmen, and one of them went forward and stood up in the bow. We swept round a corner, and saw our first great rapids three hundred yards ahead. We could mark a dip in the stream, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then a tumbled mass of white water, while a roar as of rage came out of the body of it. As we swept down upon the spot, the man in the bow began beating the gunwale with his oar in regularly repeated raps. The board gave out a hollow ring that strangely filled the river chasm, a sound well calculated to terrify the evil spirits of the spot; for indeed it was an exorcism of homœopathic design. His incantation finished, he stood motionless. So did the rest of us, waiting for the plunge. The boat dipped by the bow, darted forward, and in a trice we were in the midst of a deafening turmoil of boiling waters and crashing breakers. The breakers laid violent hands upon us, grappling at the frail gunwale and coming in part aboard, and then, as we slipped from their grasp, impotently flung their spray in our faces, and with a growl dropped astern. The boat trembled like a leaf, and was still trembling when, with nightmare speed, the thing had slid into the past, and we were shot out into the midst of the seething flood below.

Not the least impressive part of the affair was the strange spirit-rapping on the bow. The boatmen valiantly asserted that this was simply for a signal to the man in the stern. Undoubtedly now the action has largely cloaked itself in habit, but that it once was superstitious is unquestionable. Devils still constitute far too respected a portion of the community in peasant parts of Japan.

The steering the boatmen did was clever, but the steering the stream managed of its own motion was more so; for between the rapids proper were swirls and whirlpools and races without end. The current took us in hand at the turns, sweeping us down at full speed straight for a rock on the opposite bank, and then, just as shipwreck seemed inevitable, whisked us round upon the other tack. A thick cushion of water had fended the boat off, so that to strike would have been as impossible as it looked certain. And then at intervals came the roar of another rapid, like a stirring refrain, with the boatman in the bow to beat the time. So we swept on, now through inky eddies of tide, now through snow-capped billows, moods these of the passing stream, while above the grand character of the gorge remained eternally the same.

The trees far up, sharp-etched against the blue,
Let but the river's strip of skylight through
To trees below, that on each jutting ledge
Scant foothold found to overlook the edge, —
As still as statues in their niches there,
Where no breeze stirred the ever-shadowed air, —
Spellbound spectators, crowded tier on tier
From where the lowest, bending to be near
The shock of spray, with leaves a-tremble stood
In shuddering gaze above the swirling flood.
The whole deep chasm some vast natural nave
That to the thought a touch of grandeur gave,
And touch of grace, — for that wistaria clung
Upon the trees, its grapelike bunches hung
In stretch to catch their semblance in the stream:
Pale purple clusters, meant to live in dream,
Placed high above man's predatory clutch,
To sight alone vouchsafed, from harming touch
Wisely withheld as he is hurried past,
And thus the more a memory to last,
A violet vision; there to stay — fair fate —
Forever virginly inviolate.

Slowly the strip of sky overhead became steeped in color, the half light at the bottom of the gorge deepened in tint, and suddenly a turn brought us out at a blaze in the cliff, where a handful of houses straggled up toward the outer world. We had reached Mitsushima, a shafting in the tunnel, and our halting-place for the night.

XXI.

TO THE SEA.

It was a ten minutes' walk, the next morning, from the inn down to the boat: an ever-winding path along a succession of terraces studded with trees just break-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing into leaf, and dotted with cottages, whose folk gave us good-day as we passed. The site of the village sloped to the south, its cheek full turned to the sunshine that stole down and kissed it as it lay. On this lovely May morning, amid the slumbering air, it made as amorous a bit of springtide as the heart could wish. In front of us, in vignette, stretched the stream, half a mile of it to where it turned the corner. Each succeeding level of terrace reset the picture, as if for trial of effect.

The boat was waiting, lightly grounded on a bit of shingle left by a turn of the current. Several enthusiastic followers accompanied us out to it with respectful insistence.

On reaching our craft, we found, to our surprise, that it was full of bales of merchandise, of large and plethoric habit. We asked in astonishment what this cargo meant. The men answered sheepishly that it was to make the boat ride better. The boat had ridden well enough the day before, and on general principles should, it would seem, ride all the better for being light. But indeed their guilt was plain. Our rascally boatmen, who had already charged a goodly sum for their craft, had thought to serve two masters, and, after having leased the whole boat to me, were intending now to turn a dishonest penny by shipping somebody else's goods into the bargain. In company with the rest of my kind, I much dislike to be imposed upon; so I told them they might instantly take the so-called ballast out again. When I had seen the process of disembarkation fairly begun, I relented, deciding, as long as the bales were already aboard, to take them on to the first stopping-place, and there put them ashore.

The river, its brief glimpse at civilization over, relapsed again into utter savagery. Rocks and trees, as wild apparently as their first forerunners there, walled us in on the sides, and appeared to do so at the ends, making exit seem an impossibility, and entrance to have been a dream. The stream gave short reaches, disclosing every few minutes, as it took us round a fresh turn, a new variation on the old theme. Then, as we glided straight our few hundred feet, the wall behind us rose higher and higher, stretching out at us as if to prevent our possible escape. We had thought it only a high cliff, and behold, it was the whole mountain side that had stood barrier there.

I cannot accent the wildness of it all better than did a certain sight we came upon suddenly, round a corner. Without the least warning, a bend in the current introduced us to a fishing-pole and a basket reposing together on the top of a rock. These two hints at humanity sat all by themselves, keeping one another company; no other sign of man was visible anywhere. The pair of waifs gave one an odd feeling, as might the shadow of a person apart from the person himself. There was something uncanny in their commonplaceness in so uncommon a place. While we were still wondering at the whereabouts of their owner, another turn disclosed him by a sort of cove where his boat lay drawn up. Indeed, it was an ideal spot for an angler, and a lucrative one as well, for the river is naturally full of fish. Were I the angler I have seen others to be, I would encamp here for the rest of my life, and feed off such phosphoric diet as I might catch, to the quickening of the brain and the composing of the body. But, fortunately, man has more of the river than of the rock in his composition, and, whether he will or no, is steadily being hurried past such nicks in life toward adventures beyond.

The rapids here were, if anything, finer than those above Mitsushima. There are said to be more than thirty of them in all. Some have nicknames, as "the Turret," "the Adze," "Boiling Rice," and "the Mountain Bath." Probably all of them have distinctive appellations,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but one cannot ask the names of everybody in a procession. There were some bad enough to give one a sensation. Two of the worst rocks have been blown up, but enough still remain to point a momentary moral or adorn an after tale. All were exhilarating. Through even the least bad I should have been more than sorry to have come alone. But confiding trust in the boatmen was not misplaced; for, if questionable in their morals, they were above reproach in their watercraft.

The rapids were incidents; the gorge we had always with us, superb cleft that it was, hewn as by some giant axe, notching the mountain chain imperiously for passage. Hour followed hour with the same setting. How the river first took it into its head to come through so manifestly unsuitable a place is a secret for the geologist to tell; but I for one wish I had been by to see.

From morning till noon we raced with the water at the bottom of the cañon. Each turn was like, and yet unlike, the one before, so that I wonder that I have other than a blurred composite picture on my mind's plate. Yet certain bits have picked themselves out and ousted the rest, and the river comes up to me in thought as vivid as in life.

These repeated disclosures that disclosed nothing lulled us at last into a happy unconsciousness of end in this subterranean passage to a lower world. Though we were cleaving the mountain chain in part against the grain, indeed because we were, it showed no sign of giving out; until, without premonition, a curve shot us out at the foot of a village perched so perpendicularly on terraces that it almost overhung the stream. It was called Nishinotō, and consisted of a street that sidled up between the dwellings in a more than alpine way. Up it we climbed aerially to a tea house for lunch; but not before I had directed the boatmen to discharge the smuggled goods.

In another hour we were under way again less the uninvited bales, which, left sitting all alone on the sands, mutely reproached us till they could be seen no more. At the first bend the gorge closed round about us as rugged as ever. The rapids were not so dangerous as those above, but the stream was still fast, if less furious. When we looked at the water we did not appear to be moving at all, and when we looked up again at the bank we almost lost our balance for the sudden start.

Then gradually a change crept over the face of things. The stream grew a thought more steady, the cañon a shade less wild. We passed through some more rapids, — our last, the boatmen said. The river began to widen, the mountains standing more respectfully apart. They let us see nothing new, but they showed us more of themselves, and grand buttresses they made. Then the reaches grew longer, and other hills less high became visible ahead. By all signs we were come to the beginning of the end. Another turn, and we were confronted with a real view, — a very hilly view, to be sure, but one that belonged to the world of man. It was like coming out of a tunnel into the light.

The current hurried us on. At each bend the hills in front rose less wild than at the bend before. Villages began to dot the shores, and the river spread out and took its ease. Another curve, and we no longer saw hills and rocks ahead. A great plain stretched before us, over which our eyes wandered at will. Looking back, we marked the mountains already closing up in line. I tried to place the river's gap, but the barrier had grown continuous to the eye. As if we had been adventurers in a fairy tale, the opening through which we had come had closed unrecognizably behind us.

In front all was an every-day plain, with people tilling it, and hamlets; and in the immediate foreground, directly athwart our course, a ferryboat full of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folk. As we bore down between it and the landing-place, two men gesticulated at us from the bank. We swerved in toward them. They shouted something to the boatmen, and Yejiro turned to me. The wayfarers asked if we would let them go with us to the sea. There was no regular conveyance, and they much desired to reach the Tōkaidō that night. What would I do?

"Oh! Very well," said I reluctantly, "take them on board."

So it had come to this, after our romantic, solitary voyage! We were to end as a common carrier, after all. One is born a demigod, the French say, to die a grocer.

Our passengers were honest and business-like. Soon after coming aboard they offered to pay for their passage, — an offer I politely declined. Then they fell to chatting with Yejiro, and I doubt not in five minutes had possessed themselves of all our immediate history.

Meanwhile, the river was lazily dropping us down to the sea. On the left, at a respectful distance, a long, low rise, like a bit of fortification, ran down indefinitely in the same direction, by way of encouraging the stream. Pitiable supposition! Was this meadow-meandering bit of water indeed our wild Tenriūgawa? It seemed impossible. Once we had a bathetic bit of excitement over a near case of grounding, where the water had spread itself out to ripple down to a lower level. This was all to recall the past. The stream had grown steady and profitable. More than once we passed craft jarringly mercantile, and even some highly respectable automatic water-wheel boats anchored in the current, nose to tail, in a long line, apparently paddling up stream, but never advancing an inch. All these sights had a workaday, machine look like middle age.

The afternoon aged to match. The sun began to dip behind the distant hills; and toward the east, in front of us, came out the long outline of the Tōkaidō bridge, three quarters of a mile in length, like a huge caterpillar crawling methodically across the river bed. Gradually we drew toward it, till its myriad legs glinted in the sunset glow; and then, as we swept under, it wheeled round, to become instantly a gaunt stalking silhouette against the sky. From below, by the river's mouth, the roar of the surf came forebodingly up out of the ashen east; but in the west was still a glory, and as I turned to it I seemed to look down the long vista of the journey to western Noto by the sea. I thought how I had pictured it to myself before starting, and then how little the facts had fitted the fancy. It had lost and gained; if no longer maiden, it was mine, and the glamour that fringes the future had but changed to the glamour that gilds the past. Distance had brought it all back again. Delays, discomforts, difficulties, disappeared, and its memory rose as lovely as the sky past which I looked. For the better part of place or person is the thought it leaves behind.

Percival Lowell.

A THOUGHT.

DIVERGENT as the zone and pole
Are man's gross body and white soul;
Yet both must win to heavenly light,
Or walk the shadow-ways of night.

Thomas S. Collier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREHISTORIC MAN ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA, after having been a potent factor in the history of modern times, seems likely to contribute in a very positive manner to our knowledge of the earliest history of mankind. An object of greatest moment with archæologists is to find early relics of man so related to geological changes as to give definite information concerning their antiquity. An implement or skeleton found upon the surface *may* be of great antiquity; the same things found imbedded in certain well-defined geological strata *must* be of great antiquity, and thus the sciences of archæology and geology become united in their interests.

About twenty-five years ago much discussion was created by the report that implements and human relics of tertiary age had been found upon the flanks of the Sierra Nevada in California. The geologist responsible for this report was Professor J. D. Whitney, of Harvard College, then and for some years after in charge of the Geological Survey of California. The facts of most interest reported by him relate to a region in the vicinity of Sonora, near the boundary line between Tuolumne and Calaveras counties, and about one hundred and fifty miles directly east of San Francisco. This is a portion of California in which the early gold excitement was intense; many million dollars' worth of the metal having been found in the surface gravels of the vicinity. Before giving, however, the particulars about the discovery of the Calaveras skull and other relics of early man in the same neighborhood, it will be profitable to fix the reader's attention upon the geological problems relating to the case.

By the geologist the whole region west of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers is spoken of as new. In the earliest geological times, when the Atlantic coast was already outlined, and the northeastern part of the continent had been elevated long enough to show signs of great age, the whole area west of the Mississippi Valley, with the exception, perhaps, of some long, low lines of islands marking the course of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, was still beneath the ocean level. As the building of the continent proceeded, and the great areas of stratified rock between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi River were formed, the development was still slow west of this region; so that, long after the eastern half of the continent had assumed nearly its present form, it was separated from the western part by a vast expanse of water, extending from the Mississippi to the very edge of the Rocky Mountains. These plains were for the most part deposited during the cretaceous period, which just preceded the tertiary. At the close of the cretaceous period, the whole region slowly rose from its watery depths. So extensive was the area of elevation, however, that the strata were scarcely disturbed, and they have retained still their practically horizontal position, sloping gradually up to the west from Omaha at an average rate of not more than ten feet to the mile.

But the elevation of this region was not uniform in all its parts, and freshwater lakes occupied the depressions, and remained for a long time, covering a great portion of Nebraska and Wyoming, and territory adjacent. These lakes lasted through the tertiary period, and there were accumulated in them the immense beds of sediment inclosing the gigantic reptiles and the diminutive fossil horses concerning which so much has been written by Professors Cope and Marsh. From these fossils it appears that the shores of these lakes witnessed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several of the most important stages in the evolution of existing animals.

While this period of fresh-water lakes was obtaining east of the Rocky Mountains, what is now the Pacific coast still remained deep beneath the level of the sea. The Coast Range, which presents a solid front to the Pacific Ocean from the straits of Juan de Fuca to the Bay of San Francisco, and thence onward to beyond the southern limit of California, consists of rocks containing marine fossils entirely of tertiary age. At the time of their deposition, the waters of the Pacific beat directly against the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, more than one hundred miles to the east. In that crumpling of the earth's crust, however, which has periodically built, one by one, the various mountain systems of the world, the Coast Range was at last thrust as a barrier between the flanks of the Sierra and the Pacific Ocean, leaving between the old mountain systems and the new one of the most remarkable valleys in the world. Entering through the Golden Gate to the Bay of San Francisco, and ascending its principal eastern tributary for about fifty miles, the traveler finds himself where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers meet, the one coming from the north, the other from the south. These streams bring together the drainage of valleys whose united length is more than four hundred miles, their breadth between the mountains averaging something like seventy-five miles. Eastward from these valleys the ascent to the summits of the Sierra Nevada is pretty regular, and is accomplished in a distance of about one hundred miles.

From these heights, with many peaks upwards of fourteen thousand feet above the sea, one sees upon the horizon to the west the continuous line of the Coast Range, while to the east he looks out on the barren wastes of the great inclosed basin, extending several hundred miles in width to the Wahsatch Mountains.

For about two thousand feet up the western flanks of the Sierra the rocks consist of hard slatestone of the triassic period, which comes in the geological horizon just below the cretaceous strata so extensively developed east of the Rocky Mountains. The fact that the western foothills of the Sierra belong to the triassic age shows that they were existing as dry land during the long period required for the deposition of the sediment now constituting the Coast Range; otherwise tertiary deposits would have covered the foothills of the Sierra also. The upper part of the Sierra consists of massive granite, which may have existed as dry land from a very early geological period.

We have already remarked that the ascent eastward from this central valley of California to the summit of the Sierra is along a pretty regular slope, and can be made without great inconvenience. But if, at any point midway between the base and the summit, one endeavors to go north or south parallel with the axis of the range, he finds the journey beset with great difficulties. The immense snowfall in the higher altitudes gives rise to frequent torrents, which, in flowing down the western flanks, have in all cases worn gorges of great depth, scarcely ever less than two thousand feet, and sometimes much more. The Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy valleys are the best known examples, the former being an enlargement of the gorge of the Merced River, and the latter of that of the Tuolumne.

All along the flanks of the Sierra, also, from two to four thousand feet above the base, there exists a most remarkable belt of gravel which was doubtless deposited by streams corresponding in the main with existing lines of drainage, but at a time when the supply of water was greater than at present, and when there were no deep channels to determine and limit, as now, the direction of the water's flow. The deep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountain gorges had not yet been made. These gravels are of enormous extent, and in places hundreds of feet in depth, and have proved to be one of the greatest depositories of gold ever discovered. It is the activity of miners in searching for this coveted metal which has laid the gravel banks open to the inspection of scientific men, and so revealed the hidden archæological treasures. Now for more than forty years miners have been at work upon these banks by every conceivable process, — with butcher-knives, picks, shovels, gunpowder, dynamite, and jets of water, — to separate the gold from the immense quantities of gravel with which it is associated.

In these operations there have, from time to time, come to light sufficient relics of human workmanship to give a faint clue to the domestic arts prevailing in the region at the time of the deposition of the gravel; but the circumstances have not been favorable either for the discovery or the preservation of many relics of any kind. Especially is this true of the more recent modes of mining, in which the vast deposits are attacked by directing against them jets of water under tremendous hydraulic pressure, such as to tear everything to pieces. Hence we cannot suppose that anything more than a small part of the remains either of animals or of man and his workmanship which these beds of gravel originally contained has been saved from destruction. The introduction of hydraulic mining will account also for the fact that the most of the discoveries valuable to the palæontologist and to the archæologist were made in the earlier periods of the gold excitement, when simpler modes of mining were in vogue.

As is to be expected, many of the objects of archæological interest coming to the notice of the miners are poorly authenticated, since, in the eagerness shown for the gold, little attention has been paid to objects of mere curiosity. But from many different places stone mortars and pestles of rude manufacture have been reported by the miners as discovered in the gold-bearing gravel. Whether in most cases these objects may not have fallen down from near the surface of the gravel, and whether in some instances their location in the gravel may not have been determined by intrusive burial or by local landslides, it is impossible to determine, as quite generally the miners are too intent on their main business to observe all these particulars or retain them in their memory. But so many of such discoveries have been reported as to make it altogether improbable that the miners were in every case mistaken; and we must conclude that rude stone implements do actually occur in connection with the bones of various extinct animals in the undisturbed strata of the gold-bearing gravel.

Properly enough, however, Professor Whitney and other scientific men have been slow to build any archæological theory except on facts which were capable of definite proof; and as in this instance we are called upon to prove our facts as well as our theories, since up to the present time both have been persistently challenged, it will be necessary to discuss somewhat in detail the evidence adduced by Professor Whitney some years ago, as well as to present the confirmatory evidence which has recently come to light.

As will have been perceived, the reported occurrence of human remains in uncovered banks of gravel is specially open to suspicion from the possibility of the remains having been buried subsequent to the deposition of the material. Whether this were the case or not might indeed be determined by a well-trained and accurate observer, if his attention were called to the situation in time; but the chances of having such an observer upon the ground at the instant of discovery are, as any one can see, very small. It becomes, therefore,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an object of great importance to find remains in such a situation that their position can be satisfactorily proved by the ordinary kinds of evidence. The opportunity to obtain such proof is presented by the existence of another class of geological facts, which we will now describe.

One of the most remarkable of all the natural features west of the Rocky Mountains is to be found in the extensive lava beds which cover so much of the surface. So immense are these deposits that when they were first reported the European geologists, with general consent, discredited the stories, and set them down as Western exaggerations. But all are now convinced that at the first the half had not been told. There are hundreds of thousands of square miles west of the Rocky Mountains which have been covered by these vast lava flows; and this since the beginning of the tertiary period, and in considerable part during the glacial period. The larger and more continuous area extends from the northern part of California, over Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, and up the Snake River valley in Idaho to the Yellowstone Park.

The thickness of these lava deposits is as surprising as their superficial extent. For fifty miles or more the great cañon of Snake River, in the vicinity of Shoshone Falls in Idaho, is bounded on either side by perpendicular walls of columnar basalt from 300 to 700 feet in height, and in a portion of its course by perpendicular walls 1000 feet in height, the upper half of which is basalt, and the lower half an older eruptive rock. At the cascades of the Columbia River, which occur where the stream cuts through the axis of the Cascade Mountains, the rocks on either side, to a height of from 3000 to 4000 feet, consist of this late tertiary or post-tertiary basalt, the whole mountain range at this point being composed of that material; while seventy miles to the south of this the great basaltic plain has been cut into by the Deschutes River for a distance of one hundred and forty miles, to a depth of from 1000 to 2500 feet, without reaching the bottom of the lava.

But it would be a mistake to think of all this lava as belonging to one continuous flow. Examination shows, on the contrary, that there has been a great number of centres of eruption, and in places, especially in the Snake River valley, numerous circular, fresh-looking craters, a few hundred feet in height, dot the surface of the great basaltic plain. Many of these can be seen by the traveler from the car windows on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which passes through Idaho. These craters are not sufficient, however, to account for the vast lava plains surrounding them. They represent rather points where the expiring volcanic forces have kept relief vents open, which in some cases have been active until within a few centuries. But the great mass of the lava must have poured forth from fissures now covered from sight by their own ejected material. In some distant geological age, when the erosive agencies ever at work shall have laid bare the roots of these mountains, as has already been done in northern Scotland and in New England, these filled-up fissures will appear as trap-dykes, like those with which we are familiar in the Palisades of the Hudson, and in East and West Rocks, on either side of New Haven.

The geological disturbances which caused these late, or post-tertiary, lava flows on the Pacific coast, while greatest north of California, extended with more or less force all the way down to the Mexican border, especially in the great basin between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains. In one place, as Major Powell has detailed, the lava poured into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which was already in existence, and dammed up the waters of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river, making a temporary lake, which must have continued until the stream had time to wear down a new channel through the lava dam. West of the Sierra Nevada in California the lava flows were infrequent, except in the northern part of the State; but, fortunately, in the vicinity of Sonora there was one which has produced just the conditions which the archæologist so strongly desires to find.

During the deposition of the gold-bearing gravel upon the western flanks of the Sierra, and especially towards the latter part of that period, there were great outbursts of volcanic material near the summits of the range, and twenty or twenty-five miles north of Yosemite Park. When this eruption had nearly spent itself, a vast stream of liquid lava flowed down the side of the mountain through the shallow valley of the ancient Stanislaus River, filling up its channel, and covering its extensive gravel deposits. Thus these gravels have been preserved from disturbance, and the antiquity of the objects of geological or archæological interest found in them is certified to by the best of testimony. For forty miles or more from its source this molten stream came down the mountain side, following nearly the line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties, and extending fifteen or twenty miles beyond Sonora at two or three points. The modern Stanislaus River has cut across its former bed, and now flows in a gorge from 1200 to 2000 feet deeper than the old valley which was occupied and filled up by the ancient lava stream; and the long, winding, even surface of this lava appears as a conspicuous flat-topped ridge, known as Table Mountain. In many places the rims of the valley which originally directed the course of the lava flow have been worn away by existing streams, so that the walls on either side present a perpendicular face, one hundred feet or more in height.

Early in the mining excitement, it was found that the auriferous gravel of the ancient Stanislaus River ran under Table Mountain, and an incredible amount of money has been expended in efforts to penetrate it, and reach its depositories of precious metal. Millions of dollars are said to have been spent in driving tunnels through the rim rock, and in sinking shafts from the surface of the lava, in order to bring to the light of day the buried treasures of this singularly preserved deposit.

The evidence that human implements and fragments of the human skeleton have been found in the stratum of gravel underneath the lava of Table Mountain seems to be abundantly sufficient; but as the witnesses have been challenged, and as so much depends upon the truth of their report, it is necessary to give the evidence again in some detail. One of the most active collectors in the vicinity of Sonora was Dr. Snell, a man of unquestioned reputation and intelligence. At different times from 1850 to 1860 various implements and a human jaw were given to him by miners, with the statement that they came "from under Table Mountain," — a form of statement which we have seen can have no ambiguity of meaning. If, therefore, these miners told the truth, the objects in question must have lain in the position in which they were found ever since the period of this great lava flow. One of the stone implements thus described seems to have served as the handle for a bow, and there were, besides, one or two spearheads and "several scoops or ladles with well-shaped handles." With reference to these objects, Professor Whitney remarks that there is no evidence except the simple word of the miners; but in the absence of any motive for deception, as in this case, when they were presented to a collector without price, that ought to be sufficient to establish the facts. There was, however, one object in this collection, namely, a stone implement for grinding, which Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Snell says he himself took from a carload of dirt as it came out of one of the shafts under Table Mountain.

During this same decade, Hon. Paul K. Hubbs, a well-known citizen of Vallejo, Cal., and at one time state superintendent of public instruction, found a portion of a human skull in the mining sluice into which the dirt from one of the shafts under Table Mountain was being shoveled; and there was clinging to the specimen, when found, portions of the gold-bearing gravel. This fragment was given by Mr. Hubbs to Rev. C. F. Winslow, who divided it into two pieces, and sent one to the Boston Society of Natural History, the other to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences; and an account of the discovery is given in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for October, 1857. The point in the tunnel from which the bucketful of dirt containing this object came was 180 feet below the surface of Table Mountain. At about the same time, one of the owners found in this shaft, also, a large stone mortar, fifteen inches in diameter; but no pains was taken to preserve it, and it has disappeared, as the fragment of the skull would have done except for the intelligent interest in it of Mr. Hubbs and Mr. Winslow. Important as was this discovery by Mr. Hubbs, and though promptly reported to two of the best known scientific societies of the country, it attracted no general notice until Professor Whitney's attention was turned to it, ten or twelve years later, when the ground was revisited, the original parties were questioned, and the facts as above stated were placed beyond reasonable doubt.

Upon making further inquiry, Professor Whitney found in the hands of the miners various other articles said to have come from under the Sonora Table Mountain. Among these was a large white marble bead, about an inch and a half long and an inch and a quarter in diameter, with a perforation suitable for a string. This bead was taken in 1853, by Mr. Oliver W. Stevens, from a carload of gravel as it came out of the tunnel. The load was obtained 200 feet in, and 125 feet below the surface of the lava. Beside the bead there was found the tooth of a mastodon. Both objects bore evidence in themselves to the situation from which they came, being partially incrusted with sulphuret of iron. Mr. Llewellyn Price also gave to Professor Whitney the particulars concerning a stone mortar, about thirty inches in circumference, which he himself found in 1862 in what was known as the Boston tunnel, about 1800 feet in from its mouth, and where the overlying lava was more than sixty feet deep.

It will be observed that these are all independent cases of evidence, dating from the time of greatest activity in pushing mines under this lava deposit. Unfortunately, the expense of reaching the gravel was so great that after a time the work was suspended in nearly all the mines. It is estimated that in their efforts to get the gold from under Table Mountain the miners spent a million dollars more than was ever actually returned to them. But up to the present time spasmodic efforts have been made to reach this gold, and the discoveries which have recently been made will, in the opinion of many, add greatly to the force of the evidence previously detailed as collected by Professor Whitney.

At the meeting of the Geological Society of America, December 30, 1890, three such recent archæological discoveries were reported as from under Table Mountain. Mr. George F. Becker (one of the most accomplished and able of the gentlemen employed upon the present staff of the United States Geological Survey, to whom has been committed the responsible work of reporting upon the gold-bearing gravels of California) exhibited to the society a stone mortar and some arrowheads or spear-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heads, with the sworn statement from Mr. J. H. Neale, a well-known mining superintendent, of established character, that in 1877 he took them with his own hand from undisturbed gravel in the mine of which he had charge at Rawhide Gulch, under the lava of Table Mountain, about five miles southwest of Sonora. Upon this testimony, Mr. Becker justly remarked that the mining superintendents are, of all men in the world, best able to judge whether in such cases the gravel has been disturbed, since that is a point to which their attention is constantly directed because of the danger encountered when an old working is intercepted. Besides, there is no evidence that the gravel anywhere under Table Mountain had ever been worked until modern mining operations began. The theory that it had been is in the highest degree improbable. Therefore it does not require an expert to decide whether an implement or fossil brought out from under Table Mountain is from undisturbed gravel. A workman can tell just as well as a scientific man whether an object came from the end of the tunnel or not; and if it did, that is all we need to know.

A second object exhibited by Mr. Becker was a pestle, with a communication from Mr. Clarence King, who had charge, some years ago, of the important geological survey of the fortieth parallel, and who was at one time general director of the United States Geological Survey. This pestle was found by Mr. King in 1869; and although it was not so far under Table Mountain as to establish the character of the gravel if it had been reported upon by an inexperienced observer, yet Mr. King is an expert whose judgment in such matters should be final, and this was that the gravel in which he found the object, though but slightly under the face of Table Mountain, must have lain in place ever since the lava came down and covered it.

The third instance presented at this meeting was one brought to my own attention while visiting Sonora, last autumn, the circumstances of which it will be instructive to detail somewhat minutely.

Early in October, while waiting in the evening to obtain a team to drive from Sonora to the Yosemite Park, I chanced to meet Mr. C. McTarnahan, a young man acting as assistant surveyor of Tuolumne County. He had been invited to the hotel at my request, to give me information concerning the mining claims about Table Mountain. His knowledge respecting these was most definite and accurate, and perfectly at his command. On inquiring concerning the Valentine shaft, which I recalled as one in which Professor Whitney had reported archæological discoveries, the situation was immediately indicated to me; but on being asked if he had heard of those discoveries, he said that he had not. This, however, was not strange, since they were made before he was born, and he had not read Professor Whitney's report. But he at once said that, three years ago, he had himself found a stone mortar in the Empire mine, which was in part owned by his father, and was on the opposite side of Table Mountain, about a mile from the Valentine shaft. Subsequently I visited the locality, and Mr. McTarnahan drew for me a plan of the mine, and indicated the exact place in the gravel from which the mortar was obtained. The tunnel was driven diagonally 748 feet through the rim of the ancient valley, down which the lava stream had flowed, and the old gravel was reached 175 feet from the western edge of the basalt cliff, and 100 or more feet below the surface of the flat top of Table Mountain. Any one visiting the grounds must readily see that here there could be no mistake, unless the witness had deliberately falsified. But that he was not falsifying is evident from the established character of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, from the absence of any motive to deceive, and from certain incidental confirmations brought out by later inquiries. These last two points will appear in the further narrative.

Upon intimating a desire to see the mortar, I was at once informed that it was not to be obtained, since he had given it to Mrs. M. J. Darwin, of Santa Rosa (a town in a distant part of the State). After my return to the East I wrote to Mrs. Darwin, giving the circumstances as related by Mr. McTarnahan, and requesting photographs of the mortar. These I in due time received, they having been taken specially for my benefit; but, to my surprise, they were accompanied with the statement that she had never before heard that the mortar came from under Table Mountain, — that in fact she had not known anything about the place in which it had been found.

In answer to a second letter, asking for an account of the circumstances under which she obtained the object, Mrs. Darwin wrote that she was visiting in Sonora, and staying for a short time at the house of Mr. McTarnahan's father, near the Empire mine; that, upon occasion of visiting the mine with Mr. McTarnahan's mother, she saw the mortar lying near the mouth of the tunnel, whereupon she expressed her surprise, saying that it was the first object of the kind she had ever seen which was not owned and prized by some one, adding that she should be glad to own one herself. Mrs. McTarnahan at once said, "Put this in your trunk and take it home; we have no use for it." This was done, and nothing more was thought or said about it until interest was revived in the subject by my inquiries, three years later. All this agrees with what both Mr. Becker and Professor Whitney say, — that the miners are not on the lookout for such objects as these, and do not know their significance, or prize them enough to be under any temptation to make false statements respecting them. The accumulation of instances like this has now been so great that it will be difficult for the most skeptical to remain unconvinced.

The above account will prepare the reader, therefore, the more easily to credit the evidence supporting the genuineness of the celebrated Calaveras skull, which was found under this same lava flow, about twelve miles to the northeast, and somewhat farther up the slope of the mountain. To the detailed statement made by Professor Whitney my own recent visit to the locality enables me to add some important circumstantial confirmation. The facts are as follows: In February, 1866, Mr. Mattison, a blacksmith, living at Altaville, between the two mining camps known as Murphy's and Angel's, near the line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties, was employing his spare earnings in running a mining shaft under that portion of the Sonora lava flow known as Bald Hill. He had penetrated the base of the hill with his tunnel until it was 150 feet below the surface, the intervening space being occupied by distinct strata of lava intercalated with thin beds of gravel, — the superincumbent lava being altogether nearly one hundred feet thick. Here, in connection with some petrified wood, Mr. Mattison found, thickly encased in cemented gravel, an object which he first thought was the root of a tree. But what he mistook for a root proved to be the lower jaw attached to the skull above referred to. Having brought the shapeless mass to the surface, and finding it of no value to himself, Mr. Mattison gave it to Mr. Scribner, who was then acting as agent for an express company, and who is still a prominent and highly respected business man in the neighborhood, living now at Angel's. Mr. Scribner, on perceiving what it was, at once passed it into the hands of Dr. Jones, an intimate friend of his, living a few miles away,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Murphy's. Dr. Jones now resides in San Francisco, and, like Mr. Scribner, is a gentleman of the highest reputation. Not having a very definite idea of the situation in which the relic had been found, Dr. Jones laid it aside in his yard, and paid little attention to it until the following June, when Mr. Mattison chanced to come to his office for a medical prescription. Recalling Mr. Mattison's relation to the discovery, Dr. Jones questioned his patient as to the circumstances attending the discovery of the skull, and elicited the facts as above stated. Dr. Jones immediately communicated with Professor Whitney at San Francisco, and at his request forwarded the skull to him. As soon as was convenient Professor Whitney visited Altaville, and made a careful examination of the evidence, both as to the genuineness of the discovery and as to the geological conditions in which the skull was reported to have been found.

Not long after, Professor Whitney was permitted to take the skull with him, on his return home to Cambridge, where, in connection with Dr. Jeffries Wyman, he subjected it to a very careful investigation, to see if the relic itself confirmed the story told by the discoverer; and this it did to such a degree that the circumstantial evidence alone places its genuineness beyond all reasonable question. According to this examination, the skull was in a fossilized condition, — that is, the phosphate of lime had been largely replaced by the carbonate of lime (as would not have been the case had it lain near the surface in loose gravel), — and evidently it had been exposed to considerable rough treatment while rolled along in the channel of the ancient stream.

It is to be regretted, in some respects, that the efforts of Dr. Wyman to determine the size and character and fossilized condition of the skull have removed from it the indications of genuineness and antiquity furnished by the incrustation of gravel which originally adhered to it. Mr. Dall, of Washington, who saw it, assures me that the evidence thus presented was of a most convincing character.

Such, in brief, is the evidence of the genuineness of the human relics reported as found under the lava of Sonora, Table Mountain, California. If it has failed heretofore to produce general conviction, this is due partly to the fact that it has not been known to the public in detail, and partly to the fact that the occupation of the Pacific coast by man at that early period was supposed to be out of harmony with the conditions generally thought to have existed at that time. Before remarking upon these conditions, however, a few words should be added concerning another discovery recently made, under circumstances somewhat similar to those in California, but in a locality several hundred miles distant. I refer to the so-called "Nampa image."

This is a skillfully formed miniature image of the human body, one inch and a half long, made from clay, and slightly burned, which was brought to my notice in October, 1889, by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, its genuineness being certified to by evidence that was perfectly satisfactory to him, all of which I have detailed in a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, and which may be found in their Proceedings for January 1, 1890. During the past summer, also, I visited the locality, and found abundant confirmatory evidence.

The image in question was found about August 1, 1889, at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, by Mr. M. A. Kurtz, who was engaged in sinking an Artesian well. The whole surface of the country here is covered with basaltic lava, which has poured out from a centre or vent thirty or forty miles to the east, but which at Nampa has pretty well thinned out, being there only fifteen feet thick,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and disappearing entirely five miles farther west. Beneath the thin sheets of lava at this place, the well penetrated alternate layers of clay and quicksand to a depth of 320 feet, from which point the image was brought up by the sand-pump. A general study of the region shows that this lava, like that in California, is geologically recent, since in both places it overlies late tertiary deposits. But the amount of erosion effected by streams subsequent to the volcanic eruption indicates in both cases an age which, as we reckon human history, is very great, though possibly it may fall considerably within a hundred thousand years.

Turning now to consider the conditions under which man existed at this early time upon the Pacific coast, we find them extremely interesting apart from their mere antiquity, and indicative of changes of a most striking order since man's first occupation of the region. For one thing, the character of the vegetation was almost completely changed. The existing forests of the Pacific slope consist almost entirely of coniferous trees. The deciduous, or hard-wood, trees familiar on the Atlantic coast are either entirely absent from the Pacific side of the continent, or are of smaller size and poorer quality. The Pacific coast has indeed maples, ashes, poplars, walnuts, oaks, and in Washington birches, but they all compare unfavorably with their brethren upon the Atlantic coast, and are so inferior in economic value that, as Professor Gray has said, "a passable wagon wheel cannot be made of California wood, nor a really good one in Oregon." But California has, at the present time, no birch, beech, elm, holly, gum-tree, magnolia, catalpa, mulberry, linden, or hickory. The flanks of the Sierra above the altitude of 2000 feet are covered with majestic but monotonous forests of pine, cedar, spruce, Sequoia gigantea, and tamarack, interspersed in the lower portion with inferior kinds of black oak and the diminutive California buckeye and manzanita.

But from the vegetable remains found associated with traces of man in the deposits under Table Mountain it would appear that, at the time of that volcanic outflow, there were no coniferous trees on the flanks of the Sierra, whereas many of the hard-wood trees above mentioned as now peculiar to the Atlantic States flourished there in abundance. Primeval man in California found shelter in forests very similar to those which, on the discovery of America by Columbus, covered the whole eastern part of the continent. The elm, the birch, the willow, the poplar, the sycamore, the gum-tree, the magnolia, and the maple spread for him their protecting branches, while the beech-tree, as well as the oak and the fig, added its fruit to his limited stock of vegetable food.

The animal companions of man upon the Pacific coast were also, in this early period, as different from the existing species as were the plants. From the remains of animals found associated with man in deposits beneath Table Mountain, or others equally old, we find that he was then as familiar with the unwieldy form and the long, curved tusk of the mammoth and the mastodon as the modern inhabitant of India or Africa now is with the reduced dimensions of the elephant; cartloads of their fossil bones having been collected from the gold-bearing gravels, as might be inferred from Truthful James's account of the Row upon the Stanislow. The llama, an ally to the camel, now confined to South America, was another companion of man in California at that time. The rhinoceros can scarcely be said to have been his companion, but from the remains discovered it could have been no unusual event for the hunter of those days to have encountered this animal in his haunts. Those were times, too, when beggars could have ridden on horseback, had they been able to domes-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticate any one of the several species of the horse which then abounded in the region. Extinct gigantic species of the cow and deer are also proved, by their remains, to have been then living in companionship with man; while, as is to be expected, the wolf was present to worry and trouble him.

From still another point of view, the changes which have taken place since man became an inhabitant upon the Pacific coast appear enormous. The vast deposits of gold-bearing gravel upon the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, in which the remains of man are found, are referred for their origin to the climatic conditions accompanying the great ice age of North America. Glaciers, indeed, did not extend far down the sides of this range of mountains, since there are no signs upon them of the direct action of ice much below the level of 5000 feet. But the ice age was one of great precipitation all over North America, in which the rainfall and snowfall were far larger than at the present time, and in which evaporation was far less than now.

This climatic condition is clearly indicated by the great enlargement which took place at that time in the lakes of the vast interior basin stretching from the Sierra to the Wahsatch Mountains. The lakes now found in this area have no outlet, and are intensely salt; but under the influence of the climatic conditions causing the glacial period Great Salt Lake rose to a height of nearly 1000 feet above its present level, and became fresh, pouring its surplus waters northward through the Port Neuf into the Snake River. The various lakes in the western part of Nevada also increased in corresponding measure, becoming a single body of water, nearly 300 miles in length and 200 in width.

It is just such a climate as this, with its vast floods of water, which is required to explain the immense accumulations of gold-bearing gravel, already described, in which man's remains have been found. No amount of time would cause such accumulations of gravel by the action of streams of the size they now show. But it may be necessary for us to suppose that there has been since that period a considerable elevation of the axis of the mountains, so that the slope of the sides is much greater than formerly. The slope now, however, is scarcely more than 100 feet to a mile, or three degrees, and the frequent earthquakes on the Pacific coast make it not at all improbable that the process of elevation is still going on. With the gentler slope of early times and the increased floods of the glacial period (fed towards the close by the melting glaciers near the summit), and with the watercourses but partially determined, we have exactly the conditions necessary to account for these immense gravel deposits, and therefore the conditions with which we may picture the human race to have been for a long time struggling.

At last there came upon the inhabitants of that region, both man and beast, the added disturbances of the vast volcanic eruptions which have covered so much of the surface with indestructible basalt; though we are not compelled to suppose in California any great direct destruction of plants and animals by these volcanic outbursts. The extinction of species was due rather to that general disturbance of the conditions of life brought about by this new element in the problem. But that a great extinction of plants and animals was indirectly occasioned is shown by the fact already adduced with reference to the complete change which has taken place in the character of the forests, and in large part of the species of animals occupying the region. Whether the race of men whose remains are found under Table Mountain became extinct with the horse, rhinoceros, and mammoth, or whether it migrated south with the llama, we may never know.

It cannot be denied that the character

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of man's remains found beneath the lava beds of the Pacific slope is such as to indicate a being of no insignificant capacity, even though, so far as we can see, his actual development was but moderate. It is for this reason that so great hesitation has been manifested in giving credit to the evidence adduced. It is said that these remains are out of harmony with the other evidence we possess concerning the early condition of the human race. The mortars and pestles, which are the principal utensils found beneath Table Mountain, would be classed among the so-called smooth-stone, or neolithic, implements, — such as in Europe are said to belong to a comparatively late period in the human occupation of that country, — while the Nampa image shows a high degree of skill in representing the human form. The Calaveras skull, too, is by no means of inferior type, but is capacious enough to have held the brain of a philosopher.

Our only answer to these general considerations is, that it is unsafe to apply a classification of facts relating to the human race in Europe to a region so distant and so peculiarly situated as the western coast of our own continent. As to the mortars, also, it is proper to observe that they are the most natural things in the world for rude people to invent. Even a savage would not be long in discovering that it is easier to pound his acorns in a hollow in the rock rather than on a flat surface, and it would be no great stroke of genius to discover that a portable stone with a hollow in it would often be of great convenience; and when once introduced, the smoothing off of the corners and the making of it into a comely shape would be almost a matter of course. As Professor Putnam has suggested, also, some considerable skill in representing the human form is, both with children and with infant races, in the line of their earliest impulses and efforts. Consequently, we see no reason, in the nature of the case, why the evidence of man's early occupation of the Pacific coast should be regarded with incredulity.

Palæontologists tell us that the extinct animals with which prehistoric man is associated in California are such as were existing in the pliocene, or latter portion of the tertiary epoch. Hence, if it is necessary to suppose a hard-and-fast line separating the tertiary epoch from the modern, we should have to say that these remains of man under Table Mountain relegate the beginnings of his history to the tertiary period. But it is not probable that these geological periods were everywhere sharply separated from each other. The tertiary doubtless gradually shaded off or dovetailed into the quaternary period; and Mr. Becker has given us much reason to believe that ancient California was a kind of health resort for the lower animals, as in these last days it is for man, and that these tertiary animals, taking advantage of the conditions there favoring them, lingered far down into quaternary times. The mingling of their bones with those of men may indicate, therefore, not so much an extremely early date for man as an abnormally late date for the species of tertiary animals with which he was associated.

We can scarcely close this account without adding a word concerning the cause of the extensive outpourings of lava which have taken place west of the Rocky Mountains in such recent geological times. There can be no question that these enormous eruptions of basalt are correlated with the equally surprising facts connected with the glacial period, and, as we have seen, these two periods were doubtless closely contemporaneous in California. When now one fixes his attention upon the forces actually at work tending to disturb the equilibrium of the earth's crust during the glacial period, he will see that it is by no means a baseless speculation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has suggested a causal connection between the accumulation of ice over British America and the vast eruption of lava at about the same time on the Pacific coast. As was stated at the outset, the region from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast belongs to the later geological eras, and has been subject to comparatively recent elevation. The Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains doubtless mark lines of present weakness in the earth's crust. It is by elevations along such lines of weakness that the gradually contracting sphere of the earth gets relief.

Now during the glacial period an area in North America of about 4,000,000 square miles, extending northward from a line connecting New York and St. Louis, was covered with ice to an average depth of probably three quarters of a mile, making, we may suppose, 3,000,000 cubic miles of ice. This ice represents the excess of the snowfall above the melting power of the sun over that region, and it was all first lifted up in vapor from the ocean. To produce a glacial mass of such dimensions, water enough was taken from the ocean to lower its level, the world over, one hundred feet. Thus we have the ocean beds relieved from an enormous amount of pressure, and the same amount concentrated upon the northern and central portions of the continent, while there never was glacial ice to any great extent west of the Missouri River and south of Puget Sound.

Thus, if the crust of the earth be as unstable as men of science believe it to be, and as, in fact, geologists show it to be, we can hardly resist the conviction that in the icy accumulations of the glacial period we have a cause which would, by its local pressure alone, lay open immense fissures along the lines of weakness west of the Rocky Mountains, and force out of them the liquid streams of lava which have produced such significant changes upon the Pacific coast. And so we are brought anew to admire the marvelous complications of the system of nature in which we have our being, and to acknowledge that we should hesitate long before declaring that anything anywhere is foreign to man.

George Frederick Wright.

NÆNIA AMORIS.

SHOULD love return before I die,
If haply love could live so long,
He will not come with smile or sigh,
Nor wake in me the gift of song.

No, rather with a lordly scorn
I would receive the fatal trust;
For pleasures out of season born
Are ashes at the core, and dust.

And beauty's eyes might plead in vain,
And music's voice intone forever —
I should hear nothing in the strain
But one sad note of never, never.

Thomas William Parsons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

II.

On board one of the transports was Seth Pomeroy, gunsmith at Northampton, and now major of Willard's Massachusetts regiment. He had a turn for soldiering, and, ten years later, fought in the battle of Lake George. Twenty years later still, when Northampton was astir with rumors of war from Boston, he borrowed a neighbor's horse, rode a hundred miles, reached Cambridge on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, left his borrowed horse out of the way of harm, walked over Charlestown Neck, then swept by the fire of the ships of war, and arrived at the scene of action as the British troops were forming for the attack. When Israel Putnam, his comrade in the French war, saw, from the rebel breastwork, the old man striding, gun in hand, up the hill, he shouted: "By God, Pomeroy, you here! A cannon shot would waken you out of your grave!"

But Pomeroy, with other landsmen crowded in the small and malodorous fishing vessels that were made to serve as transports, was now in the gripe of the most unheroic of maladies. "A terrible northeast storm" had fallen upon them, and, he says, "we lay rolling in the seas, with our sails furled, among prodigious waves." "Sick day and night," writes the miserable gunsmith, "so bad that I have not words to set it forth."[1] The gale increased, and the fleet were scattered, there being, as a Massachusetts soldier writes in his journal, "a Very fierse Storme of Snow, som Rain and Very Dangerous weather to be so nigh ye Shore as we was, but we escaped the Rocks and that was all."

[1] Diary of Major Seth Pomeroy. I owe the copy before me to the kindness of his descendant, Theodore Pomeroy, Esq.

On Friday, April 5, 1745, Pomeroy's vessel entered the harbor of Canseau, about fifty miles from Louisbourg. Here was the English fishing hamlet, the seizure of which by the French had first provoked the expedition. The place now quietly changed hands again. Sixty-eight of the transports lay here at anchor, and the rest came dropping in from day to day, sorely buffeted, but all safe. On Sunday there was a great concourse to hear Parson Moody preach an open-air sermon from the text, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," concerning which occasion the soldier diarist observes, "Several sorts of busnesses was Going on, Som a Exercising Som a Hearing Preaching." The attention of the listeners was, in fact, distracted by shouts of command and the awkward drill of squads of homespun soldiers on the pasture hard by.

Captain Ammi Cutter was ordered to remain with two companies at Canseau, to protect it from further vicissitudes. A blockhouse was also built, and mounted with eight small cannon. Some of the armed vessels had been sent to cruise off Louisbourg, which they did to good purpose, and presently brought in six French vessels loaded with supplies. They brought, on the other hand, the ominous news that Louisbourg harbor and the adjoining bay were so blocked with ice that, for the present, landing was impossible. This involved long delay, likely to ruin the expedition, as the expected ships of war might arrive meanwhile from France. In fact, they had already begun to appear. On Thursday, the 18th, heavy cannonading was heard far out at sea, and again on Friday, writes Pomeroy, "the cannon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fired at a great rate till about two of the clock." It proved to be some of the provincial cruisers attacking a French frigate of thirty-six guns, called the Renommée. Their united force being too much for her, she kept up a running fight, outsailed them, and escaped after a chase of thirty hours; being, as Pomeroy quaintly calls her, "a smart ship." She carried dispatches to the governor of Louisbourg, and, as she could not deliver them, sailed back for France to report what she had seen.

On Monday, the 22d, a clear, cold, windy day, a large ship, under British colors, sailed into the harbor, and proved to be the frigate Eltham, escort to the annual mast fleet from New England. On orders from Commodore Warren, she had left her charge in waiting and sailed for Canseau to join the expedition, bringing the unexpected and welcome news that Warren himself would soon follow. On the next day, to the delight of the army, he appeared in the ship Superbe, of sixty guns, accompanied by the Mermaid and the Launceston, of forty guns each. Here was force enough to oppose any ships likely to come to the relief of Louisbourg; and Warren, after communicating with Pepperell, sailed to blockade the port, along with the provincial cruisers, which, by order of Shirley, were placed under his command.

The transports lay at Canseau nearly three weeks, waiting for the ice to break up. The time was passed in drilling the men and forming them into divisions of four and six hundred each, according to the programme of Shirley. At last, on Friday, the 26th, they heard that Gabarus Bay was free from ice, and on the morning of the 29th, with the first fair wind, they sailed out of Canseau harbor, expecting to reach Louisbourg at nine in the evening, as prescribed in the governor's receipt for taking the fortress "while the enemy were asleep." [1]

[1] The words quoted are used by General Wolcott in his journal.

But a lull in the wind defeated their plan, and after sailing all day they found themselves becalmed towards night. It was not till the next morning that they could see the town; no very imposing spectacle, for, with a few exceptions, the buildings were small, and the massive ramparts that belted them round rose to no conspicuous height.

Louisbourg stood on a tongue of land which lay between its harbor and the sea, and the end of which was prolonged eastward by reefs and shoals that partly closed the entrance to the port, leaving for ships a passage not half a mile wide. This passage was commanded by a powerful battery called the Island Battery, being upon a small rocky island at the west side of the channel, and was also secured by another detached work called the Grand, or Royal, Battery, which stood on the shore of the harbor opposite its entrance, and more than a mile from the town. Thus, a hostile squadron trying to force its way in would receive a flank fire from the one battery, and a front fire from the other. The land front of the town consisted of a line of works about twelve hundred yards long, drawn from the harbor on one side to the sea on the other, across the base of the triangular promontory on which the town was built. The ditch was here eighty feet wide, and from thirty to thirty-six feet deep, and the rampart of earth, faced with masonry, was about sixty feet thick. The glacis sloped down to a vast marsh, which formed one of the best defenses of the place. The fortress, without counting its outworks, had embrasures for a hundred and forty-eight cannon, but the number in position was much less, and is variously stated. Pomeroy says that at the end of the siege a little above ninety were found, besides a "great number of swivels;" others say seventy-six.[2] In the Grand and

[2] Brown, History of Cape Breton, 183. Parsons, Life of Pepperell, 103. An anony-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Island batteries there were sixty heavy pieces more. Against this formidable armament the New England men had brought thirty-four cannon and mortars of much inferior weight, to be used in bombarding Louisbourg if they should fail to capture it "while the enemy were asleep." They seem to have distrusted the efficacy of their siege train, though it was far stronger than Shirley at first thought sufficient; for they brought with them a good store of balls of forty-two pounds, to be used in French cannon of that calibre which they proposed to capture, their own largest pieces being but twenty-two-pounders.

According to the Habitant de Louisbourg, the garrison consisted of five hundred and sixty regular troops, two or three companies of whom were Swiss, and some thirteen or fourteen hundred militia, inhabitants partly of the town and partly of the neighboring settlements.[1] The regulars were in bad condition. About Christmas they had mutinied, being dissatisfied with their rations, and exasperated with getting no extra pay for work on the fortifications. The affair was so serious that, though order was at last restored, some of the officers lost confidence in the men, and this distrust proved most unfortunate during the siege. The governor, Chevalier Duchambon, successor of Duquesnel, who had died in the autumn, was not a man to meet a crisis, being deficient in decision of character, if not in capacity. He expected an attack. "We were informed of the preparations from the first," says the Habitant de Louisbourg. Some Indians who had been to Boston carried to Canada the news of what was going on there, but the story was thought so improbable that it excited no alarm. It was not so at Louisbourg, where, observes the French writer just quoted, "we lost precious moments in useless deliberations and resolutions no sooner made than broken. Nothing to the purpose was done, so that we were as much taken by surprise as if the enemy had pounced upon us unawares."

It was about the 25th of March[2] when the garrison first saw the provincial cruisers hovering off the mouth of the harbor. They continued to do so at intervals till daybreak of the 30th of April, when the whole fleet of transports appeared, standing towards Flat Point, which projects into Gabarus Bay three miles west of the town.[3] On this, Duchambon sent Morpain, a famous privateer or "corsair," to oppose the landing. He had with him eighty men, and was to be joined by forty more, already on the watch near the supposed point of disembarkation. At the same time, cannon were fired and alarm bells rung in Louisbourg to call in the militia of the neighborhood.

Pepperell managed the critical work of landing with creditable skill. The rocks and the surf were as dangerous as the enemy. Several boats filled with men rowed towards Flat Point; but on a signal from the flagship Shirley they rowed back again, and Morpain flattered himself that his appearance had frightened them off. On reaching the flagship they were joined by several other boats, and the united party, one hundred men in all, pulled for another landing-place, called Freshwater Cove, or Anse de la Cormorandière, two miles farther up Gabarus Bay. Morpain and his men ran to meet them, but the boats were first in the

mous letter, dated Louisbourg, 4 July, 1745, says that eighty-five cannon and six mortars have been found in the town.

[1] "On fit venir cinq ou six cens miliciens aux habitans des environs; ce que avec ceux de la ville pouvait former treise à quatorse cens hommes." (Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg.) This writer says that three or four hundred more might have been had from Niganiche and its neighborhood, if they had been summoned in time. The number of militia just after the siege is set by English reports at 1310.

[2] 14th of March, New Style.

[3] Gabarus Bay, a name absurdly corrupted into Chapeaurouge Bay, is a capacious harbor immediately west and south of Louisbourg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

race. As soon as the New England men got ashore they rushed upon the French, killed six of them, captured as many more, and put the rest to flight, with the loss on their own side of two men slightly wounded. Further resistance to the landing was impossible, for a swarm of boats pushed against the rough and stony beach, and the men dashed through the surf, till before night about two thousand were on shore.[1] The rest, or about two thousand more, landed at their leisure on the next day.

On the 2d of May Vaughan led four hundred men to the hills near the town, and saluted it with three cheers, somewhat to the discomposure of the French, although they describe their unwelcome visitors as a disorderly crowd. Vaughan's next proceeding pleased them still less. He marched behind the hills in rear of the Grand Battery to the northeast arm of the harbor, where there were extensive magazines of naval stores. These his men set on fire, and the pitch, tar, and other combustibles made a prodigious smoke. He was returning, the next morning, with a few of his party, behind the hills, when, coming opposite the Grand Battery, and observing it from the ridge, he saw neither flag on the flagstaff nor smoke from the chimneys. One of the men with him was a Cape Cod Indian. Vaughan bribed him with a flask of brandy which he had in his pocket, — though, as his clerical historian takes pains to assure us, he never drank it himself, — and the Indian, pretending to be drunk, or, as some say, mad, staggered towards the battery to reconnoitre. Nothing was stirring. He clambered in at an embrasure, and found the place empty. The rest of the party followed, and one of them, William Tufts, of Medford, a boy of eighteen, climbed the flagstaff, holding in his teeth his red coat, which he made fast at the top as a substitute for the British flag, — a proceeding that drew upon him a volley of unsuccessful cannon shot from the town batteries.[2] Vaughan then sent this hasty note to Pepperell: "May it please your Honour to be informed that by the grace of God and the courage of thirteen men I entered the Royal Battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag." Soon after, four boats filled with men approached from the town to reoccupy the battery, in order, no doubt, to save the munitions and stores and complete the destruction of the cannon. Vaughan and his thirteen followers, standing on the open beach under the fire of Louisbourg and the Island Battery, plied the boats with musketry, and kept them from landing till Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet appeared with a reinforcement, on which the French pulled back to the town.[3]

The English supposed that the French in the battery, when the clouds of smoke drifted over them from the burning storehouse, imagined that they were to be attacked in force, and abandoned their post in a panic. This was not the case. "A detachment of the enemy," writes the Habitant de Louisbourg, "advanced to the neighborhood of the Royal Battery." This was Vaughan's four hundred on their way to burn the storehouses. "At once we were all seized with fright," pursues this candid writer, "and on the instant it was proposed to abandon this magnificent battery, which would have been our best defense if our commanders had known how to use it. Various councils were held in a tumultu-

[1] Bigot says six thousand, which was two thousand more than the whole English force. Fortunately for the assailants, the French constantly overestimated their number.

[2] John Langdon Sibley in New England Historic and Genealogical Register, xxv. 377. The Boston Gazette of 3 June, 1771, has a notice of Tufts's recent death, with an exaggerated account of his exploit and an appeal for aid for his destitute family.

[3] Vaughan's entire party seems to have consisted of sixteen men, three of whom took no part in this affair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous way. It would be hard to tell the reasons for such a strange proceeding. Not one shot had yet been fired at the battery, which the enemy could not take except by besieging it, so to speak, in form, making regular approaches as if against the town itself. Some persons remonstrated, but in vain; and so a battery of thirty cannon, which had cost the king immense sums, was abandoned before it was attacked."

Duchambon says that soon after the English landed he received a letter from Thierry, the officer commanding at the Grand Battery, advising that the cannon should be spiked and the works blown up. It was then, according to the governor, that the council was called, and a unanimous vote passed to follow Thierry's advice, on the ground that the fortifications of the battery were in bad condition, and that the four hundred men posted there could not hold out against three or four thousand.[1] The engineer, Verrier, opposed the blowing up of the works, and they were therefore left untouched. Thierry and his garrison came off in boats, after hastily spiking the cannon, without stopping to knock off the trunnions or burn the carriages. They threw their loose gunpowder into the well, but left behind a good number of cannon cartridges, two hundred and eighty large bomb-shells, and other ordnance stores, invaluable both to the enemy and to themselves.

Brigadier Waldo was sent to occupy the battery with his regiment, and Major Pomeroy, the gunsmith, with twenty soldier mechanics, was set at drilling out the spiked touchholes of the cannon. These were twenty-eight forty-two-pounders and two eighteen-pounders.[2] Several were ready for use on the next morning, and immediately opened upon the town, which, writes a soldier in his diary, "damaged the houses and made the women cry." "The enemy," says the Habitant de Louisbourg, "saluted us with our own cannon and made a terrific fire, smashing everything within range."

The English occupation of the Grand Battery may be called the decisive event of the siege. There seems no doubt that the French could have averted the disaster long enough to make it of little help to the invaders. The water-front of the battery was impregnable. The rear defenses consisted of a loopholed wall of masonry, with a ditch ten feet deep and twelve feet wide, and also a covered way and glacis, which General Wolcott describes as unfinished. This was a mistake. These parts of the fortification had been partly demolished with a view to reconstruction. The rear wall was flanked by two towers, which, says Duchambon, had been destroyed; but General Wolcott testifies that swivels were still mounted on them, and he adds that "two hundred men might hold the battery against five thousand without cannon." The English landed their cannon near Flat Point, but before the guns could be used against the Grand Battery they must be dragged four miles over hills and rocks, through spongy marshes and jungles of matted evergreens. This would have required a week or more. The alternative was an escalade, in which the undisciplined crowd would no doubt have met a bloody rebuff. Thus, the Grand Battery, which, says Wolcott, "is in fact a fort," might at least have been held long enough to save the munitions and stores, and effectually disable the cannon which supplied the English with

[1] Duchambon au Ministre, 2 Septembre, 1745. This is the governor's official report. "Four hundred men" is perhaps a copyist's error, as the number in the battery was not above two hundred.

[2] Waldo to Shirley, 12 May, 1745. Some of the French writers say twenty-eight thirty-six-pounders, while all the English call them forty-twos, which they must have been, since the forty-two-pound shot brought from Boston fitted them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the only artillery they had competent to the work before them. The hasty abandonment of this important post was not Duchambon's only blunder, but it was the worst of them all.

On the night after their landing the New England men slept in the woods, wet or dry, with or without blankets, as the case might be; and in the morning they set themselves to encamping with as much order as they were capable of. A brook ran down from the hills, and entered the sea two miles or more from the town. The ground on each side, though rough, was high and dry, and here most of the regiments made their quarters, — Willard's, Moulton's, and Moore's on the east side, and Burr's and Pepperell's on the west. Some of those on the east saw fit to extend themselves towards Louisbourg as far as the edge of the intervening marsh, but were soon forced back to a safer position by the cannon balls of the fortress which came bowling amongst them. This marsh was that green, flat sponge of mud and moss that stretched from this point to the glacis of Louisbourg.

There was great want of tents, as proper material for them was scarce in New England. Old sails were often used instead, being stretched over poles, perhaps after the fashion of a Sioux tepee. When such shelter could not be had, the men built huts of turf, with roofs of spruce boughs overlapping like a thatch; for at that early season the bark would not peel from the trees. The landing of guns, munitions, and stores was a formidable task, consuming many days and destroying many boats, as happened again when Amherst landed his cannon at this same place. Large flat boats, brought from Boston, were used for the purpose, and the loads were carried ashore on the heads of the men, wading through ice-cold surf to the waist; after which, having no change of clothing, they slept on the ground through the chill and foggy nights, reckless of future rheumatisms.[1]

A worse task was before them. The cannon must be dragged across the marsh to a place called Green Hill, where the first battery was to be planted, and thence onward to more advanced stations, — a distance in all of more than two miles, which the French engineers and inhabitants thought impassable.

So in fact it seemed, for at the first attempt the wheels of the cannon sank in mud and moss; then the carriage, and finally the piece itself, slowly disappeared. Lieutenant-Colonel Meserve, of the New Hampshire regiment, by trade a ship-builder, presently overcame the difficulty. By his direction sledges of timber were made, sixteen feet long and five feet wide; a cannon was placed on each of these, and it was then dragged over the marsh by a team of two hundred men, harnessed with rope traces and breast-straps, and wading to the knees. Horses or oxen would have foundered in the mire. The path had often to be changed, as the mossy surface was soon churned into a hopeless slough along the line of march. The work must be done at night or in thick fogs, the men being completely exposed to the cannon of the town. Thirteen years later, when General Amherst besieged Louisbourg, he dragged his cannon to the same hill, over the same marsh; but having at his command, instead of four thousand militiamen, eleven thousand British regulars, with all appliances and means to boot, he made a road with prodigious labor through the mire, and protected it from

[1] The author of The Importance and Advantage of Cape Breton says: "When the hardships they were exposed to come to be considered, the behavior of these men will hardly gain credit. They went ashore wet, had no [dry] clothes to cover them, were exposed in this condition to cold, foggy nights, and yet cheerfully underwent these difficulties for the sake of executing a project they had voluntarily undertaken."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the French shot by an epaulement, or lateral earthwork.

Pepperell writes warmly of the cheerfulness of his men "under almost incredible hardships." Shoes and clothing failed, till many were in tatters and many barefooted; yet they toiled on with unconquerable spirit, and within four days had planted a battery of six guns on Green Hill, which was about a mile from the King's Bastion of Louisbourg. In another week they had dragged four twenty-two-pound cannon and ten coehorns — gravely called "cowhorns" by the bucolic Pomeroy — six or seven hundred yards farther, and planted them within easy range of the citadel. Two of the cannon burst, and were replaced by four more and a large mortar, which last burst in its turn, and Shirley was begged to send another from Boston. Meanwhile, a battery, chiefly of coehorns, had been planted on a hillock four hundred and forty yards from the West Gate, where it greatly annoyed the French; and on the next night an advanced battery of fascines was placed opposite the same gate, and scarcely two hundred and fifty yards from it. This West Gate, the principal entrance of Louisbourg, opened on the tract of high, firm ground that lay on the left of the besiegers, between the marsh and an arm of the harbor which here extended westward beyond the town, and ended in what was called the Barachois, a salt pond formed by a projecting spit of sand.[1] On the side of this arm of the harbor was a rising ground, on which had stood the house of a *habitant* named Martissan. Here, on the 20th of May, a fifth battery was planted, consisting of two of the forty-two-pound French cannon found in the Grand Battery, to which three others were afterwards added. Each of these heavy pieces was dragged to its destination by a team of three hundred men over rough and rocky ground swept by the French artillery. This fifth battery, called the North West, or Titcomb's, Battery, proved most destructive to the fortress.

All these operations were accomplished with the utmost ardor and energy, but with a scorn of rule and precedent that amazed and bewildered the French. The raw New England men went their own way, laughed at trenches and zigzags, and persisted in trusting their lives to the protection of the night and the fogs. Several writers say that it was the English engineer, Bastide, who tried to teach them wisdom on this occasion; but this could scarcely be, for Bastide, whose station was Annapolis, did not reach Louisbourg till the 5th of June, when the batteries were finished and the siege was nearly ended. A French writer makes the curious statement that it was one of the ministers or army chaplains who took upon him to instruct his flock in the art of war.

The ignorant and self-satisfied recklessness of the besiegers might have cost them dear if the French, instead of being perplexed and startled at the novelty of their proceedings, had taken advantage of it; but Duchambon and some of his officers remembered the mutiny of the past winter, and were afraid to make sorties, lest their soldiers might desert or take part with the enemy. This danger seems to have been small. In his letters, Warren speaks with wonder of the rarity of desertions, of which there seem to have been but three during the siege. A bolder commander than Duchambon would not have stood idle while his own cannon were planted to batter down his walls; and whatever the risks of a sortie, the risks of not making one were greater. "Both troops and militia eagerly demanded it, and I believe it would have succeeded," writes the intendant Bigot. The attempt was actually made more than once, in a hesitating and half-hearted way; notably on the 8th of May, when the French attacked

[1] The name *barachois* was applied to any salt-water pond communicating with the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nearest battery, and were repulsed, with little loss on either side.

The Habitant de Louisbourg remarks, "The enemy did not attack us with the least regularity, and made not the least intrenchment to cover themselves." This last is not exact. As they were not wholly demented, they made intrenchments such as they were, at least at the advanced battery; otherwise they would have been swept out of existence, being under the concentred fire of several French batteries within close range.

The scarcity of good gunners was one of the chief difficulties of the besiegers. The privateering, not to say piratical, habits of certain New England towns had taught some of Pepperell's men how to handle cannon; but their number was small, and the general sent a note to Warren, begging that he would lend him a few experienced gunners to teach their trade to the raw hands at the batteries. Three or four were sent, and they found apt pupils.

Pepperell placed the advanced battery in the hands of Captain Joseph, or Josiah,[1] Sherburn, telling him to enlist as many gunners as he could. Sherburn reported on the next day that he had found six, one of whom seems to have been sent by Warren. With these and a number of raw men he repaired to his perilous station, where he says that he found "a very poor entrenchment. Our best shelter from the French fire, which was very hot, was hogsheads filled with earth." Their chief mark was the West Gate; but before they could get a fair sight of it they were forced to shoot down the fish-flakes, or stages for drying cod, that obstructed the view. Some of the party were soon killed, — Captain Pierce by a cannon ball, Thomas Ash by a "bumb," and others by musketry. In the night they improved their defenses and mounted more guns, one of eighteen-pound calibre and the others of forty-two. These were French pieces dragged from the Grand Battery a mile and three quarters round the head of the Barachois.

The cannon could be loaded only under a constant fire of musketry, which was briskly returned by the French, whose practice was excellent. A soldier who, in bravado, mounted the parapet, and stood there for an instant, was shot dead with four bullets. The men on each side called one to another in scraps of bad French and broken English; while the French drank ironical healths to the New England men, and gave them bantering invitations to breakfast.

Sherburn continues his diary: "Sunday morning. Began our fire with as much fury as possible, and the French returned it as warmly from the Citidale [citadel], West Gate, and North East Battery, with Cannon, Mortars, and continual showers of musket balls; but by 11 o'clock we had beat them all from their guns." He goes on to say that at noon his men were forced to cease firing from want of powder; that he went with his gunners to get some; and that, while they were gone, somebody, said to be Mr. Vaughan, came with a supply, on which the men loaded the forty-two-pounders in a bungling way and fired them. One was dismounted and the other burst; a barrel and a half barrel of powder blew up, killed two men and injured two more. Again: "Wednesday. Hot fire on both sides till the French were beat from all their guns. May 29th. Went to the 2 Gun [Titcomb's] Battery to give the gunners some directions; then returned to my own station, where I spent the rest of the day with pleasure, seeing our Shott Tumble down their Walls and Flagg Staff."

The following is Bigot's account of the effect of the New England fire: "The enemy established their batteries to such purpose that they soon destroyed the greater part of the town, broke the right flank of the King's Bastion, ruined the Dauphin's Battery with its

[1] He signs his name "Jos. Sherburn."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spur, and made a breach at the Porte Dauphine [West Gate], the neighboring wall, and the sort of redan adjacent." Duchambon says that the cannon of the right flank of the King's Bastion could not be served by reason of the continual fire of the enemy, which knocked the embrasures to pieces; that when he had them repaired they were destroyed again; and that nobody could keep his stand behind the wall of the quay, which was pierced through and through and completely shattered. The town was ploughed with cannon balls; the streets were raked from end to end, nearly all the houses damaged, and the people driven for refuge into the stifling casemates. The results did credit to novices in gunnery. The repeated accidents from the bursting of cannon were due largely to unskillful loading and the practice of double shotting to which the over-zealous artillerists often resorted.[1]

It is said, in proof of the orderly conduct of the men, that not one of them was punished during all the siege; but this shows the mild and conciliating character of the general quite as much as any peculiar merit of the soldiers. The state of things in and about the camp was compared by Dr. Douglas to a "Cambridge Commencement," which academic festival was then attended with much rough frolic and boisterous horseplay by the disorderly crowds, white and black, bond and free, who swarmed among the booths on Cambridge Common. The careful and scrupulous Belknap, who knew many who took part in the siege, says: "Those who were on the spot have frequently in my hearing laughed at the recital of their own irregularities, and expressed their admiration at the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction." While the cannon were bellowing in the front, frolic and confusion reigned at the camp, where the men raced, wrestled, pitched quoits, fired at marks, — though there was no ammunition to spare, — and ran after the French cannon balls, which were carried to the batteries to be returned to those who sent them. Yet through all these gambols ran an undercurrent of enthusiasm, born in brains still hot from the Great Awakening. The New England soldier, a product of sectarian hotbeds, fancied that he was doing the work of God, and was the object of his special favor. The army was Israel, and the French were Canaanitish idolaters. Red-hot Calvinism, acting through generations, had modified the transplanted Englishman; and the descendant of the Puritans was never so well pleased as when teaching somebody else his duty, whether by pen, voice, or bombshell. The ragged artilleryman, battering the walls of papistical Louisbourg, flattered himself with the notion that he was a champion of gospel truth.

Barefoot and tattered, the home-made warriors toiled on with unconquerable pluck and cheerfulness, doing the work that oxen could not do, and with no comfort but their daily dram of New England rum, as they plodded through the marsh and over the rocks, dragging the ponderous guns through fog and darkness. Their spirit could not save them from the effects of excessive fatigue and exposure. They were ravaged with diarrhœa and fever, till fifteen hundred men were at one time on the sick-list; and at another Pepperell reported that, of the four thousand, only about twenty-one hundred were fit for duty. Nearly all at last recovered, for the weather

[1] "Another forty-two-pound gun burst at the Grand Battery. All the guns are in danger of going the same way by double shotting them, unless under better regulation than at present." (Waldo to Pepperell, 20 May, 1745.) Waldo had written four days before: "Captain Hale of my regiment is dangerously hurt by the bursting of another gun. He was our mainstay for gunnery, since Captain Rhodes's misfortune" (also caused by the bursting of a cannon).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was unusually good, yet the available force remained absurdly small. Pepperell begged for reinforcements, but got none till the siege was over.

It was not his nature to rule with a stiff hand, and perhaps it was well that it was so. Order and discipline, the sinews of an army, were out of the question, and it only remained to do as well as might be without them, — keep men and officers in good humor, and avoid everything that could dash their ardor. For this, at least, the merchant general was well fitted. His popularity had helped to raise the army, and perhaps it helped now to make it efficient. His position was not easy. Worries, small and great, pursued him without end. He kept a bountiful table, made friends of his officers, and labored to soothe their disputes and jealousies and satisfy their complaints. So generous were his contributions to the common cause that, according to a British officer who speaks highly of his services, he gave to it, in one form or another, ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket.

His letter books reveal a swarm of petty annoyances, which perhaps tried his strength and patience as much as more serious troubles. The soldiers complained that they were left without clothing, shoes, or rum; and when he begged the committee of war to supply their needs, Osborne, the chairman, sent nothing but explanations why it could not be done. Letters came from wives and fathers, entreating that husbands and sons who had gone to the war might be sent back. At the end of the siege a captain "humble begs leave for to go home," because he lives in a dangerous country, and his wife and children are "in a declining way" without him. Then two entire companies, raised on the frontier, offered the same petition on similar grounds. Sometimes Pepperell was beset with requests for favors and promotion; sometimes with complaints from one corps or another that an undue share of work had been imposed on it. One Morris, of Cambridge, writes a moving prayer that his slave, Cuffee, who had joined the army, should be restored to his lawful master. One John Alford sends the general a packet of the Rev. Mr. Prentice's late sermon for distribution, assuring him that "it will please your whole army of volunteers, as he has shown them the way to gain by their gallantry the hearts and affections of the Ladys." The end of the siege brought countless letters of congratulation, which, whether lay or clerical, never failed to remind him in set phrases that he was but an instrument in the hands of Providence.

One of his busiest correspondents was his son-in-law, Nathaniel Sparhawk, a thrifty merchant with an unfailing eye to business, who generally began his long-winded epistles with a bulletin concerning the health of "Mother Pepperell," and rarely ended them without charging his father-in-law with some commission, such as buying the cargo of a French prize if he could get it cheap; or thus: "If you could procure for me a hogshead of the best Clarett and a hogshead of the best white wine, at a reasonable rate, it would be very grateful to me." After pestering him with a few other commissions, he tells him that his, Pepperell's, children "Andrew and Bettsy send their proper compliments," and signs himself, with the starched flourish of provincial breeding, "With all possible Respect, Honoured Sir, Your Obedient Son and Servant." Pepperell was much annoyed by the conduct of the masters of the transports, of whom he says, "The unaccountable irregular behaviour of these fellows is the greatest fatigue I meet with;" but it may be doubted whether his son-in-law did not prove an equally efficient persecutor.

Francis Parkman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMENIANS AND THE PORTE.

THE Eastern question has passed through many critical phases, but the present restlessness of the Armenians may possibly prove to be the most grave and insidious for the integrity of Turkey and the peace of Europe. Belittled by some, exaggerated by others, there is yet no doubt that this agitation is fomented by men of prominence, ambition, and ability. Although but a small minority of the nation, they are still in a position to press their claims with earnestness and often with impunity; for many of them reside outside of Turkey, while their desire for liberty is stimulated by the political activity of the nations among whom their lot is thrown. The latter fact, at least, leads them to urge their countrymen in Turkey to make demands and to resist oppression to a degree that may, perhaps, precipitate results quite opposite to those they intend. This agitation derives very great importance, likewise, from the circumstance that the integral rights of the Armenian people were emphatically recognized, and a clause looking to the amelioration of their condition was incorporated, in the famous Treaty of Berlin. It is not denied that, in some respects, Turkey has failed to carry out the engagements incurred under that international contract.

Here, then, we have something tangible. The chief support of the Armenian claims must be looked for in Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. The Armenians, however worthy, cannot rely on the assistance of Europe to secure for them the advantages they seek on any sentimental grounds such as led the great powers, together with a multitude of chivalrous adventurers, to bring such effectual aid to Greece in her great revolution. It was the arts, the poetry, the great men, the wonderful romance and history of Greece, appealing to the enthusiasm of scholars and soldiers alike, that summoned the world to her aid. Interesting as are some of the incidents of Armenian history, it is only the truth to assert that Armenia has not and never had a hold on the imagination of Europe like that of Greece. It is, therefore, a most extraordinary piece of good fortune that the Armenians were remembered in the Treaty of Berlin; for without that they might sue in vain for the attention of any of the European governments except Russia, who, for reasons of her own, is ever ready to interpose in favor of the oppressed, unless they happen to be her own subjects.

During the last twenty-five hundred years, or since they first emerged from their legendary period into the scope of authentic history, the Armenians have enjoyed a distinct political independence for less than a century and a half; portions of that people have also maintained a certain independence within limited districts of Armenia for short intervals. But by far the larger part of their historic existence has been passed under vassalage to Parthia, Persia, and Rome. At one time, indeed, their satraps actually paid tribute to Rome and Persia simultaneously. Their dynasties were either Arsacid, allied to the Parthian throne, or of the Bagratid Hebrews family. For several centuries Armenia has been divided among Persia, Turkey, and Russia. Nor are the limits of ancient Armenia so precise and well defined as to afford any positive outline that the imagination can easily grasp, or on which a statesman could base distinct demands for the rehabilitation of the ancient Armenian dominion, such as we see so clearly marked out in Greece and the Greek islands, or, in a less degree, in the liberated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provinces of Turkey in Europe. Such details are not unimportant in the case of a people which is looking for assistance in asserting its independence. They are essential in order to arouse that popular foreign interest which plays so important a part in directing the counsels of cabinets, and the movement of armies to relieve the real or alleged distresses of the oppressed. Here, again, we see the great value of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. What their cause lacks, therefore, in other directions, the Armenians can supply by planting themselves on that treaty. It gives them a relative importance, which they could hardly hope to obtain as yet from any other claim they could urge. It is true that most of the powers, while recognizing all the provisions of the treaty, would still be loath, except in extreme necessity, to hold the Porte to absolute fulfillment of every clause of that instrument, because they are aware of the difficulties attending administration and reform in a theocratic government made up of many antagonistic nationalities. They would also hesitate to give Russia too much encouragement in pushing the network of mines with which she proposes to blow up the Turkish Empire. Europe needs that empire some time longer. While maintaining the principles of the treaty, therefore, they are disposed to accept the general good will of the Sultan, without laying too much stress on the letter of the compact.

With Russia it is quite otherwise. Article 61 may possibly prove of great use to her, for in case of any real or alleged maladministration she can arraign the Turkish government on the score of the very treaty which she herself has broken by fortifying Batoom. While penetrating her real designs through that philanthropic disguise, the powers could not openly accuse her of insincerity, or dispose of her assumptions to pose as the liberator of the Armenians. It is just here that we see the insidious character, the grave possibilities, of the present Armenian agitation. There is a plausibility in any advances made by Russia to relieve the Armenians which did not exist in the case of the Bulgarians, while any attempt to force Turkey to yield them territorial independence would prove exceedingly hazardous to the perpetuity of that empire.

As regards the reasons which the Armenians urge for the restoration of their freedom, one of the most specious is the fact that they are Christians, and hence should receive the united coöperation of Christendom in aid of such a result. Christians, they argue, should be unwilling to see Christians under subjection to pagans and infidels. They are of Aryan origin, belonging to the great Indo-European family, and were one of the first, or, as they claim, the first nation whose sovereigns embraced Christianity, slightly previous to the conversion of Constantine the Great. Their creed and hierarchical organization are similar to those of the Eastern Church; but by refraining from attending the Synod of Chalcedon, and by adopting, as it is alleged, views of their own regarding the question of the Father and the Son and the precession of the Holy Ghost, they have been considered by the Greek and Roman Catholic communions as of doubtful orthodoxy; if not absolutely doomed to hell fire for heresy, they are regarded as standing uncomfortably near the "danger line." They endured great persecution from their Persian rulers in the early centuries, and in the fifteenth century a violent schism rent the nation into two distinct and until now irreconcilable bodies. Jesuit missionaries induced probably a fourth of the Armenian nation to secede, and those sectaries have since then practically had their headquarters at Venice, and have been protected by the Catholic powers. The present agitation is confined chiefly to the so-called Old Armenians.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is somewhat the habit of Protestants to speak of the Armenians as nominal Christians. The term seems to be ill advised, likely to arouse unnecessary prejudices, and is no more applicable to them than to any other people whom a tendency to exaggerate the importance of forms and ceremonies leads to substitute non-essentials for essentials, the letter for the spirit. Every sect, whether Christian, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, abounds in such dead-and-alive material. As for the orthodoxy of the Armenian Church, that is a question which no one has received a special dispensation for passing judgment upon. No men have a right to assume that they, and they alone, can settle questions so subtle and vexed as to tax the wisest, — questions whose solution can be decisively reached only in the next world. It is sufficient for the claim of the Armenians that they are Christians; the Russian Church tacitly admits this. While on the one hand condemning them as heretics, on the other hand she concedes their Christianity by undertaking to protect them on the ground that they are Christians.

The heroism displayed by the martyrs of the Armenian Church, which is urged by some as an additional reason for maintaining the solidarity of the nation and treating its claims with respect, is altogether a side issue, and should have no weight in deciding the question. For every nation and every religion has had its martyrs, equally heroic, whether Buddhists, Magians, Islamites, or Christians. It is sufficient that the Armenians are Christians, and their claim on that score merits serious consideration as a factor in the settlement of the present agitation. There is no doubt that this is with many Christian nations an all-sufficient argument in favor of the immediate emancipation of the Armenians.

While conceding, however, that if this is a sufficient argument to cause the liberation of all subject Christian races the Armenians are entitled to its full benefit, we maintain that the question of religion is one to be eliminated from all political discussions; the deliberations of statesmen should be conducted without admitting religion as an element in the settlement of national or race problems. The world is constantly growing more enlightened, more elevated in sentiment, more humane, and more tolerant and Christian in theory and practice. Hence should naturally follow a wider acceptance of the principle of absolute separation of church and state, each taking care of itself, — the one by guiding the conscience, the other by the exercise of civil power. The oppressed should learn to demand their freedom not because they belong to this or that sect, but because all are equally entitled to the enjoyment of natural rights. The Irish, for example, should learn that they are entitled to receive their independence, when they seek it, not as Roman Catholics, but solely as men inheriting and occupying the same soil. It is the community of civil, and not religious, interests that makes a nation. The Armenians will deserve a sympathy based on sounder principles if they demand their rights because they are Armenians, and not because their rulers are Moslems. That should be the only legitimate ground on which to assert a national bill of rights. Human sympathy should be awarded to the oppressed on the score of common humanity, not on the score of unity of belief.

Viewing the case from this point, we maintain that the Turks have quite as much right to hold dominion over the Christians whom they vanquished by their military genius as the English have to rule the Mohammedans of India. Again and *a fortiori*, under the established law which has ordained the survival of the fittest and the rule of the strongest, from the smallest insect to the greatest man, a law that will always obtain in this world, Turkey has an undisputed right to rule until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a stronger takes away that right. She has as much right to rule Greeks or Armenians as Prussia, Austria, or Russia have to throttle the life of Poland, or France has to subjugate Algeria, or the United States to wrest Texas from Mexico. To impugn the right of the Turks to hold territory and to rule wherever they have the power is to fly in the face of the laws by which empires have always been founded, and to question the title of every nation in Christendom. For the Armenians to seek their freedom, therefore, on the ground that their rulers are of another religion, or to assume that these have no rights over them because those rights were acquired by conquest, is intelligible enough, but does not furnish a reasonable ground for the interposition of other nations.

But, urge the Armenians, "we are oppressed beyond measure by the Turks." This, if entirely correct, would prove a very strong argument in favor of the agitation now going forward. What are the facts? It must be admitted, unfortunately, that the present condition of that people is one of considerable hardship. They are forced to pay heavy taxes, and are often subjected to the rapacity of unprincipled governors at a distance from the capital. Those who live in the eastern part of Asia Minor are also liable to the savage raids of the Kurds. Were it evident that the Armenians are singled out as the objects of such outrages, or that they are especially hated, or that they are harassed beyond any other people in Christendom, then indeed should Christendom arise as one man, hurl the Turk from his throne, and, gathering in the Armenians from all parts of the world, reëstablish them on the plateau of Armenia, and give them a chance to work out among themselves the problem of national existence. But this is very far from being the case. As regards the Kurds, they are an unruly lot, turbulent, treacherous, and cruel from the time when Xenophon hewed his way through them to the present day. They have never been completely subdued. One of the first enterprises that a new Armenia would have to undertake would be to subdue these same Kurds; and a nice test it would be of the courage and military skill of the Armenians. No one would rejoice more than the Sultan to see the lawless mountaineers of Kurdistan civilized and tamed.

As to the oppression of Turkish officials, it is a well-known fact that they are no respecters of persons. It matters not to them whether the subjects are Greeks, Jews, Armenians, or Turks. All are more or less liable to oppression resulting from the necessity of raising heavy taxes in a poor country. The treasury must be supplied to maintain a large standing army, whose numbers might be greatly reduced if the Christian subjects of the Porte would cease their chronic agitations, and if Russia, already mistress of half a world, would cease to hunger for additions to her unwieldy possessions.

Nor are the Armenians oppressed to any such degree as some of the people of Christian nations. They have liberty to go and come when and where and how they please, to study abroad and acquire every modern idea of progress and freedom. They are not obliged to serve in the army, which is an enormous immunity. To be sure, they pay a special tax for this privilege; but how many of them would be willing to exchange this tax for conscription into an ill-paid service during the best years of their lives, with a chance of being riddled with balls from time to time? There are many Turks who would willingly give half their substance to escape the conscription.

The Armenians also enjoy every liberty for trade and business, and as they are essentially a commercial people this is no small advantage. Armenians have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally been the *serâphs*, or bankers, of the empire, and some of the largest fortunes in Turkey have been accumulated by individuals of that race. Man for man, it is quite likely that the average amount of wealth distributed among the Armenians is equal to, if not greater than, that of the Turks themselves.

It is to be remembered also that these people in Turkey enjoy a degree of religious liberty far greater than is popularly supposed. Recently, it is true, the government forbade the printing of the ritual and of certain books that have been published there for centuries. This led to the resignation of the Patriarch, or Catholicos, of Constantinople. But he has resumed his position, which indicates a modification or rescinding of the obnoxious order. It was caused by the extreme irritation of the Turks, and their apprehensions as well, owing to the Armenian agitations. The Sultan is friendly to the Armenians, and is well aware that their alleged grievances spring from no intention of the government to discriminate against them. The Armenians of the intelligent classes suffer somewhat from the severe censorship of the press in Turkey. But here again they are partially to blame. The swarms of foreign and native intriguers, who are perpetually straining every nerve and employing every means to foment disturbances in Turkey, force the government, against its own preferences, to guard the issues of the press. Self-protection is the first law of nature, and an unrestricted press is possible only when representative government is very fully developed. Even France is timid in this regard. If these agitations were to cease, the censorship of the press would be greatly modified, and many reforms would gradually be introduced; for the Turkish government is far more inclined to be liberal towards all its subjects than some of the governments of Europe to their own subjects. We think, if those who are now striving to disturb the *entente cordiale* between the Porte and its Armenian subjects were to look over the border into Russia, they would discover that, whatever may be alleged against Turkish rule, that of Russia is infinitely more iniquitous. Turkey is gradually reaching out towards reform, while Russia is rapidly returning to a bondage, an oppression, a terrorism, an intolerance, for whose parallel we must go back to the dark ages.

But granting everything they urge in favor of an agitation for national independence, what prospect have the Armenians of gaining their end by such means? Absolutely none. They are a sturdy, handsome, ambitious, sober, industrious, and thrifty people; not brilliant, perhaps, but abounding in common sense. Asiatic and retaining many early Asiatic customs and traits, they yet take more kindly to city life and to European habits and methods of thought than almost any other Asiatics. They are, however, widely dispersed. Numbering not over four millions, of whom probably a million are Roman Catholics who are little concerned in the movement for a new Armenia, there is no one spot where there is an appreciable collection of Armenians equaling the other populations of such locality. They are scattered all over the Turkish Empire. Many of them are subjects of Russia and Persia. In Constantinople and Smyrna there are over three hundred thousand; but even there they are vastly outnumbered by the Turks. They are not a warlike people, by which we do not mean to say they are lacking in spirit and courage; but it is useless to deny that their record is not that of a nation of soldiers. Still, if a million or two of them were concentrated in a mountain district, as were the Circassians, thoroughly armed and organized and inured to fighting, they might present a very respectable front against attack, and hold their own until they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should command respect and assistance from abroad, as was the case with the Greeks in their revolution. But nothing in the remotest degree resembling such a condition exists among the Armenians.

They form scarcely an eighth of the population of the Turkish Empire, in the midst of a military people, having a standing army well equipped and trained, and capable of displaying soldierly qualities unsurpassed by any troops in Europe. The world has not forgotten how Osmân Pashâ held the whole of Russia at bay at Plevna, and was only forced to yield at last when Russian gold insinuated itself into the pockets of certain officials who managed to withhold reinforcements. What, we ask, can the Armenians expect to accomplish, unaided, against the strong arm of the Osmanlis? They would be totally demolished, and the Turks would be justified in crushing them so that they would never revolt again, because every established government has a right to protect itself in the interests of all concerned. It is, moreover, a crime for any people or faction to create a rebellion and attack the public peace unless there is some reasonable hope of success. In this case there is absolutely not the slightest basis for such a hope, and the only result would be great bloodshed and increased acerbity of feeling.

There remains, however, another resource. The European powers might be appealed to for intervention, since they have already recognized the rights in equity, if not in law, of the Armenian people in the Treaty of Berlin. But it is not likely, for obvious reasons, that any of them but Russia would do more than that at present. England, were Mr. Gladstone in power, might offer more positive intervention; but the influence of that statesman in foreign affairs has been greatly weakened by the loss of prestige to England during his last administration. It would also be an act of the grossest injustice to force Turkey to liberate her part of Armenia unless Persia and Russia also ceded back to the Armenians their shares of that country. Turkey's right to possess a third of Armenia is equal to that of those two governments, while her rule is, to say the least, as benign as that of Russia.

The recourse which the Armenians might have to Europe for aid is reduced, then, to the simple fact that it would be from Russia, and Russia alone, that such aid could be reasonably expected. Russia only waits the word and the hour. Her agents are found everywhere instigating the Armenians to agitate and revolt. She yearns, she burns, for the day when, her intrigues having matured, the Armenians shall rise against the Turks. By asserting their rights and causing the suppression of riots and revolts with unavoidable bloodshed, the latter will then furnish Russia with the *casus belli* which she has plotted, and for which her pious legions are camping on the border.

The first result might be the liberation of the Armenians, and the temporary establishment of a small Armenian state, of course under the tender protection of Holy Russia. But the end would be the rapid absorption of that state by Russia, who would need only the flimsiest pretext. The position of Servia and Bulgaria, adjacent to powers watchful of Russia, and able to manœuvre on her flank much to her disadvantage, has prevented that power from swallowing up those two countries, as she intended to do when hypocritically fighting for their liberation from Turkey. By the perpetual intrigues she has maintained in those states, she has unmistakably shown her hand to all but those who are determined not to see. But such reasons would have little or no weight in Asia, and the Armenians would soon learn, to their eternal sorrow, that their hopes of again enjoying the privilege of becoming an independent nation must be postponed until the fall of the Russian Empire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are, as we see, two points to consider in this question: the rights of the Turkish government, which are as sound as those of any other government having territory and subjects won by conquest, — and there are few or none that are not in that position, — and the rights and aspirations of the Armenians. The Turks cannot be expected to abandon their rights any more than any other ruling people; it would afford a dangerous precedent, and would practically amount to committing hara-kiri. But the Porte is not ill disposed towards its Armenian subjects, and but for the present unfortunate agitations and intrigues might have been expected to grant further concessions.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, better known as Sir Stratford Canning, was the ablest diplomat and the most clear-sighted statesman of England, and perhaps of Europe, in this century. England has had abundant cause to deplore his loss. He knew the Turks well, and appreciated their good no less than their evil qualities. He was also a true and noble benefactor of the Christians and Hebrews of Turkey. It was precisely because he could see the merits and rights of each that he was able to persuade the Sultan to issue, in 1856, the famous charter of reform, or bill of equal rights, called the Hatti-Humayun. If the complete fulfillment of the reforms it promised has been somewhat retarded, owing partly to the influence of such unfit envoys as Sir Henry Bulwer, there is, on the other hand, no reason to infer that the Porte has ever desired to revoke its provisions. And every candid and intelligent observer of the affairs of Turkey must allow that very decided progress in many directions has been made in that country, and that the tendency continues favorable. What Turkey most needs at present is freedom from foreign interference.

The best friends of that most interesting and progressive people, the Armenians, cannot but feel that by far the wisest course for them is, therefore, by moderation and patience to establish a *modus vivendi* between themselves and the government, doing all they can to restore the confidence of the latter in their loyalty and subordination. In this way they may gradually gain more offices, and eventually have a certain province set aside for them under an Armenian governor tributary to the Sultan. A similar experiment has been successfully tried in other parts of the empire. The rest will come in time, with the maturing of the designs of an overruling Providence. But if the Armenians allow hot-headed or unprincipled agitators to push them into open revolt, they are bound to suffer enormous misery when the Turks distinctly understand their purpose. If they should succeed in bringing about the fall of the Turkish Empire, they would themselves plunge into the abyss of national annihilation by absorption into the Russian Empire, with all that such a calamity implies.

The Turks are not the worst nor the most cruel people in the world, as they are represented to be. The Armenians are far from being the most oppressed of men. They have energy and ability on their side. If to these qualities they add the wisdom of patience, Fortune will of herself relent at last in their favor.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MUSES IN THE COMMON SCHOOL.

If we turn back to the days of Socrates and Phædrus, and compare their literary horizon with that of our own day, we can easily see that, much as the Muses gave to them, it was little or nothing in comparison with the wealth which they have placed within our reach. In every department of literature, art, and science they have poured forth their gifts lavishly on such as were ready to receive them, and we have only to open our ears to catch the sound of their heavenly music. How many of all these glorious gifts belong to the teacher whose work lies in the common school? There are those who would answer, "Very few." I have known a teacher to say that she did not see what she wanted of the Augustan age, or the centuries following it before Chaucer. The life of fourteen centuries! She might as well have said: "The growth of mankind means nothing to me. I can afford to lose out of my life the condition of the world when our Saviour came into it. I can see what is best for the future of my pupils without anything in the past from which to judge. The motives which have moved mankind, the rise and fall of nations, the stories people have loved through the ages, the songs they have sung, the thoughts which have as a consequence found their expression in literature, — all these have no lesson for me!"

If we were called upon to study some great picture, should we feel that we knew much about it if we covered up all but a small part, and examined that part alone without knowing anything of its relation to the rest? In the same way, if we give the child only one little corner of the picture of the world's history to study, as, for example, the history and literature of his own century, can it ever have a great meaning to him, let him examine it ever so closely, until he compares it with the life and thought of other times? But if we take the picture as a whole, what a changed aspect it presents! How the parts fall into place, and how each one seems to supplement and explain the others! Just so will the picture of the world's history appear to the child if he is given a broad and comprehensive view of it, instead of being confined to isolated fragments which have little or no meaning without the connecting links which join them into one whole. But would not such a view be superficial? Yes, our glance at that picture has been superficial; but that one glance has given us the best the picture contains, the one large thought that the artist intended to convey to us. His methods of work and the details of the picture we have yet to study, but we are no longer in danger of attaching undue importance to one part over another. We can now judge of the details in the light of their relation to the whole, and are much more likely to judge fairly.

No really good teacher will be content to give anything to her pupil but the best there is to give, — the whole picture; nor will she rest satisfied until she has the whole to give. She will not feel that she has taught American history in a truly patriotic manner until she has taught the root, stem, and leaves as well as the flower. The Old Man of the Sea, seen in the light of Ovid and Virgil with the Cross towering above them, will tell her a deeper secret than that which she will learn through Hawthorne alone; for he will tell her what Christianity and what America did for the later romancer that heathen Greece and Rome never did for the earlier poets. Washington will mean more to her when placed by the side of Hannibal or Cæsar; Webster and Clay will mean more when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compared with Demosthenes; Franklin will seem a greater American when his theory of electricity is contrasted with the primitive notions of the lightning-fearing people who ascribed all unknown power to Zeus.

The first point, then, to dwell upon is that entirety is the gift of the Muses to the child; not only entire pieces of literature, even masterpieces, but a view of the entire life and growth and development of mankind as contained in literature. The second point which I would emphasize is the danger of overburdening the child's mind with commonplaces, or perhaps they should more properly be called inanities. Among children the Muses seldom go begging for an audience, unless their taste has been corrupted by poor literature. If their minds are left untrammeled, they will quickly recognize the heavenly Muse, and welcome her gladly. She is never commonplace or inane, nor are children disposed to be so unless led into the same barren field. As an illustration of the better class of commonplace in reading, I take the following stanza from a first reader: —

> "Run, Dolly, run!
> Run out in the golden sun;
> Run up the hill with me,
> Now down to the apple-tree.
> Run, Dolly, run!"

No Muse ever gave that to children. It is a type of many poems and much prose written by persons of scant literary attainments. Neither the Muses nor the children can be greatly interested in it. I do not say that the children will be wholly uninterested in it, but I do say they will not be greatly interested; for to be greatly interested or interested in any great way is to be permanently interested, and there is nothing in such writing as this to give it any permanence in the child's mind. Some time ago I experimented, in order to see if this story would take any permanent hold on the mind of children. I went into a school-room where there were fifty little children, whose average age was not far from six years. After saying that I would tell them two stories, one about a doll and the other about the winds, I repeated this doll poem to them. They received it good-naturedly; some of them smiled. They tried to appear pleased, for they were evidently desirous to be polite. Then I told them the story of Ulysses and his gift from Æolus. I chose this story because, when I entered the room, they were having a lesson on the winds and clouds. I gave the story as it is told in the tenth book of the Odyssey: the arrival of Ulysses at the dwelling of Æolus, situated on a floating island inclosed with a wall of brass; the present to Ulysses of a bag containing all the winds except the west wind, which was to waft him and his seamen home; the jealousy of the sailors, who feared Æolus had bestowed some important gift on Ulysses which they were not to share; their opening the sack while Ulysses slept, and their bitter lament when they found themselves blown back to the island of Æolus. After telling both stories, I left the room without commenting upon either. The children's teacher was absent, and the young cadet who had them in charge went on with their lesson. The next week I went again to the same room, and told the children that I had two stories for them, one a doll story and the other about the winds, and asked which I should tell them. They unanimously chose the latter, and I narrated the adventures of Æneas with Æolus as given in Virgil's Æneid. They enjoyed the account, and since then have been making and studying Æolian harps. When their teacher returned, she asked them what they had heard while she was away. Many hands went up, in anxious testimony of the owner's desire to tell the story of Ulysses, but hardly a child in the room could remember anything whatever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the doll which ran to the apple-tree. A wee boy, six years old, repeated the story of Ulysses without missing one point, and all the other children listened as if the story were new. He added at the end a moral of his own, to the effect that the seamen should not have been so curious, and had been justly punished. There is no doubt that the children were more or less interested in the doll poem when I recited it to them, but it had no relation to universal life, as had the story of Ulysses, and consequently made no lasting impression. Of course the form itself was meagre, and admitted little expansion; but such a poem is a mere device to put before children words instead of thought. Nor is this specimen by any means the worst of its kind. Here is a poorer study of the same sort, from another reader; it has not even the pretty thought of the golden sun in it: —

"'Look at my fine wax doll.'

"'Let me see it, May. Is it a new doll?'

"'Yes, Lucy, I am sure it is a new doll.'

"'Has your doll blue eyes?'

"'No, it has black eyes and a blue dress.'"

And here is a worse one than the last, from still another first reader: —

"Has the girl with the doll a hat?

"The girl with a doll has a hat.

"Has the girl a doll and a dress?

"The girl has a doll and a dress.

In contrast with this inane reading I will mention a study which I heard given some months ago, in the presence of more than a hundred people, at a meeting of the Principals' Association in Chicago. None of the children had been in school more than nine months. The teacher related to them the story of Rip Van Winkle, which they repeated, and she wrote it out on a blackboard as fast as they gave it to her. Then they read it from the blackboard with great ease. She took no pains to use monosyllables. One of the words they learned in this lesson was "rheumatism," and they rather liked the word because it was long and "hard." Some one, to puzzle or test the little folk and see whether the work were genuine, gave them a queer cane as a subject; and the children observed it, talked of it, and without difficulty read from the blackboard what was said about it. Their interest in the Rip Van Winkle story was supreme. They quite forgot the crowd around them, and laughed over the story with unfeigned merriment.

Here is another story, a gift of the Muses, which several good primary-school teachers assure me has been listened to with delight by children, to some extent reproduced by them in writing, and read from their own reproductions; while, in addition to all this, they have used it in connection with studies of insects as examples of natural history: —

THE CRICKET AND THE POET.

Once upon a time many poets met at a minstrels' court to sing for a prize. Not only did each poet sing, but he played on the lyre while he sang. One poet sang better than the others; indeed, so well did he sing that the old judges could not find the least fault with him, although their ears were very sharp. So he sang out boldly, and he played in time and tune. After a while the judges said to each other that it was of little use to try to find fault with him, and that this must be the poet who ought to have the prize. Just then a mischief happened to the poet's lyre. It had seven strings, but one of them snapped, and he feared he could not finish his song. The poet's heart sank within him when he thought of the ill luck in store. He felt sure that he could not win the prize. But a cricket, which had been listening to the poet's song, left its home in the green bush, and for mere love of music flew, with its little heart on fire, and lighted on the broken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

string. So when the singer felt for that string the cricket sang out the right note, and saved the poet from spoiling his music. When the song was ended the judges all cried out: "Take the prize! Who would not give the prize to such a sweet voice and such a fine lyre? Why, we took your lyre for a harp, so shrill was the sweetest note." This note was the sound which the cricket made.

The poet took the prize and went home, but he did not forget the cricket which had helped him. He made a life-size marble statue of himself holding a lyre, and on the lyre he perched a golden image of the cricket.

Now, what can a child get from this story that he cannot get from the story of the doll? In the line of science, he can compare the poet's idea of the cricket, its method of producing a noise, with his own observations in nature, and can be taught to listen for musical sounds in the out-of-door world. He can learn to trace the growth of a story from the myth-making age through mediæval times, until the Muse of Lyric Verse repeats it to us through the lips of a great nineteenth-century poet; and the child can in this way see the rise, progress, and growth of one thought. Again, he can, at a glance, get a vivid picture of real minstrel life in the Middle Ages. That is true history, and he can learn to separate the truth from the myth, while in the myth he can touch another corner of life, even the life of mankind in the time of Socrates and Phædrus; for the cricket sent by the Muse of Song to aid the minstrel poet belonged to the same choir which sang over the heads of the ancient philosophers. Finally, a teacher of tact and feeling can add the fine point which makes Browning's poem so exquisitely modern: the value of a child's affection when the one string which made his life's harmony complete "was snapped in twain, never to be heard again." Even if the only motive in giving reading to children were to teach them words, spelling, punctuation, surely a choicer vocabulary could be found in the latter story than in the ordinary feeble reading lessons. But the acquisition of a vocabulary is hardly ever a sufficient motive in a reading lesson.

Here is another example of a commonplace reading lesson from a first reader, where the only motive is that of increasing the child's list of words: —

"Nell and Jip have had a long walk, and now they are glad to stop and rest.

"As Nell went by the mill, she met Frank with his big dog, Dash.

"Dash and Jip ran at a hog, and Jip bit it on the leg.

"Then a man came and hit Jip, and made him and Dash run off."

What a picture to put before a child for his contemplation! A dog biting a hog on the leg! Just imagine the heavenly Muse choosing such a subject for her song! What a contrast between this and the story of the dog Gelert, or that of Dick Whittington and his cat!

I give another illustration of the same sort: —

THE SLEEPY MULE.

Here is old Bob! Come, boys, let us have a ride!

I am afraid to get on him, Fred; he may throw us off.

Fie, Paul! What are you afraid of? Bob is a sleepy old mule. I am sure any one can ride him. Come on, boys!

The second part of the lesson tells us that the boys climbed up on the mule's back, whereupon he jumped and kicked, throwing one boy to the ground and another into the mud. The point of the story is that the mule was not so sleepy as he looked.

Now, I do not doubt that, as a study from nature, the mule might prove a very profitable object, and we should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never undervalue sense-perception and its relation to reading. By studying the animal itself, however, the child could learn more words than from any reading lesson, and much in regard to his habits and characteristics which would prove fully as interesting, if not so exciting, as his kicking; as, for instance, whether he walks on his feet or his toes, in what way his knee corresponds with the human knee. With the assistance of such facts, drawn from his own observation, the child can make commonplaces himself, and learn something of comparative zoölogy while he is learning to read. Æsop's story of the donkey which wanted to be a pet, or that of the miller who lost his mule by trying to please everybody, are either of them far better animal stories than the one given. They are classic fables instead of modern ones made up to sell, and they hold the germs of eternal truth.

The story of Athena and Poseidon, the gift of the horse to Athens by the latter, the gift of the olive-tree and the naming of the city by the former, — such lessons are organic parts of universal literature, and give the child glimpses of the thought of the universal man, glimpses which he must get from books if he gets them at all. They include reading, history, spelling, punctuation, and above all thought. They do not seal the pores of the child's observation by seeing for him what he is quite able to see for himself. I do not wish to give the impression that I consider the story of the sleepy mule "bad reading," but I certainly do not wish to give the impression that I consider it good reading. Here is a fox lesson which is much worse: —

"See the fox. He is on a box.
"Is the box for the fox?
"It is for the fox. It is his box.
"The fox can sit in the box.
"Can a fox eat?
"A cat, a rat, or a pig can eat.
"A fox can eat."

A child would have to study Delsarte many years before getting his tongue sufficiently limbered for such reading.

Here is an inanity written in dramatic form: —

WHO ATE THE PIE? A DIALOGUE.

Ned. Who ate my pie? Did you see a boy eat it?

May. No, a boy did not eat it.

Ned. But who did eat it?

May. I saw a cat get it.

Ned. A cat? Was it our old cat?

May. Yes, it was our cat; but the cat did not eat the pie.

Ned. Did not eat it, do you say? But who did eat it?

May. The dog saw the cat get it; and so the dog ran for it, and the cat let the dog get it. So, you see, the *dog* eat the pie. It was fun to see the dog run. I saw it all, as I sat on the rug.

Ned. Oh, you old dog! You *bad* old dog! Why did you eat my pie? Get out, you old dog! *You old cur, get out!*

May. No, no! Do not use the dog so. *You* eat pie, if you can get it. Why may not the *dog* eat it, if *he* can get it?

GREEK CHORAL ODE.

(Exercise for Lesson 74. Change "eat" to "ate.")

I eat pie. You eat pie.
The cat and the dog eat pie.
All of us eat of the pie.
You and I eat pie.

Here again the lesson contains no point which the child cannot easily make without the book. Such writing approaches closely the lowest depth of literary degradation, and not only serves to corrupt the child's natural good sense, but — and this is one of the worst features — it also corrupts the taste of the teacher who uses it. Nearly all of our primary-school teachers are young high-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school graduates, who are not mature enough to have given careful consideration to the subject. They become so accustomed to such composition that they begin to look upon it as necessary, and lose their appreciation of its worthlessness; and thus the evil is propagated, and the child is prepared for new inanities. Since his mind has thus been weakened instead of strengthened, he naturally continues to read trash the rest of his life, if he reads at all.

Contrast with the above lesson Hawthorne's Snow Image, Little Daffydowndilly, or any of the stories in Harriet Beecher Stowe's Queer Little People. The origin of the bees, as found in Virgil's fourth Georgic, is a better study. The youth tending the bees; his wooing of Eurydike; her death; the consequent destruction of the youth's bees; his visit to his mother, who lives in the depths of the Nile, surrounded by her handmaidens spinning and singing; his complaint to his mother of the death of the bees; his visit to the Old Man of the Sea to find out why they died; his return to his mother, who instructs him how to create new swarms of bees, — all these graphic incidents engage the attention, appeal to the imagination, and set the judgment of the child at work. I have repeatedly told this story to primary-school children, and they have discussed it as intelligently as the pie question is discussed in the dramatic effort already quoted. They never believe that bees came that way or that people can live under water, but they think that the folks of olden times loved honey.

The story of Donald, from Browning, if told simply, is a much better lesson for primary children than the dog-and-pie study. Donald was a hardy fellow who lived among the mountains, a good hunter who could fish and shoot. He was proud of his strong bones and large muscles, and would not let a fiend dispute with him the right of way without a tussle. Once when hunting he stepped upon a narrow rock, and found himself face to face with a gold-red stag, — a brave creature which had never grown cowardly by being shut up in parks. Donald looked at the deer, but was too proud to run away, and the deer looked at Donald fearlessly, but could escape from him only by throwing him off the rocks; so the young man lay down in the narrow path, that the deer might run over him, thinking to slay the stag as he bounded over. But the noble animal picked its way very daintily, for fear of injuring the young man, extending one foot and then the other, with as much care as a mother takes in removing a fly from the face of her sleeping babe; not even the tip of his hoof touched the body of the youth. Donald saw this, but was so much more of a hunter than a man that he reached up and killed the deer, even while it was tenderly raising its foot to avoid hurting him. Which was more human, the man or the deer?

This story is really a study; a lesson to set the child thinking; a lesson to develop tenderness towards animals. In the dog-and-pie lesson, notice that the moral — "No, no! Do not use the dog so. You eat pie, if you can get it" — is enforced upon the child. Children arrive at higher moral conclusions by reflecting on moral conditions than by having morality thrust upon them.

A child's reading should be distributed all along the known life of the human race. He may not know it, but the teacher should know it, the parent should know it, and the board of education should know it. He should have enough of the ancient to suggest the middle periods of history, and enough of the middle periods to furnish a connecting link for the modern, all so given and so directed that it may naturally lead to greater depth or fuller detail. Thus will the child gain a true perspective; thus will he learn to reason correctly, having true conditions from which to reason; thus will he know the real meaning of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such names as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Lincoln; and thus will he rise to the dignity of a true patriot. No one need flatter himself that he can make a good American citizen of a boy by keeping him on dog-and-pie literature.

The excuses urged by teachers for neglecting to cultivate a literary taste in their pupils are various.

"I cannot place an outline of the world's literature before children," says one; "it is too great a thing to attempt."

"I am obliged to teach reading" (meaning word-calling, or the "correct" method of pronouncing and emphasizing dog-and-pie literature), urges another.

"I do not know enough of literature," says a third.

"I could do it if I were a specialist and had plenty of time," pleads a fourth.

"I don't dare to go outside of the regular prescribed course of study. If the authorities above me direct me to teach dog-and-pie inanity, I must do it," says a fifth.

To all these objections educators may urge the following: —

Dog-and-pie literature is not reading. To teach word-calling is not to teach reading. To teach word-calling does not lead to good word-calling. Those pupils who are kept on feeble reading lessons that they may "recognize words at sight" are the very ones who never do learn to "recognize words at sight." They stumble over words and miscall them to a far greater extent than do the pupils who are searching for the thought in what they read. Let any one who doubts this give one of Lowell's poems to a class of high-school graduates or any normal-school training class, every member of which has been through the six inanities, the six school readers, and judge for himself whether or not the word-calling method leads to good word-calling.

Surely, the true economy of education clearly demands that we should crowd back into the most elementary period all that is merely designed to familiarize children with the looks of words. Most of the work of this class can be done without a book, by free use of blackboard and slate. Yet even in the very earliest period there are capital bits of nursery literature ready for use, and at each step of a child's training the field of genuine literature available for schools widens. A teacher with ever so little knowledge of universal literature, if she has any literary taste, will constantly get something new, and share it with her pupils as naturally as an artist speaks of a great picture to a fellow-artist. And there is no higher authority so stupid or so selfish as to wish to deny to the child the privilege of sharing to some extent with his teacher that which the great consensus of literary opinion through the ages has persisted in calling noble and permanent.

Mary E. Burt.

CAIN.

(BRONZE FIGURE IN THE PITTI PALACE.)

A SOMBRE brow whose dark-veined furrows bear
Remorseful fruit from God's curse planted there, —
Uplifted hands o'er eyes that look through Time
Big with the burden of unshriven crime.

William H. Hayne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

FIRST PAPER: THE PROLOGUES.

LIBRARIES of commentary in every European language have grown up around the unsolved enigma, What is Faust? and still we seem in need of some more definite solution of the problem.

Learned and elaborate, the commentaries, for the most part, begin with the Faust legend of the fifteenth century, trace it back to the remotest past, tell all that there is to know about the historic personage of the name of Faust, and disclose the mythological sources from whence his fabulous story has, in the course of centuries, evolved itself. From this they proceed, in like manner, with every character or allusion in the play; and we have, as a result, a monument of learning, but not the definite idea of which we are in search. Though the commentators have delved into the remotest past for facts, and, constructing wonderful philosophies, have soared endlessly into the blue for fanciful interpretations; though the whole surface of the casket in which the treasure lies is scored with the tracings of these many wondrous "keys," they have not unlocked the secret.

"Ye instruments, indeed, ye mock at me,
With wheels and cogs and cylinders and braces.
I stood here at the gate, and ye should be the key;
Your ward is curious, but no bolt it raises."

The wards of the key are too curiously twisted. The explanations are too elaborate, for the elaborate can never penetrate the simple. "One must believe," writes Goethe to Zelter, "in simplicity, in what is originally productive, if one wants to go the right way." "German critics," says Goethe to Eckermann, "start from philosophy, and in the consideration and discussion of a poetical production proceed in such a manner that what they intend as an elucidation is intelligible only to philosophers of their own school, while for other people it is far more obscure than the work upon which they intended to throw light."

Where, then, shall we find this light, this solution of the problem? This is just the question which Goethe himself has taken special pains to answer. Eckermann, in continuation of the conversation from which the foregoing sentence was taken, reports it for us. Goethe goes on to say: "M. Ampère, on the contrary, shows himself quite practical and popular. Like one who knows his profession thoroughly, he shows the relation between the production and the producer, and judges the different poetical productions as different fruits of different epochs of the poet's life. He has studied most profoundly the changing course of my earthly career and the condition of my mind, and has had the faculty of seeing what I have not expressed, and what, so to speak, could only be read between the lines. . . . Concerning Faust his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistopheles."

Here is the answer to the question, Where are we to look for the key to Faust? We are to go to the poet himself, to the poet's life, to the poet's thought, and there we may read, by the light thrown on the poem, from the varying epochs of his earthly career, and find the answer to our enigma in the poem itself, and in the many thoughts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and experiences of the poet whose whole life and thought are reflected in it.

> "All through the book lie scattered the keys to unloosen enigmas,
> For there the Spirit, prophetic, speaks to intelligence still.
> That one I call the most skillful who lets the Day easily teach him;
> For the Day brings us, at once, problem and answer in one."

Speaking of what Faust is, "I have," says Goethe, "received into my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundred-fold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had as a poet nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them."

If we follow the course recommended by him, and note carefully what impressions and ideas were prominent in his mind at the time when the varying scenes of the drama were written, we shall, as he has taken pains to tell us, come at the deeper significance hidden under all the seeming trivialities of the action. "There is," he says, "always something higher at the bottom, and nothing is required but eyes and knowledge of the world and the power of comprehension to perceive the great in the small. For those who are without such qualities let it suffice to receive the picture of life as real life."

Here is our key, which the poet himself has given. Forget all elaborate theories about the play, and all facts concerning the historic Faust; they are but the colors on the artist's palette, the clay for the sculptor's modeling. We should ask only and always, What were the poet's thoughts and feeling when he wrote the scene; or, if he has said little directly about it, what were his surroundings? — for Goethe's life has been made an open book, where he who runs may read; and in his strong interest in himself he has supplied the reader of his Memoirs with an abundance of detail, from which to annotate his art. First, what has he said about the play? In announcing the Helena, the third act of the Second Part of Faust, Goethe remarks that "Faust's character presents a man who, impatient in the common bounds of earthly existence, reaches out on all sides for the highest knowledge and the enjoyment of the fairest good, yet whose longing is forever unsatisfied, — a spirit that always returns upon itself discontented and unhappy."

Pointing out the analogy to modern life and thought, Goethe says that it is mankind which he is depicting, not an historical or mythological personage. Elsewhere he observes that a commentator who sees in Faust, not an individual, but the soul of man, has come nearer the solution of the problem. "It is," he tells Eckermann, his young confidant, "the development of a human soul, that is tormented by all which afflicts humanity, and made happy by all which it desires." "A concise and clear representation of the existing in Man," as he tells Schiller. "For that is," he says in his Sayings, "the genuine poetry where the individual represents the Universal, not as a dream or a shadow, but as a living and visible revelation of the Inscrutable." "When the true poetic genius is born, he will set the moods of the inner life before us as the Universal, the World-life;" for "the life of an individual is forever the mirror of the life of Man."

Goethe's theme, then, is Human Life. We find it so stated in the Prologue in the Theatre, that dialogue in which the Theatre Manager, Poet, and the Merry Man set out the aims and purposes of the play. The whole subject is discussed by them at length from their different points of view, and the Merry Man, agreeing with the Poet, says: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So let us give a play, too, but contrive
To grasp in full this human life we live:
Each lives it, yet 't is not much known,
And where 't is seized there 's interest enough."

Look closely into this Prologue. The whole theory of the play, its scope and the motive of the drama, is to be found here. The individual life, Goethe is never weary of telling us, is the image of the life of the race; and the aim of the Second Part is to show how the same problem of life which we each face as individuals has been, and is being, worked out by the race, and to show also how simple this problem really is.

"All is simpler than men think, more succinct than one can imagine." "It annoys men to find the truth so simple," says Goethe. He writes to ask Schiller to "interpret his dreams for him," sending him the manuscript of Faust; and Schiller replies: "You grasp with your view entire Nature in order to throw light on its parts; in the totality of her manifestations you seek for the key which shall lay open the individual." Goethe agrees to this, and in his Italian Journey remarks that "the poet should sweep through the universe, and bring it down to a point of light, a burning point, that shall mirror for us the All." Wilhelm Meister has the same thought as to the work of the poet, and says, further, that the poet alone can give us knowledge of "that right enjoyment of the world." The Prologue in the Theatre, opening the play, still further sets forth this mission of the poet in that splendid passage in which we have Goethe's aim and motive minutely described. The Poet there says, in answer to the Manager, who clings to the usual theatrical notion, and advises him to give a multitude of isolated dramatic incidents, and to strive only to amuse and amaze the public: —

"Go hence, and seek yourself another slave tonight;
The poet shall, indeed, that highest right,
That right of man that Nature to him lent,
For your sake trifle wantonly away!
How is it he all hearts can sway?
How is it he controls each element?
Is 't not the harmony that from his breast will start,
And winds the whole world back into his heart?
When Nature will eternal threads, unseeing,
Carelessly whirling, on the spindle fling,
When all the unharmonious throngs of being
In sullen discord through each other ring,
Who parts th' unvaried series of Creation,
Quickening their flowing into rhymic time?
Who calls the Single to that common consecration
Of All, where it in grand accord can chime?
Who bids the storm with passion rage and lower,
The evening red with solemn meanings glow?
Who scatters springtime's every fairest flower
Along the pathway where the Loved will go?
Who weaves the simple leaves to crowns, requites us
With Honor's wreath, the prize of every field,
Secures Olympus, to the gods unites us?
That power of man the poet has revealed."

Goethe here says that the aim of the poem is not to present an ordinary dramatic episode or a number of detached incidents, but to show the relation of each to the All; to exhibit life, the whole of life, and call each separate individual to that common consecration where it can chime in grand accord with its Maker. Thus he will unite the mortal to the Immortal, — "to the gods unite us," — and find for us, in this harmony of all being, that "right enjoyment of life" of which Wilhelm Meister speaks. So uniting ourselves to the Immortal Energy, we are brought near to the "*Schaffender Freude*," the Joy which is the Maker; that Creative Activity which we see operating in the universe about us, and with which the poet would harmonize our lives, till they too become creative, a part of that Joy which is the Divine. "All Nature and we human beings," he said to Eckermann, "are so penetrated with the divine element that it sustains us; that in it we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live and work and are. . . . The divine power is everywhere manifest; . . . the divine love is everywhere active." But "with people who have Him daily upon their tongues God becomes a phrase, a mere name, which they utter without any accompanying idea." "We look at detached portions of life, and so miss its deeper significance." "The great trouble is, nobody remembers or gives us the All." Unless we join ourselves to the Divine, we live in darkness, or at least fail of the joy which is our birthright. "Ah, yes!" the Merry Man observes, "that is what we are after, — joy. So carry on this poet's trade of ours, and give us Human Life; that is indeed a romance; then all will be stirred, for each will see what he has in his own heart." Even the Manager becomes interested, and promises the Poet, if he will only set to work, he may use all the resources of the stage: —

"You know our German stage; in scenery
What any one would try he may.
So spare not anything to-day,
Either in scenes or in machinery.
Use both the great and lesser lights of heaven;
The stars you may at random squander,
Nor want for water, fire, nor beasts that wander,
Nor birds shall lack, nor precipices, even.
So stride, then, in this narrow booth's small bound,
The whole great circle of creation round;
And swiftly move, but thoughtfully as well,
From heaven through all the world to hell."

So, in this poem, the poet will sweep with his soaring thought through the whole circle of creation, — "from heaven through all the world to hell." In this view, which Goethe declares is the scope and aim of the work, the Faust legend, of which the commentators make so much, becomes of very little importance, except as it is significant and useful as an embodiment of the poet's abstract idea. "The facts of any man's life," Goethe says to Eckermann, apropos of Jean Paul's Truth of my Life as opposed to his own Dichtung und Wahrheit, Truth and Poetry of my Life, the title of his Memoirs, — "the facts of any man's life are of no consequence except as they are significant." Significant, that is, of the "operation of those eternal laws through which we rejoice or sorrow, and which we fulfill and which are fulfilled in us, whether we perceive them or not." This is the end of Faust, — to make us perceive these laws, and conform our lives to them, so that we may work in harmony with their eternal purposes. Thus it appears that Goethe, by his own admission, has used the Faust story only as a convenient peg upon which to hang conclusions. Indeed, he writes to Schiller that it is not the story of Dr. Faust at all, but his own life and the life of man, that he is depicting. "The First Part is wholly subjective;" wholly the picture, that is, of his own inner life, of the results of his own experience, and of the conclusions which he draws therefrom of the law of life and the way of joy. This is what makes the greatness and the special interest of the poem. In it the greatest soul of modern times actually puts the window in his breast, and lets us see into his inmost being, wherein the universe lies as in a mirror. "All the great forces of the universe centre here." "Men call their circumstances and surroundings God and the Devil, but within us is the problem; from the first two worlds are there." To Eckermann, too, he says: "The First Part is wholly subjective. I confess that the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles are both parts of my own being; but in the Second Part we enter into another, higher, clearer, more passionless world." "Yes, the whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world are there; but I have brought so many figures before the eye, in themselves picturesque and interesting, that, as a picture full of sensuous life, it will prove attractive, even if one cares nothing for the thought behind it." "Word and picture are cor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relate, — what comes to the ear should be seen by the eye; and so in the child ish times of the world we see, as in the Bible, the truth ever presented in a picture, a parable." In Wilhelm Meister he speaks of this way of presenting truth, and says it has often occurred to him to contrive a masque that should bring all the elements of modern life before us as characters in a masquerade or a drama. In the first act of the Second Part we find such a masque in the court revels; the masquerade that reproduces for us, as an allegory, the whole history of modern Europe. Indeed, the entire poem, with its utter simplicity of native diction and absolute freedom from any flowers of rhetoric, is a trope. "There is a poetry without tropes," says Goethe, "which is one trope," and this is peculiarly true of Faust. "This poetry," he tells us, "makes dead thought alive." "We see the law of life acting in and upon an individual, and therefore it becomes to us a living reality." "So give a drama," says the Merry Man of the Prologue, "and each will see what is in his own heart, and draw serious nourishment from your play."

Now, though the best commentators are agreed that Faust is in some sort an allegory, they lay so much stress on tracing historical allusions and minor details as to make us lose sight of the truth which Goethe declares is "so simple;" the picture of the operation of this law of life, which underlies and binds the play together. Their learned comment leaves us, for the most part, in the condition of the man who could not see the forest for the trees. But the poet promises to set this law of life before us in its simplest forms. All the incidents and episodes of the play are introduced as significant of that way of joy which is the perfect fulfillment of the law, or of the deviations from it which have led and are leading us to doubt and despair; that is, into the clutches of Mephistopheles. The figures and combinations are as varied as life itself, but behind and beneath them all is this simple truth, this law of life, which binds and holds all together, as the canvas backing holds the varied colors and figures of a tapestry in a complete whole. It is a picture of life, of a man, and of mankind.

"We 'll see the little, then the greater world,"

as Mephistopheles remarks to Faust when they first sail off through the air, in quest of that happiness which the devil promises him in self-gratification. The theme of Faust might indeed be called the Pursuit of Happiness. You cannot, by acquiring for your own gratification, by getting, obtain joy; that is beyond the power of selfishness to procure. Happiness, says the poet, is found only in giving, not in getting. As you give yourself forth for the purposes of the Creating Joy, and become a part of that Joy, a co-creator, do you know happiness; or, following your own selfish ends, become the slave of this Demon of Selfishness. Look with the poet for the proof of this in the life within us and in the world about us, and see what influences have led and are leading us to that perfect fulfillment of the law which joins us at last to that Joy which is the Maker.

Goethe tells Eckermann, "You will find the key of Faust's salvation in these lines" from the Chorus of Angels, near the conclusion of the Second Part: —

"This noble member of the choirs
Of spirit-worlds 's forever
From Evil saved; whoe'er aspires
And toils we can deliver;
If in the Love he really share
That from on high is freely given,
The holy hosts will meet him there,
And welcome him to heaven."

Here is the answer to that enigma of life, and "the right enjoyment of life;" for, as we have seen, Faust is life. In labor and in love is the solution of the problem. If we never forget that Faust is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always the poet himself, or his view of the history of the life of man, we can in the poet's life and thoughts find the key to unlock all the mysteries of the poem.

We recall Goethe's remark to Humboldt, that from his earliest years this thought of Faust had been in his mind; then, turning to his Memoirs, we see the poet looking up questioningly into the universe, and asking of the worlds about him the answer to that mighty problem, What is life? So, after the Prologue in the Theatre, which sets forth the aim of the play, we have the Prologue in Heaven, and look out with the poet into the universe. Here are the Lord, the Heavenly Host, and near by Mephistopheles.

The commentators have expended a good deal of energy in explaining the personality of this character whom Goethe introduces to us as *Der Herr*, the Lord. The point is important, for it involves Goethe's whole idea of the Deity; and in this drama of life, as in life itself, it is *Der Herr* — that is, the Deity, the Source of Life — which is the real centre, the hero, so to speak, of the play. At the very outset, indeed, we find this to be the endeavor of Faust, to which his whole being is devoted, — to reach the Source of Life.

"One yearns to reach Life's Brooks: ah! yonder,
On towards the Fount of Life would strain."

"We vainly seek the idea of a single Supreme Being," says Goethe. "The great Being whom we name the Deity manifests Himself not only in man, but in a rich, powerful Nature and in mighty World-events. A representation of Him framed from human qualities cannot, of course, be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon come to imperfections and contradictions which will drive him to doubt, — nay, to despair, — unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a higher point of view." But Eckermann reports him as saying, in reference to the somewhat similar conclusion of the drama, "I might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply drawn figures and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

It is the Creative Energy (*Der Erschaffender*) which Goethe recognizes as the object of his homage. He sets this forth distinctly in a fragment from Mahomet, printed at the end of his collected works. It so clearly illustrates how the great thought lay and grew in the poet's mind that we may well pause to recall the lines, as giving us more truly than we can get elsewhere that desired end, the poet's point of view. Mahomet, alone in an open field, looks up into the star-strewn heaven and questions the universe about him, as we find the poet himself doing in this Prologue in Heaven.

MAHOMET.

Can I not share it with you, this feeling of Soul?
Can I not feel it with you, this sense of the All?
Who, who turns his ear to the prayer,
To eyes, still beseeching, a look?

See! he shineth aloft, prophet, friendly, the Star.
Be thou my Lord, my God! gracious, beck'ning to me!
Stay! Stay! Turn'st thou thine eye away?
How, how can I love him who hides?

Be blessed, thrice blessed, O Moon, leader thou of the stars!
Be thou my Lord, my God, thou who illumin'st the way!
Let, let me not in the darkness
Stray off, with people astray!

Sun, that glow'st, the heart, glowing, is given to thee.
Be thou my Lord, my God! Lead, All-Seeing-One, lead!
Come too, come down, thou Glorious!
For darkness has wrapt me around.

Lift thyself, loving heart, to the Creating Soul!
Be thou my Lord, my God, thou All-Loving-One, — thou

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who mad'st the Sun, the Moon, and the Star,
The Earth and the Heaven and me!

Here we have, then, first, the Lord (that is, the Lord of Life) manifest everywhere as the Creative Energy; second, all those elements of creation forever co-workers in the mighty work, — "the Heavenly Hosts," "the Archangels," "true sons of heaven," engaged in their Father's labors; Labor, Energy, Work, the Labor and the Laborer. Who are these three archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael? The three archangels who, according to the Chaldean philosophy, were present with the Creator, assisting at the creation of the universe; controllers of the elements, co-workers, co-creators, with the Master Workman. These, the poet says, are the "true sons of God," "the Archangels." Let us listen a moment to this sublime pæan of Labor, this song of the Workman and the Work, which they sing as the great Drama of Existence opens before our eyes. We can give only the meaning of the words, for, though we follow the metre exactly, the song is the poet's own, and cannot be appropriated.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun still sings, in ancient tourney
With brother spheres, a rival song;
Fulfilling his predestined journey,
With peals of thunder speeds along.
To look on him gives angels power,
Though none may sound him nor his ways:
Beyond our grasp the high works tower
As grand as at the first of days.

GABRIEL.

And round and round the earthly splendor
More swiftly rolls than thought's swift flight;
The glow of Paradise 't will render
And change to awful deeps of night.
The foaming sea in broad floods surges
Up from the ground, the rock's deep base;
And rocks and sea the swift whirl urges
On in the spheres' eternal race.

MICHAEL.

And storms rush, roaring and contending,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, form a chain unending,
Round all, of deepest energy.
There devastation flames and blazes,
The path where bolts of thunder play;
Yet, Lord, Thy messenger still praises
The gentle progress of Thy day.

THE THREE.

To look on these gives angels power,
Though none may sound Thee, nor Thy ways;
And all Thy high works o'er us tower
As grand as at the first of days.

Here are the real characters of our drama; not an historical personage, not the village maiden only, except as she is an incarnation of the Eternal-womanly, but the mighty conflict of Light and Darkness, of the Creator and the Destroyer, as we see it in the universe about us; mirrored, too, in the individual, in our own breasts and in the history of the race. Light, always the creative, joyful, beautiful principle, giving life and joy, — Light, "the highest imaginable Energy in the natural world," as Goethe elsewhere calls it, ever active, and inciter of activity; and Darkness, always the Destroyer, the bringer of sloth, and death. Notice, though, how this same Darkness and Destruction — even, indeed, the tempest and the thunderbolt — forward the gentle progress of thy Day.

This is the scene which the poet sees in the universe; an eternal giving forth of energy for the mighty purposes of the Maker, — the glorious spheres shining and singing as they roll. But we, for the most part, are intent on getting for ourselves; we walk by night beneath the baleful glare of the electric light, shutting out the universe, each intent upon his own errand, regardless of the All. So, near by, stands Mephistopheles, whose very name signifies "Not-Loving-the-Light," the Destroyer, the Demon of Selfishness, that stirs us all up, — stirs us to great deeds sometimes, as witness this great new world, with its new opportunity for all mankind. Who are you? says Faust, when he appears *in propria persona*, later in the play: this "black dog thought of living only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for what we can get," as Mr. Brockmeyer most happily calls him in his suggestive Letters on Faust.

FAUST.

What do you call yourself ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question seems but small, you know,
For one who so disdains the Word;
Who, far apart from all mere show,
The depths of Being would alone regard.

FAUST.

With you, sir, one can read the Being
Usually from the name, though, seeing
It shows itself but all too plainly there,
When men call you Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar.
Well, then, who are you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power that always would
The Evil do, and always *does* the Good.

FAUST.

What meaning in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit who denies!
And too with right, for all whiche'er arose
Deserves that it to ruin goes:
Therefore it better were that nothing rose at all.
So all, then, which you would call sin, or call
Destruction, briefly, evil, ill intent, —
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

You call yourself a part, yet whole you stand here too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell the modest truth to you.
If Man, the little World of Fools, would hold
Himself out for a whole (he mostly does, I 'm told),
I am a part of part, which at the first was all, —
A part of Darkness that brought forth the Light,
The haughty Light that now with Mother Night
Disputes her ancient rank, her right to room at all.

He is all this, but, as has been suggested, what good things he has wrought out unwittingly! "Sometimes," says Goethe, "sometimes we come to full consciousness, and realize that an error as well as a truth can stir and drive us on to action, and what comes out of the deed, reaching endlessly on, is forever the best; and so Destruction also is not without its good consequences." How could we live at all, for instance, if it were not for the destruction going on inside us? How Selfishness and this Greed, as we see our friend Mephistopheles represented in the masque of the Second Part, riding behind the chariot of wealth, — how they drive us on to splendid results of art and civilization, which we might never attain without their spur to activity! We have the Goethean suggestion here put into the mouth of "the Lord," that Evil is always to be traced to this Demon of Selfishness, this desire to get; but that this very Selfishness is forever working out the Divine Purpose, in that it also drives us on to work, and so to create for the general good.

"Man's active powers sleep all too easily,
He loves too soon an undisturbed repose;
And so I gave to him, to be his mate,
A devil, who will rouse and work, and must create.
But ye" —

who work with and for the Creator, with no thought of getting, forever giving yourselves forth to the purposes of the Maker —

"But ye, true sons of God, may ye
Enjoy this Beauty's rich and living round.
The Being, who forever works, and lives, and grows,
Enfolds you in Love's sweet and gentle bound;
And all that, hovering, seems to float away
Fix with enduring thought, and bid it stay."

But now the heavens close, and the tragedy begins on earth, — this conflict which we are to trace in the individual lives of the First Part, and then in the wider arena of the Second Part, the life of the race. We shall see the Drama of Existence, which opens with the splendid pæan of Labor, closing with that exquisite Hymn to Love, — Love incarnate in the *Ewig-weibliche*, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eternal-womanly that, through all the history of the race, has been ever leading us out of the slavery of this Demon of Selfishness into the light of love, till we too become co-creators and unselfish workers in the Maker's service, and so know that joy which is of the Maker.

We must leave all this, however, for another opportunity, only stopping to note, and note well, that it is the mother element, "the Mater Gloriosa," who bids the penitent Gretchen rise to higher spheres, and so lead her lover upward and on.

Goethe gives us, then, as the play of Faust, fulfilling the promise of the Prologue, the mighty Drama of Existence; the conflict and the reward, the way of joy. But as we see it on the stage, the stage Manager has at last had his way with the lofty Poet, and we have a commonplace melodrama, the story of an impossible magician and a guileless maiden. "And yet," as Faust, borne from the ideal realm of the Beautiful to the high mountain of science, exclaims,

"And yet around her floats a bright and tender fold
Of mist, enlivening breast and brow with cool caress."

That

"Beauty of the Soul
Dissolves not, but exalts itself in ether, yonder, far,
And with it bears my being's Best away."

For round this gracious maiden presence yet lingers an essence that dissolves not, but leads us out of selfishness and self-seeking into light and day, till we too become, through her, co-creators with that Creative Energy, a part of that Love and Joy in which we live and move and have our being.

How this is made manifest in the somewhat darkened glass of the First Part, and in the brighter realm of the Second Part, the magic mirror of the World-life, we must leave for the present untold. But this we know, to borrow a figure from that scene in the Second Part which is entitled the Dark Passage: —

"Der Schluessel wird die rechte Stelle wittern."

The "key" will divine the right way for us to find the answer to our question, in the final phenomena of life. This shining key, which Goethe tells us lies ready in his life and varied works, will light as with a torch the darkest passage, "till," to use Faust's words again,

"Till, floating, round about yon gleam,
Lifeless, Life's images, that active seem.
What once was there we shall in glory see
Still move and stir, for 't will eternal be.
And ye impart it, ye Almighty Powers,
To Day's pavilioned, Night's high-vaulted hours.
There one shall seize Life's lovely course, no doubt,
Another seek the bold magician out;
For, confident, in rich profusion too,
He brings, what each desires, the Wonderful, to view!"

William P. Andrews.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.[1]

Professor Toy has long been known as an accomplished scholar, of perceptions refined to acuteness, of precision in thought and statement, and of thorough familiarity with Old and New Testament studies; his writings have evinced the broad philosophical spirit as well as the close critical faculty and habit. In

[1] *Judaism and Christianity.* A Sketch of the Progress of Thought from Old Testament to New Testament. By Crawford Howell Toy, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these respects his latest volume more than fulfills the promise of what he has hitherto written. It is a book of grasp and power, — a book which exhibits a command of the subject and a repose and dignity of manner such as we should look for in the author, together with a sustained force, a self-propelling and self-impressing vigor, at times a brilliancy of combination and a luminousness of expression, which perhaps no subject hitherto treated by him in a connected way has encouraged to an equal degree. It is not merely a striking book, bearing marks of a strong and original mind. We have had a considerable number of such books, in the last twenty-five years, within the domain of theological literature, even on Biblical subjects. This one differs from most in having a substantial basis in minute investigation of details, so that it presents the character of scientific generalization. It does not take the speculative form, but the inductive. We have a scientist who knows his subject in particular, and who constructs his propositions with the easy skill of a master builder.

The book is significant, also, of a definite stage in the history of a new hypothesis. In any science a radical and fresh hypothesis at first excites wonder, and is accepted or rejected, in a comparatively narrow circle; the mass of workers keep on by the old path. If the new theory has elements of success in it at all, it at last divides the guild into opposing parties, assailing the theories and the motives one of the other. By and by there comes a time — sooner in some countries and in some minds than in others — when mere wonder has passed away, and the polemic stage, with its pamphleteering habit, has followed after it; when the new theory is simply taken for granted, and worked logically out to its conclusions, — the sword being dropped not so much because attack has ceased as because the student has ceased to believe in the power of attack to harm his theory or check its spread. He may be mistaken; this safety may be only a growth of his own firm conviction, without objective reality; but every hypothesis which, in the belief of a considerable number of competent persons, has reached this stage shows thereby a measure of vitality and at least an approach to adequacy which invest it with large importance.

It is to this stage that Professor Toy's volume belongs. This book is the outgrowth of a mind entirely in sympathy with the boldest and most radical criticism of the day; it takes the results of this criticism as its postulates, assumes their truth, and interprets Scripture on the basis of them. The calmness and security of its tone impress the reader, and tend to beget confidence in the conclusions it offers. It is totally lacking in sharpness and bitterness. There are very few references to divergent opinions; such as occur are absolutely impersonal and undemonstrative. Everywhere there is sobriety, even gravity of manner, not as of one oppressed by a solemn theme, but as of one wholly absorbed in a work of real seriousness and worth. The style is not fascinating, like that of Renan, — who is just now transforming the familiar Old Testament story into a socialistic romance, — but it quiets remonstrance and disarms objectors as that does not. It tends to produce an attitude of reasonableness and expectancy in the mind of the reader, to dispel prejudice, to call forth the powers of deliberate and dispassionate judgment. The sermonic element is not found in it. The occasions when the writer assumes a warmer tone, when we cease to see in him only the scientific inquirer, and feel something of the personal quality of the religious man, do not spring from the discussions of doctrine, but from perception of ethical truth; and therefore, while they cannot satisfy the theologian, they make a new tie between the author and those who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are non-theological, and yet morally sensitive and responsive.

Besides this general excellence of quality, there are certain obvious features of the book which will call out wide and sincere appreciation. In the first place, by its title and its contents it bears substantial testimony to the relation between the Old Testament and the New Testament. A good deal of modern criticism and a good deal of modern Christianity have been superficial enough to minimize or deny this relation. The exhibition of it in its proper light is of the utmost importance, both historically and practically. The practical aspects of the matter we may leave to the sermon-makers, but as an historical study the New Testament is inexplicable without the Old. This is true especially from the standpoint of Biblical Theology, the branch of theological science to which Professor Toy's book particularly belongs. The German habit of assigning Old Testament theology to an Old Testament professor, and New Testament theology to a New Testament professor, has a certain formal justification, of course, and is a matter of practical convenience, but it has led to serious mistakes and infelicities. In a real sense, Christianity sprang out of Judaism, Christian doctrine out of Jewish doctrine, Christian morals out of Jewish morals; to ignore or deny this is to pervert history. Professor Toy does not ignore or deny it. He affirms it and makes much of it, and in so doing renders a great service to religious history. It has long been a favorite study of his. It underlies his book on Quotations in the New Testament, published in 1884. "The present volume was begun," he now says in his Preface, "as a continuation of my Quotations in the New Testament, with the purpose of giving an orderly view of the development of religious thought apparent in the way in which Old Testament passages are interpreted and used by New Testament writers." The maintenance of this close connection between the two Testaments is an element of power because it is an element of truth.

Another point is the avowed use of the method of Biblical Theology. Biblical Theology, in the technical sense, is nothing but the comprehensive use of historical interpretation in studying the teachings of the Bible. It seeks to know exactly what is expressed on any topic of religion, theology or morals, by the various speakers and writers, each in his own environment, to recognize their differences and their agreements, to construct out of the scattered materials a statement of the religious beliefs and practices of those whose words supply the materials; not by selecting some and ignoring others, and not by paring down some to harmonize with others, but by combining all into one progressively growing and diversified whole. It seems strange that this simple, scientific method should have been applied so tardily to the Bible. With all the benefits of the habit of regarding the Bible as essentially different from other books has come also the injury of depriving the Bible of the light and vivacity which it gains by subjection to the critical processes. Professor Toy has given us a discussion of the central doctrines of Scripture, derived from what avows itself as a simple induction and generalization. The temper in which it is conducted may be indicated by a few sentences from the Preface of the earlier book: "No honest student of the Bible can object to a careful and honest sifting of its words, and no believer in God can fear that such a procedure will do harm. In the following discussions I have spoken plainly, yet never, I hope, irreverently. My aim has been to state what I hold to be the exact truth. I ask from those to whom some of the views here presented may seem strange a careful examination of the grounds on which they are based. I believe that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ethical-religious power of the Bible will be increased by perfectly free, fair-minded dealing, and by a precise knowledge of what it does or does not say. As its friends, we ought not to wish anything else than that it should be judged strictly on its own merits; for to wish anything else is a confession of weakness. There is too much reason to suppose that the belief, which is so prevalent, in the mechanical infallibility of the Bible is seriously diminishing its legitimate influence over the minds and the lives of men." The spirit indicated here pervades the new volume also.

The Introduction is occupied with an account of the general principles of religious development as they have historically exhibited themselves. As a whole, it is clear, strong, and weighty. After a careful though brief discussion of various elements, the case is summarized in a section entitled The General Lines of Progress. These are named as the abandonment of local usages, the emphasizing of spiritual ideas, the choice of a central idea through the influence of some leader or leaders, and the conditions of the time, — all elements in the advance toward universality. The closing paragraph of this section is significant, and we quote it entire: —

"We are here, of course, employing the term 'universal' loosely to mean what is endowed with practically indefinite capacity of extension. We know of no religion which experience has shown to be really universal. No religion has yet been accepted by all nations; and we should hardly be warranted in going beyond the bounds of experience, and affirming that this or that religion has elements which must commend it to all peoples. It is indeed difficult to see why Christianity in its simplest New Testament form should not prove thus universally acceptable, though, on the other hand, it is impossible to say how far this simple faith, in order to commend itself, must be supported by a more elaborate system. And further, even when a religion is accepted in general by a nation, it may be rejected by a considerable circle. In the purest and highest historical religion there must remain something local and temporary; and the question to be decided by time will be how far it can dispense with this local part without losing its essential nature. The absolutely universal religion will be that which satisfies universal human needs, spiritual and intellectual; lacking nothing which is necessary for the practical guidance of human life, containing nothing which offends the most advanced thought, offering and claiming nothing which is not capable of universally acceptable demonstration." This will startle many, and radical enough it doubtless is. But it is only a new evidence of that which has been pressing itself home upon thoughtful religious men for a long time, — the fact that there is imperative need of an adjustment between the claims of an objective revelation and the self-respect of the human reason. If Christianity is to prevail, it must be through a recognition of its reasonableness, in the largest and truest sense of that term. It will not do for any religion that has universal aims to humiliate the universal and kingly endowment of man, by which alone the fundamental truths and facts of religion can be apprehended. The statement of the author is radical because it is needlessly hesitant as to the ability of Christianity to meet the demands of the fully enlightened reason, not because it gives utterance to those demands. The author himself seems less skeptical as to the future of Christianity in a later paragraph of this same Introduction, where, after considering the actual results of the historic religions, and declaring that, "as between the three great universal religions [Christianity, Buddhism, and Islam], there can be little doubt as to where the prospect of victory lies," he goes on to say: "Nor is it probable that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christianity, if it should be the sole survivor of the world's religious creeds, would retain its present form unmodified. It is more likely that it will from generation to generation feel the double influence of territorial expansion and inward development of thought. Having the whole world for its heritage, it will adapt itself to the world's needs; and standing always in close contact with the world's highest thought, it will throw off from time to time what it feels to be opposed to the purest ethical-religious conception of life, and retain only that which the best thought of the time demands." With this we can agree, though perhaps in a sense quite different from that which the author had in mind.

But this is all preliminary. The essential business of the volume begins with the chapter on the Hebrew Literature. This is only a hasty sketch; it does hardly more than state the general view of the author. In his critical position he belongs to the extreme left wing of the Reuss-Kuenen-Wellhausen school. Like most extreme positions, this one has the advantage and the disadvantage of a degree of simplicity which makes possible a brilliant defense, but imposes an enormous cost, in the ravages upon the historical statements of our only sources of information which are required by the necessities of its own maintenance. Yet no Biblical discussions of recent years have done more to promote a true understanding of the literary history of the Old Testament than those of this school, — not so much, as is sometimes vaunted in regard to the effect of the Tübingen school on New Testament studies, by making the conservative position more intelligent, but by compelling the recognition of facts which had been ignored, and the large modification of traditional opinions. The conservative opponents of the Reuss-Kuenen-Wellhausen theories have, for the most part, hindered the advance of truth. But it remains certain that the extreme form of these theories is suspicious because of its simplicity, and burdensome because of its costly sacrifice of historical accuracy in the documents which make its own historical basis. This is a fundamental weakness, which of course affects one's view of the growth of doctrines.

It is, however, to the study of the doctrines themselves that the main part of the book is devoted. They are traced from their earliest forms in the Old Testament literature to their latest forms in the New Testament. One regrets, it may be said in passing, that there is no presentation of the author's critical opinions about the New Testament literature to even the same extent as in regard to the Old. They must be gathered from the use of the different books in tracing the advance of doctrinal statement. It is fair to say that they are moderately radical, going decidedly beyond Weiss and Meyer (to whom the author refers in his Preface), and agreeing perhaps substantially with those of Pfleiderer, whose work (without trace of dependence) the one before us not infrequently suggests: that is, Colossians and Ephesians are sub-Pauline in date, yet largely Pauline in tone and type; Second Timothy is in the same category; the Gospel and Epistle of John fall in the early decades of the second century, etc., — opinions which to us, again, seem needlessly negative.

The material which Professor Toy has gathered from all this literature — and no one who has not made the attempt can appreciate the labor involved in the process — he groups under six main heads: The Doctrine of God, Subordinate Supernatural Beings, Man, Ethics, The Kingdom of God, and Eschatology; these are followed by the closing chapter, on The Relation of Jesus to Christianity. This brief statement makes it clear that the book is really, in design, a compendious exhibition of Biblical Theology.

It is manifestly impossible, without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prolonging this notice beyond all bounds, and transforming it into a discussion for specialists, to enter upon an examination of all these chapters. Only some general remarks are here in place.

The first is, that, with all allowance for his extreme critical positions, Professor Toy has made an impressive showing as to the actual growth, within the time covered by the Biblical writings, of the beliefs which have become the historic faith of Christendom. We can see them advancing and expanding, observe the conditions of their growth, and more nearly comprehend their primary significance. The effect is not merely to increase our intelligence, but also — like that of all historical study, only in an exceptional degree — to enlarge our sympathy and temper our judgment. Historical inquiries, and especially in the history of religious doctrine, do not tend to indifferentism, but they do tend to destroy narrowness and bigotry. We see how largely men have been under the influence of their age and circumstances; we become aware that we too are thus circumscribed; the possibilities of truth grow larger. The second is, that a large amount of generally received truth — particularly ethical truth — gains confirmation by the process. We find how deep its roots are struck, how persistent it is, and how, under the different forms of its exhibition, it has been gradually throwing off trammels, laying aside impediments, and assuming, in its freedom, a position of command. The third is, that much which has been thought essential in forms of truth as now held appears, in this historic light, to be merely accidental and temporary, — something without which the truth has subsisted in real vigor, and without which it may still live and prosper.

To offset all these advantages and the great general merits of the book dwelt on earlier, it is just, however, to remark what seem to be serious defects. These have to do not so much with the principles of investigation and interpretation which the writer avows as with the scope he gives them, the method of his use of them, and the actual results at which he arrives. The main ground of criticism under the first head is an excessive regard for the theory of development. This appears in his literary criticism to some degree, as already noticed. It appears when he applies the general laws derived from a study of the ethnic religions to the growth of Judaism and Christianity, and in the account of the genesis and growth of particular beliefs. Judaism and Christianity claim a difference between themselves and all other religions. If there is a God, and if, without denying his influence in all religions, it is agreed that certain religions stand in a peculiar connection with him; and if, again, the documentary sources of these religions claim that particular and extraordinary divine agency has worked in their production and advance, then either this claim, made in the fundamental historical sources, should be allowed due weight, or else scientific research is bound to explain its disregard of it. A scientific inquiry that selects some of the statements of its historical sources, and neglects others, without justifying the omission, is open to the charge of generalizing on the basis of partial instead of complete induction.

A closely allied defect is one of method, — that of subjective criticism. It is easy to transplant a doctrine which seems out of keeping with its doctrinal surroundings to a more congenial place and time, nor is this always objectionable. But the critic is here dealing with a very sensitive apparatus. A breath of his own may derange it, or make it register falsely. Professor Toy has undoubtedly made the most earnest and honest attempts to avoid purely subjective criticism. It is only to say that he is human to say that he has not always succeeded. For the broad sweep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and steady movement in a very large part of his doctrinal history we have nothing but warm recognition and hearty praise. It is at some crucial points that he takes positions which bear marks of being the offspring of theory, and in these we cannot think that the large common sense of men will sustain him.

It would be very instructive to examine with some closeness the positions with regard to Christian belief at which the author arrives; particularly to consider how far the facts actually justify the picture given us of the Relation of Jesus to Christianity. We must content ourselves with saying that many of these results appear to us much more vague and far less affirmative with reference to great religious issues than the data warrant. But it would be wrong to leave the subject without emphasizing the only sound method of controverting them. It cannot be done by platform declamations. The truth or falsity of scientific positions, whatever the branch of science, cannot be thoroughly tested except by scientific procedure. We trust that Professor Toy's book will stimulate many students, of like conscientiousness and courage, to work along the lines of Biblical Theology, — not for the purpose of confirming or refuting him, but for the purpose of discovering and exhibiting the full truth. That this will tend to the establishment of sound doctrine, the upbuilding of righteous character, and the enrichment of the life of men there can be no manner of doubt.

JAMES'S PSYCHOLOGY.[1]

THE saying of the Preacher, that to everything there is a season, is easily forgotten when the passions run high. In the time of weeping we feel that no time can really be fit for laughter, but that the very existence of laughter denotes a frivolity and hardness of heart over which we should weep; and in the time of hopeful and enthusiastic building up we feel that a time to break down what we have built has never a right to come. Something of this exclusive and imperious passion seems to belong also to the spirit of an age. Whatever this spirit may be, it tends to pervade everything, and no department of life escapes the influence and contagion of the interest of the hour. Even philosophy, which boasts to be eternal, and is reproached with being unprogressive, succumbs to the fashions; and of late she has made many attempts to dress at least parts of her person in the newest garments of science. Science is now so "easily queen," and has recently contributed so much to human enlightenment and comfort, that nothing could be more natural than such attempts. Especially in psychology is it legitimate to wish to be scientific, and to arrive at conclusions that shall be not merely speculative, but capable of verification and of compelling universal assent. For our minds are parts and products of nature as much as our bodies, and the thoughts and feelings that arise in us are never separated from those physical phenomena which sometimes we call their causes, and sometimes their manifestations. Our cogitations and passions, and still more those of our neighbors, ought, we feel, to be accounted

[1] *The Principles of Psychology.* By WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. American Science Series, Advanced Course. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for; and men's humors should be neither more nor less predictable than the weather. It is hard to believe that this nearest and most familiar province of nature, our own lives, should be impossible to survey and comprehend, when such remote and unimagined fields as those of chemistry and astronomy have been mapped out successfully. Nevertheless, in spite of the Germans, there is as yet no science of the mind. There are psychologies in plenty; but it must be confessed that each has its own method, and embodies a personal conception of what the facts of mind are and how they are to be studied. There is no body of doctrine, held by all competent persons, that can be set down in a book and called Psychology.

This fact, regrettable as it may be in itself, will persuade the judicious not to grieve that Professor James, while he has written fourteen hundred pages about psychology, has not produced a system of the human mind. His book does not pretend to cover the entire field, or to lay equal stress upon every portion of the subject. It deals with those points in which the author feels a personal interest, either on moral and philosophical grounds, or on account of recent experiments and controversies. It is essentially a collection of monographs, and in fact many of the chapters have already appeared in various reviews, in the form of articles. As a textbook the work is at once too incomplete and too voluminous, but as a book to be read and referred to it has every advantage; for by daring to be incomplete it avoids ever being dull and perfunctory, and by daring to be voluminous it succeeds in being exhaustive on several subjects. Indeed, nothing could be more instructive and interesting, or, considering the subtlety of the argument in some parts and the minuteness of the detail in others, so wonderfully clear and easy to read. The lively style no doubt contributes to this end. Professor James's manner is so homely and direct, so full of humorous and startling turns, that one seems to listen to an improvisation rather than to read set paragraphs written out in cold blood. But individuality is here more than a charm, more than a human warmth and personal flavor pervading the discussions; it is a safeguard against pretension and hollowness. Those who deal with the abstract and general, who think impersonally and along the lines of a universal system, are almost sure to ignore their own ignorance. They acquire what has been called the architectonic instinct; their conceptions of things are bound to be symmetrical and balanced, and to fit into one another with perfect precision. They fancy they overlook the world; they feel they comprehend every department of nature to which they have given a name. Their cold breath congeals the surface of truth into some system; and on that thin ice they glide merrily over all the chasms in their knowledge. But Professor James's simplicity and genuineness have saved him from this danger. He is eager for discovery, and conscious that too little is known for any final or comprehensive statements. The result is that in his book more than in many books of philosophy that which is known is set down, and the rest is omitted.

The general reader will probably be most interested in those chapters which have ethical and theological bearings, — the chapters on belief, on the theory of conscious automata, on the will, and on necessary truths. The last contains the author's theory of knowledge, and is the most interesting, perhaps, from the point of view of general philosophy. Necessary truths, like those of mathematics, he tells us, are not results of experience; they are expressions of certain ingrained habits of thought, habits which cannot be revised while human nature remains what it is. That the mind has such a structure and such inevitable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways of thinking is to be accounted for by natural causes, by spontaneous variation, and by selection. The innate and inherited character of these habits and intellectual instincts is no pledge of their infallibility. A mind, to be sure, cannot escape from its own ways of seeing things; these ways of seeing things are its own individuality and essence; but another mind need not have the same structure, and may react differently on the world. There is a front and a back door, as Professor James puts it, through which external influences may reach the mind. The back door is the organic structure of the body, the state of the brain, spontaneous variations in bodily functions, growth, disease, and decay. Our thoughts and feelings, our very necessary truths and primary interests, are dependent on these bodily conditions. To change them is one way of changing our conscious life. The other way is by affecting the senses; this is to enter the mind by the front door. We can properly attribute to experience only that element of consciousness which is furnished by the objects of sense; the rest, and the more important part, is due to the innate structure of the body. In the same spot, animals of different species live different lives and have a different experience. A cat and a dog living in the same house live in different worlds. The same objects surround them, but their interests, habits, and instincts are diverse. In this way we see that, while man is a product of nature, nature has endowed him with a structure, and with mental and practical predispositions; so that our reactions on the world, and even our conceptions of it, are due much more to the sort of brain we are born with than to the sort of objects among which we live.

Professor James tells us that, in all this, he removes himself from the company of the empiricists, and joins the ranks of the *a priori* philosophers. But we may be allowed to doubt that he will be welcomed by his new friends, or estranged from his old. Few people are now inclined to deny that we inherit a nervous system, and that the quality of our experience depends on what that system is. The cause of quarrel is not so much the origin of our necessary truths as their authority. When empirical thinkers say all knowledge comes from experience, they are not so much denying that there are innate conditions of experience — the organs of sense and the structure of the brain — as they are asserting that our natural axioms and presuppositions have the value of knowledge only by virtue of such application and confirmation as experience gives them. Our ideas may come spontaneously, but only the gradual test of experience can teach us whether they are fit and true. A luxuriant imagination is alike the source of great discoveries and of great illusions; the possibility or impossibility of verification alone can teach us which is which.

It is not from the side of naturalism or empiricism that Professor James need fear attack. All his battles are with a metaphysical psychology. The most striking characteristic of his book is, perhaps, the tendency everywhere to substitute a physiological for a mental explanation of the phenomena of mind. Psychical for him is only the result, the product, the total consciousness of the moment. The machinery by which this is produced and explained, the links by which it is connected with other conscious states, are entirely physical. He will have no mentality behind the mind. In the abstract such a conception is familiar enough. It is held by all the believers in automatism, and by all the more avowed materialists. For them, too, a mental state is the direct transcript of its physical conditions; former mental states have nothing to do with it directly. Stop the brain, knock me on the head, and all the momentum and interest of my conscious life are helpless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to produce any further consequence. My demonstrations stop, my memory fails, my will lets go its object, and all the effort and labor of my thought lead to nothing. A psychological derivation of any mental fact can, therefore, never describe its true cause. The psychological antecedents could not have produced the result had the physical connection been broken; while this constellation of atoms in the brain, however produced, is bound to give rise to this particular thought and feeling. But Professor James, to whose religious and metaphysical instincts materialism is otherwise so repulsive, has here outdone the materialists themselves. He has applied the principle of the total and immediate dependence of mind on matter to several fields in which we are still accustomed only to metaphysical or psychological hypotheses.

One of these fields is the well-known theory of the association of ideas. For this he substitutes the connection of processes in the brain, and denies that ideas have any existence in the interval between their first and later appearance in the mind, or that they are the same ideas at all when they recur. It has been a habit of philosophers to speak of the association, combination, and persistence of ideas. These expressions, if taken literally, imply that ideas are beings; that they move in and out of the mind like so many personages in a comedy. But where have they been meantime? It may be said they have been stored in the memory; but is the mind a sort of green-room, where ideas gather to await their recall before the footlights of consciousness? One may say so; it is not an unnatural figure of speech. But if we look to the facts rather than to words, we shall hardly believe that ideas exist after they fade from consciousness. Ideas are not substances that exist by themselves, and now and then allow us to look upon them. They are creatures of our thought, bubbles of our stream of life, momentary figures in our mental kaleidoscope. When we lose sight of them they no longer exist. Nothing that may follow them in the mind can really call them back, for they are dead; they cannot hear the prompter or mind their cues, for they are not there. The non-existent cannot be acted upon; it can feel no attraction.

Association is purely a physiological matter. In the brain currents may tend to flow in beaten paths and revive former excitements, because the modified brain actually persists, and retains impressions and predispositions to habitual action. The repetition of a brain process will of course make the idea recur which was first connected with it; but neither the process nor the idea it produces will be absolutely similar to the previous phenomenon; and just as the brain process is only an arbitrarily bounded portion of the total active brain, so the idea will be but an arbitrarily bounded portion of the total consciousness of the moment. In fact, Professor James's conception may, perhaps, be best expressed by saying that the human mind is a series of single sensations, each of which has the whole brain for its cause and the whole world for its object.

A further illustration of this may be found in his striking theory of the emotions. These, according to him, are sensations caused by that motion of the body which we commonly call their expression. Fear is the sensation of trembling, anger the sensation of set teeth and clenched fists, joy the sensation of a bounding heart and expanded bosom. Extraordinary as this reversal of common conceptions may seem, it is really involved in the physiological principles we have been dwelling upon. The thought or perception which, as we say, arouses a passion can do so only indirectly, — only because the physical condition that involves the thought leads to the physical condition that involves the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passion. So much will hardly be denied by the unprejudiced; and if this concession does not amount to saying, with Professor James, that we do not tremble because we are afraid, but are afraid because we tremble, it amounts at least to this: fear is produced by a state of the brain by which trembling is generally caused also.

The question between Professor James and other modern psychologists is not, then, one of principle; it can only be one of detail. Professor James thinks that the cerebral condition that produces violent passion involves the excitement of the sensory centres; unless we feel the agitation of the body we cannot be greatly stirred by emotion. Others might say that the excitement of ideational centres would suffice. Unquestionably, the more vehement the passion, the more intense the cerebral excitement; and any great excitement in the brain can hardly fail to modify the whole attitude and expression of the man. It would be hard indeed, in such a case, to prove how much of the total consciousness is due to the rush of images in the fancy, and how much to the sense of strain in the body. The two factors commonly come together, and it would be necessary to isolate them to discover what is contributed by each. The hypothesis that all the emotional element comes from below the brain, and that the internal excitement of that organ would produce merely cold and intellectual perception, has certainly the charm of clearness and the merit of originality. It is so simple and luminous that one cannot help wishing it may be true. At the same time, what shall assure us that it does not abstract too much, or that the most limpid of the images of our fancy could ever have the tincture of emotion quite washed out of it?

These doctrines are perhaps the most distinctive and radical advanced by Professor James, — those that make his book a real contribution to psychology, and undoubtedly the most important that has yet been made in America. But to mention them alone would convey a false impression of the tone and temper of the author, and of his general attitude in philosophy. His treatment of every subject is not equally radical and incisive; where his sympathies are engaged the edge of his criticism is blunted. One has but to turn from the discussion of space perception, for instance, to that of free will, automatism, or the nature of the soul, to mark the change. In regard to these matters Professor James is cautious, puzzled, and apologetic; and in making his final decision he is avowedly guided by his æsthetic and moral bias. Such procedure is not unphilosophic for one who believes, with Lotze, that our moral and emotional instincts are the best guides to ultimate truth. Of course the skeptic will smile at such convictions, and murmur something about mysticism and superstition; and to hold such a faith and build upon it does, possibly, mar the unity and weaken the force of a treatise like this, the method of which is generally objective and experimental. But it would be pedantry to regret the loss of logical unity in a book so rich and living, in which a generous nature breaks out at every point, and the perennial problems of the human mind are discussed so modestly, so solidly, with such a deep and pathetic sincerity. Many, no doubt, will begin these two thick volumes with a shudder at the labor in store; but those who persevere will read them with increasing interest and pleasure, and no one who can draw from them the instruction and inspiration they contain will close them without gratitude.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERRY'S HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.[1]

OUR stock of positive knowledge in regard to Greek literature may never be much greater than it is now Neither a renewed search among the dust-covered and decaying libraries of the Greek monasteries, nor the skillful erasure of Christian palimpsests, nor even the recovery of the precious papyri from the tombs of Egypt, can be expected to restore to us more than tantalizing fragments of lost master works.[2] Even the signal triumphs of the spade in our own day have rarely cast more than an instructive side light upon the literary monuments of antiquity. And yet, though Hellenism changes not, and comes little nearer to us, we ourselves live on, and change, and learn. Hence each generation will desire to define afresh its attitude toward these Immortals. A new history of Greek literature, then, even though it come with no harvest of results from learned original research, has an undoubted claim upon the attention of intelligent men and women.

A veteran critic, a remarkably wide and industrious reader, above all an unwavering advocate of the development theory as applied to the fine arts, Mr. Perry here offers us a sustained essay in literary criticism, along the lines consistently followed by his school. We are forbidden hereafter to enter an angry complaint against any one — even against that patient old scapegoat Euripides — for not being other than he was. Not only does the environment make the artist, but the period of decline and decay follows as normally and inevitably on the heels of complete development as old age presses close upon the maturity of the individual man! We used to be thankful for genius, as a fresh miracle of creation; but that is an outworn and childish feeling, which our historian relegates to the lumber-room, many a time and oft, and with unwearied emphasis. Such a work, on such a subject, may well have a sufficient and consistent character, even though upon its material side it be avowedly little more than a compilation.

It is evident that a diligent and intelligent use has been made of good ancient and modern authorities. It is equally clear, however, that the most recent results of archæological studies and research have not been adequately utilized. Hence the work of Mr. Perry is at its best in those fields where our knowledge is definitely limited and already summarized by others. In particular, the chapters on the early lyric poets and the Anthology will be read with unalloyed pleasure. On the other hand, the detailed description of a Greek theatre, with its stage "forming the diameter of the semicircular orchestra;" the "curtain rolled down instead of up," etc.; above all, the illustration of the Athenian theatre "restored from recent excavations," — these things will certainly horrify the sturdy young graduates of our school at Athens.

This picture of the restored Dionysiac theatre is, we suppose, borrowed from the popular German work mentioned in the Preface. The few other modern pictures in the volume are, as a rule, unsatisfactory; especially so is the ro

[1] *A History of Greek Literature.* By THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1890.

[2] Hardly had these words been put into type when the news of a great discovery in the British Museum came to illustrate anew the perilous nature of general negations. totle's much-lamented treatise on the nian constitution has been found, almost among papyrus rolls purchased some ti in Egypt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing after Preller's beautiful painting of Odysseus and Nausicaa. On the other hand, the ancient monuments represented are well chosen and generally well copied. In only one case have we noted, in the text itself, an allusion to any of the illustrations, and it is often amusing to discover the reason for their insertion just where they are. A mention of Delphi brings out a picture of Delos. A poet tells us we must not talk at dinner about the wars of giants or Titans, and, like a death's-head at the banquet of the ancients, a sarcophagus adorned with a spirited battle scene emphasizes the admonition, just across the page!

We think the author, or the publishers, should have made due acknowledgment to the modern works from which these illustrations are nearly all copied. Baumeister's Monuments of Antiquity has probably been laid under the heaviest contribution. In general, the most surprising feature of the book is its absolute silence regarding almost all the others which have made its existence possible. This extends even to the translators most largely quoted. Thus, after a brief discussion of Chapman's famous version of Homer, Pope and Cowper are also casually mentioned, and they alone. And yet, soon afterward, a series of selections in Worsley's Spenserian stanzas begins, and occupies in all about forty pages. A brief discussion of the metrical question, or at least a remark that these are not hexameters, would have been helpful to an ignorant reader. But the entire suppression of Worsley's name is inexplicable. It never seems to occur to Mr. Perry that, in such a book as his, the choice extracts are valuable chiefly so far as they beguile us into seeking elsewhere the complete works from which they are taken. We think a popular history of Greek literature should also remark frankly upon the extreme poverty of really satisfactory modern versions. The number of English translations combining permanent literary value with scholarly accuracy is surprisingly small. The passages quoted by Mr. Perry will, upon the whole, bring this consciousness home to a critical reader, but some of the most striking gaps, at any rate, should have been pointed out. Thus, for most of Euripides we are dependent on a translation nearly a century old, which is extremely deficient in both accuracy and simplicity. Here the brief Preface arouses our interest by promising some of Louis Dyer's scholarly versions, which are as yet unpublished. It is, however, impossible to divine which of the passages cited are from Professor Dyer's hand. Even under the Medea, one or two quotations are credited to J. A. Symonds, and the rest are anonymous, as usual.

Such objections as we have here raised are apparently forestalled in the prefatory remark, that "the 'general reader' does not care for, and the scholar does not need, the frequent footnote, in a book of this sort." The obvious and truthful reply is, that certainly most of Mr. Perry's audience — we might indeed safely say all his real readers — belong to an intermediate class. The "scholar" who carries all the facts about Hellenic antiquity in his wise head belongs to an extinct — nay, let us be truthful, to an imaginary race. On the other hand, all of us who seriously undertake the perusal of this stately volume of nine hundred pages are willing and desirous to be instructed. Works like the Iliad and Odyssey of Andrew Lang and his associates, Rawlinson's Herodotus, Jowett's Thucydides and Plato, Plumptre's Æschylus and Sophocles, are surely a creditable beginning, after all, for an English classical library. Though we may never have mastered the Greek alphabet, we can, none the less, realize the importance of studying Greek literature, life, religion, history, at first hand, in the complete works of the ancient au-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thors. An historian of Greek literature is the very man who should, most of all, impress this lesson upon us.

It is far from our intention to speak in a querulous or disrespectful tone of this earnest, sustained, and, on the whole, creditable performance. But we regard it as the imperative duty of the critic, especially where much is given, to formulate as high and importunate a claim as he may for more, — for all that lies within the author's scope and power.

There is one direction in particular in which our author seems already to have gained much, but he might profit still more, from prolonged and intimate communion with the most gifted sons of Hellas. The claim has sometimes been made, in behalf of classical studies, that they are indispensable to a really good English style. This claim we regard as untenable and utterly injudicious. We even frankly prefer the prose of Bunyan to that of Milton. Yet, surely, it is true that he who sets forth for our admiration the strength, the simplicity and rapidity of Homer, the unadorned grace and charm of Lysias, the resistless and fiery directness of Demosthenes, is doubly bound to be himself at all times simple, direct, and dignified. Some of us may remember a recent Slavic attack on the confused and excessive use of metaphor by nearly all English writers. Even Panin seems to us almost justified by such sentences as this (page 121) : "The astounding brilliancy of the Greeks is here, as it were, in the bud, and we find it fascinated by the spectacle of the world in its newness, before literature had left its trail of association over the whole face of nature." Perhaps the critical historian may take refuge behind his favorite doctrine, that none of us is individually responsible for anything, least of all for his style! Yet we must at any rate train ourselves to say the thing we mean. Now on page 3 we are told: "The early home of the Aryans was long held to be the high plateau, north of the Himalayas, in central Asia; but of late this hypothesis has been much shaken, and it has been held with plausibility that the once heretical notion that it had its home in Europe has some interesting arguments in its favor." But in truth, as Mr. Perry well knows, no one has ever questioned that "this hypothesis" had, and still has, its abode in Europe. These are not fair specimen sentences, as we have already intimated; but they are real blemishes.

Of misprints this handsome volume contains but few. Libation Poems (for Pourers) as the title of Æschylus' play (page 275) is easily the worst. On page 3 Taine is made to praise the "weird types" of the Greeks. Whether this rather uncanny expression is really to be credited to the French or the American critic, or rather to those other "weird types" which at one time or another bring us modern scribblers all to horror and despair, we have been unable to decide.

Upon the whole, those who are guiding the work of serious students in ancient literature, whether in the original languages or through translations, cannot safely commit them to this volume as to an unquestioned and wholly satisfactory guide; yet both master and disciples will find it at times a helpful and instructive companion. It is avowedly offered, however, to "those who have no direct knowledge of the subject." If our author reaches any such unfortunate class, we are sure they will receive much profit and no harm.

We heartily agree with Mr. Perry that "in all history there is no such subject" as this glorious and inspiring one, — the creative and artistic achievements of the Greek intellect. It is a curious fact that the field has never been adequately covered by any one. The two greatest Germans who had attempted the task, Otfried Müller and Bergk, both died before completing it. The time is, we trust, at hand when our own classical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholars will have the equipment and the courage for a great constructive undertaking of this character. Indeed, we believe there is one man among us already of whom such a work may be rightfully expected, and who could accomplish it in such a manner as to command the attention and gratitude of Hellenists everywhere. But that is another story.

GENERAL CULLUM'S WEST POINT REGISTER.[1]

THERE are some desired literary works, in the departments of science, history, and biography, that have failed of being prepared and published because of the lack of a writer combining the essential qualifications of an absorbing interest in the subject, the knowledge and intelligence to do full justice to it, the public and professional spirit to carry him through a laborious task, and the pecuniary means for bringing his work to a result. Some of these works, chiefly those relating to science, may well be, and have been, assumed, conducted, and made the basis of publications under the patronage of government. At first thought it might seem as if a work like that in our hands, a Register of the Officers and Graduates of a great and important training institution established by the government of the United States, should look to that able and sometimes generous dispenser of patronage for abundant aid from its treasury. But, for a reason which we shall point out presently, it might have been that the submitting of this elaborate work to the approval of Congress for preparation and publication would provoke some contention. It was none the less a work to be done, and as, for its able and faithful performance, it needed all the exacting qualifications we have mentioned, it is probable that it would have failed of achievement had it not been undertaken and completed by the distinguished man who has so generously given himself to the task.

General Cullum, who retains his vigor of body and all his intellectual powers after completing his fourscore years, gives us here the third edition of a work the first edition of which appeared twenty-three years ago. Through the whole interval he has been extending and perfecting it. It is probable that he is the only living person competent and disposed to have done this special service for his countrymen. Himself a graduate of West Point nearly sixty years ago, an officer in one of its departments, for a time its superintendent, and ever since, until his retirement, in intimate relations with it and with a long succession of its pupils and officers, he is also a thoroughly read scholar, a man of wide culture, and of observation and experience obtained by extended and frequent travel abroad. His three substantial volumes contain a register of the names of 3384 graduates of the Academy. These are designated by numbers prefixed to their names in the order of their cadetship. The ingenuities of typography are availed of to facilitate the arrangement of the matter

[1] *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., from its Establishment in* 1802 *to* 1890. With the Early History of the United States Military Academy. By Bvt. Maj.-Gen. GEORGE W. CULLUM, Colonel of Engineers, U. S. Army, Retired. Third Edition. Revised and Extended. In three volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the easy information of the reader and for consultation. It would be impossible to make an approach to an estimate of the industry, the patience, the extent and difficulty of research where records are missing or imperfect, and, above all, of the correspondence by thousands of letters in wide and distant directions, in order to obtain information, verification, or correction, as they have been spent upon these volumes. The method is, to give in order the name and number of each graduate, and then his military history, grade and form of service, advances in rank and honors, till his death; and if he left the service for civil life, his occupations and employments. In the cases of such graduates as left the service, and after civil employment returned to it, as during the civil war, the military history is resumed. These are written in a concise and simple way, with none of the materials common to memorial tributes, such as estimates of character, criticisms, eulogies, or private and domestic details. With due fullness, yet with modesty, the author's own professional record is given. He is in the first thousand, his number 709. Graduating in 1833, his place being in the engineer corps, his first service was in the construction of Fort Adams, in Newport harbor. Then follows a long succession of services: on docks and piers, dykes and sea walls; fortifications in Boston harbor; recruiting engineer service; directing of sappers, miners, and pontoon bridges in the Mexican war; engineering work and instruction and treasuryship and superintendency at West Point; Fort Sumter and other defenses in Charleston harbor; as aid-de-camp on the staff of General Scott and of Major-General Halleck; of many other services in the civil war, and again in Boston harbor. His honors for meritorious services are noted, and his retirement at the point of age in 1874. Absences for the sake of recuperating health were improved by the general for travel, for scientific, literary, and historical purposes, the fruits of which appear in scholarly and interesting publications by the author. Several of the biographical sketches are extended by the simple relation of the honorable careers, the heroism, and the renowned achievements of the subjects of them. It is to be remembered that these severely drilled and trained pupils of the nation have not only been fighters in the field, but have done hard and needful work on forts, harbors, surveys, coast defenses, and as engineers, explorers, and pioneers.

We have hinted at the possibility that if Congress had been asked — as it well might have been — to provide for the preparation and publication of this monumental work, the record of the services and honors of its own trained *élèves*, there might have been contention on the discussion of the question. We must explain this hint by referring, after a preliminary remark, to one feature in General Cullum's method in his work.

It is well known that during our civil war, as some of its graduates, under oath to the nation and its flag as its own favored pupils, joined in the war against the Union, there were bitter reproaches cast upon the Academy as "the nursery of treason." General Cullum sets himself cogently, but temperately, to meet this offensive charge. He first reminds us that not only sworn military officers reared by the nation, but in proportion many more in civil places of trust and honor, and with more power of insinuating mischief and disloyalty, gave their countenance and aid to the work of disruption. More than one of our ex-Presidents was in sympathy with, and gave efficient aid to, the secessionists. Members of the cabinet, foreign ministers, judges, Senators, and Representatives were openly and antagonistically disloyal, or obstructionists, partisans, time-servers, and in many ways worse than mere neutrals or waiters on circumstance. And what were the facts as to the West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Point officers? With all the artful and earnest appeals and all the blandishments brought to bear on them to induce them to turn against their country, fully one half of the Southern officers, in number one hundred and sixty-two, remained loyal to it, while sixteen Northern officers became disloyal. One fifth of the graduate officers in the Northern army were killed, and half of them were wounded. This showing does not warrant the opprobrious epithet attached to the Academy.

We are familiar with the point of honor and etiquette on which those men, politicians, officers in army and navy and in the ranks, who joined in hostilities against the government insist that their action was not to be stigmatized as rebellion, but simply as secession, their States having the same right and freedom to withdraw from the Union they had to enter it. But something more than a matter of honor or etiquette, namely a simple question of right, is involved. Of course no government can make an organic provision for its disruption and destruction. It is enough for it to provide for the disposal of grievances or conflicts under it. Of such a resource the Southern discontents did not avail themselves. They began by insulting and assailing the nation's flag, to which they had sworn allegiance, by bombarding its forts and plundering its public property. So General Cullum, after faithfully following all the national services, and stating all the honors won by such graduates as afterwards turned against their country, curtly closes the record with the words, "Joined in the Rebellion against the United States," and then is done with them. Some of those thus designated write to him their complaints. They think he should continue the honors and services that might be attached to their names from the fields of hostility against their own government. General Cullum replies to the aggrieved that the term *Rebellion* is not of his invention for this purpose. He found it used in legal papers, and in the acts of various departments of government, to designate the form of hostility and warfare against it. Now, it was conceivable and possible that if a proposition had been made to Congress to assume the publication of this noble record of the graduates of its own honored Military Academy, some partisans of offended parties might espouse their grievances. Therefore the author takes the full responsibility. He submits his faithful labor to his associate loyal men. It would not be strange if some of the "secessionists" obtained and consulted it "on the sly."

General Cullum adds to his third volume a valuable historical paper which might well have served as an introduction to his work. This is a summary, covering two hundred pages, of the early history of the Academy. As one of the most intelligent and accomplished of the officers who had been trained in it for high service in scientific work, he naturally was moved to engage an interest in the origin, early fortunes, development, and successive administrators of the institution. He says that on his retirement from active service he sought to make a study of the subject by inquiry and research. At once he discovered what an amount of labor would be required, and the especial embarrassments and difficulties involved in it. The records were scanty and imperfect, some wholly lacking, and many had perished. His ingenuity, toil, and patience helped him largely to meet his needs in gaining information. The narrative which he has been able to work out is most instructive and animated, as he has traced through its early struggles in origin, and dubious fortunes with ill advisers, obstructionists, and hostile agents, the growth of a noble Academy which has given to the nation some twenty-five hundred educated officers. He says it was most fortunate in its first superin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tendent, Major-General Williams, eminent in his own military service previously, accomplished and gifted, and having in his veins the blood of the stock of Benjamin Franklin. Not so fortunate was the institution in the hands of his successor, Dr. William Eustis, who, as Secretary of War, might have been a wise and favoring administrator, but who harmed rather than advanced its interests. General Cullum's highest esteem and homage go to Major Sylvanus Thayer, who, in the sixteen years of his superintendency, by his high personal and official qualities won the respectful and fond title of the "Father" of the Academy. General Cullum paid him a noble tribute in his memorial eulogy on the inauguration of his statue on the grounds. The day of small things in the institution, economical and stingy, with rude furnishings and accommodations, with experimental discipline and slender accomplishments, is presented in details which will amuse the reader with suggestions of a Dotheboys Hall. The author himself has done more than any other of the alumni to bring it before the nation as one of its foster children of which it need not be ashamed.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Biography. Gustavus Adolphus, and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence, by C. R. L. Fletcher. (Putnams.) Mr. Fletcher had a capital subject, and he has treated it with a good sense of its general relations. In his modest preface he disclaims any pretense at original research. As he points out, the Thirty Years' War affected Europe so widely that no one can be sure the archives of any state may not suddenly disclose documents which would lead to a new reading of character and events. The real merit of his work lies in his interesting study of the movements which Gustavus led, and in the clear manner of his stating those large subjects which remain to concern us when the good knights are in the dust. — A Sketch of Chester Harding, Artist, by his own hand; edited by his daughter, Margaret E. White. (Houghton.) Such a career as Mr. Harding had would seem to be impossible now, and it is a most singular commentary on the ingenuous nature of American life two generations ago, and the relation which it had to England. The self-education of this artist was a striking testimony to the native virility of American genius. We have become more sophisticated, and it is doubtful if our present-day portrait painters could write with the simplicity which characterizes Mr. Harding's autobiographic sketch. It was well worth preserving. — Four Frenchwomen, by Austin Dobson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The four are Mademoiselle de Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis. Mr. Dobson is always interesting, but these essays show rather the easy use of familiar material than either great insight or full scholarship. What a singular sentence, by the way, this is for a master of English prose! "The other [portrait] painted by Hauer in her cell, and wearing originally the red shirt of the murderess." — Lord Beaconsfield, by J. A. Froude. (Harpers.) This volume is one of a series devoted to Queen Victoria's prime ministers; and if it contained only Beaconsfield and Palmerston the series would in a measure be complete, for it is as prime ministers that both men will be remembered. A more artificial man than Disraeli it would be hard to find in public life, but the artifice was exceedingly clever. He was the product of politics as a game, and the result is a fairly good measure of the worth of politics. His statesmanship was bounded by parliamentary rules, and even his literary productions are little more than the projection into an ideal sphere of an order of society composed of diminishing rows of satellites of the Crown. Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Froude has found a subject to his mind in this epigram of English politics. — Désirée, Queen of Sweden and Norway, translated from the French of Baron Hochschild by Mrs. M. Carey. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Désirée Clary, at the early age of fourteen, was the choice of Napoleon for wife; but the engagement, if the attachment could so be termed, was broken off by Napoleon's marriage to Josephine Beauharnais, and Désirée afterward married Bernadotte. The sketch is a slight one, and has little value for any except those who are attracted by crowns and courts without much regard to what is under the crown. — Savonarola, his Life and Times, by William Clark. (McClurg.) A revision, apparently, of a previous work by the author. The book is written with moderation and with an impartial spirit, though the writer is clearly in sympathy with the great martyr. He makes good use of Villari and other historians, but has the advantage over them, for American readers, that he is not only interested in the subject, but he is aware of the kind of interest which his readers will feel. — The Life of an Artist, an Autobiography, by Jules Breton; translated by Mary J. Serrano. (Appletons.) We reviewed this book at length upon its appearance in France, and are glad that it is to be had in English dress, for it is a delightful addition to autobiographic literature. Breton's enthusiasms at once win the reader. — The number of the Asclepiad for the Fourth Quarter of 1890 (Longmans) contains a long and interesting account of Benjamin Bell and his services in systematic surgery, by B. W. Richardson, who has a singularly vital touch in all that he undertakes. — In the series of American Religious Leaders (Houghton), Dr. James O. Murray treats of Dr. Francis Wayland, who, though a Baptist by conviction, cannot be shut up within the bounds of any denomination, however large; for the habit of his thinking was continental, and not parochial. Nothing impresses one more, in reading this sympathetic study, than the ease of Dr. Wayland's largeness. His nature led him into fields of thought and action where a small man shows his smallness and a large man his largeness; and the simplicity with which this moralist and teacher made for the central thing in all the subjects he attacked is attested by the generosity of the results which he reached. — An Address Commemorative of Richard Henry Mather, professor of Greek in Amherst College, by Professor Henry Allyn Frink. An interesting and affectionate analysis of a man who had wide interests, and was indeed a pioneer in a direction which is common enough now in our colleges, but was not at all common when Dr. Mather conceived the notion of enriching college life by collecting casts of Greek sculpture. The generosity of his nature will not soon be forgotten by those who knew him.

Books for the Young. Thine, not Mine, a Sequel to Changing Base, by William Everett. (Roberts.) A capital book for boys and girls; capital because its manly lesson of unselfishness is presented frankly, but not priggishly, and because the type of family life set forth is sterling New England. The author constantly interjects also telling little shots at the weaknesses of boys and girls, which will be felt by them and appreciated by their elders. — A Lost Jewel, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Lee & Shepard.) A bright little story, in which a slight improbability is made the basis of some adventure, but of more lively, playful crisscrossing of a family of children with a well-drawn grandmother. It is not always that we find Mrs. Spofford so natural and simple as she is in this book. — Freedom Triumphant, the Fourth Period of the War of the Rebellion, from September, 1864, to its Close, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) The opening of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley is the starting-point of the narrative, and once in motion the author keeps on in his hearty, sometimes headlong fashion to the end of his story. He mingles personal experience with historic incident, and thus personally conducts the reader. He has a commendable way of placing at the close of each chapter a list of the authorities to which he has referred. If Mr. Coffin's style is both journalistic and highly accented, one only wonders that he can keep his pace so well as he does. — Through Magic Glasses, a Sequel to The Fairyland of Science, by Arabella B. Buckley. (Appleton.) The glasses are the lenses which make the telescope and microscope; the spectroscope, also, and the photo-camera, with their wonderful disclosures, are brought into use. The reader need not fear any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fantastic apparatus of fairy or spectre. The book is simply a clear, animated, and most attractive introduction to the study both of astronomy and of the lower forms of life. — The Silver Caves, a Mining Story, by Ernest Ingersoll. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of adventure, with no end of frontier excitement, and of course a stunning success at the end. We make haste to get upon another book, for we begin to find our English getting careless. — The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Games and Sports, by John D. Champlin, Jr., and Arthur E. Bostwick. (Holt.) Eight hundred double-columned pages, full of descriptive illustrations, and so brought to date that the noble game of Tiddledy Winks has more than a column. We object seriously to one of the rules: "A player may not intentionally cover any of his opponent's counters." Why, the snap is taken out of the game when one can cover accidentally only. There is not much waste of space in giving the antiquities and curiosities and derivations of games. Let scholars and quibblers find the origin of cat's-cradle; it is enough for our Cyclopædia that it gives intelligible illustrations of the successive movements. We are rather surprised that under Riding it is boys only who are considered. Girls need more instruction. — Under Orders, the Story of a Young Reporter, by Kirk Munroe. (Putnams.) Mr. Munroe's reporter has this advantage over some in real life, that his destiny is arranged for in advance, and is sure to be a fortunate one; but then he was gifted with pluck, and the snobbishness with which he set out in active life was only skin-deep. The story lets the reader into the language of the reporter's business, and is no more misleading than is any narrative of active life wherein the writer selects character and circumstance; but we suspect that the young collegian who takes it for his guidebook will exhaust its capacity for instruction or inspiration pretty rapidly. — In the Cheering-Up Business, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) Mrs. Lee's story has the same qualities which made her former book, A Quaker Girl of Nantucket, so agreeable, — brightness, sympathy with young life, buoyancy, and a playful humor which is well under control. Her stories are both of them a trifle far-fetched in plot, but is not this very unusualness of incident a characteristic in keeping with the qualities we have named? That is, since she looks into life with so much freshness of interest, is it not natural that she should concern herself to discover her characters in a certain waywardness of movement? At any rate, whether one criticises her plot or not, one is very sure to be taken captive by her irrepressible good humor. — Captains of Industry, Second Series, by James Parton. (Houghton.) Twoscore brief biographies of men and a few women, almost all Americans, who have attracted Mr. Parton's attention by some special fitness for improving the world. It is interesting to see how varied are the occupations, how diverse the conditions, of life. The group has an added interest as illustrating the democratic character of American society, and the freedom with which individual worth has asserted itself, not in self-aggrandizement, but in impact upon the body politic. The book ought to set young Americans thinking.

Education and Scholarship. The Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States, by Florian Cajori, is one of the recent Circulars of Information issued by the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington), and far more interesting than documents of the same class have been heretofore. It is a little singular that a subject which one would suppose much more limited in its humanity than classics or history should have given rise to a report full of juice and richness. The personal reminiscences of Sylvester alone have a singular attraction, but the writer has derived from the history of the teaching of mathematics in this country a fund of interesting material. *O si sic omnes* who compile reports for the Bureau of Education! — Maroussia, a Maid of Ukraine, from the French of P. J. Stahl by Cornelia W. Cyr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of devotion and heroism such as flowers out of Russian despotism. The end is sorrowful enough, but the sacrifice which it records is the fit end of a most beautiful and significant life. Such a story of patriotic martyrdom is like a trumpet call. — Laurette, ou le Cachet Rouge, by Alfred de Vigny; edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Alcée Fortier (Heath), is one of Heath's Modern Language Series. A pathetic little story, with just enough manner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about it to make the reader feel that he is reading, not a bit out of real life, but a well-conceived piece of literature. The notes are full and serviceable. — Education and the Higher Life, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. (McClurg.) Although this book has eight chapters, the style in which it is couched intimates that the chapters were first lectures. It is a book largely of generalities, with which one can find little fault ; but now and then one strikes a passage which seems to cover a thought not wholly expressed. "What a sad book," exclaims the bishop, "is not that recently issued from the press, on the poets of America! It is the chapter on snakes in Ireland which we have all read, — there are none. And are not our literary men whom it is possible to admire and love either dead or old enough to die?" This is literary cant. Again, in his final chapter the bishop dwells with admiration upon the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in America. "It counts its members here by millions," he says, "while a hundred years ago it counted them by thousands." Yet how much of this growth is due to the expansion of the church over new territory, and how much to its reception of vast hordes of its members from Europe! He has, however, an interesting passage on the freedom of the church from state connection. — Landmarks of Homeric Study, together with an Essay on the Points of Contact between the Assyrian Tablets and the Homeric Text, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (Macmillan.) Mr. Gladstone thinks that Achaian nationality supplies the motive of the Iliad; but if a poet is to be trusted when he tells his own intention, Homer seems to have had something to say on this point in the first paragraph of this great poem. The little volume is interesting not only for its somewhat desultory treatment of several large subjects, but incidentally for its illustration of the author's mind, which is marked by multifariousness rather than by critical insight. — Indications of the First Book of Moses, called Genesis, by Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) The sign-posts which Mr. Latch reads in Genesis may point the road, but the road, so far as the ordinary reader can see, leads into the jungle of apocalyptic dreams. — A Shorter History of the United States for Schools ; with an Introductory History of the Discovery and English Colonization of North America. With Maps, Plans, and References to Supplementary Reading. By Alexander Johnston. (Holt.) This book is not designed for younger readers than those for whom Johnston's larger school history was written, but is an attempt at a more compact presentation of the subject on much the same lines. It is, a hasty survey leads us to believe, fresher and better than the same author's former book, chiefly because it selects the salient points with better judgment. It has no pictures, not even portraits, which we think add to the worth of such a book ; but it has a great many useful maps, and its references to further reading are admirable. — An Elementary Latin Dictionary, by Charlton T. Lewis. (Harpers.) A most desirable book, since it may well lead teachers to discourage the use of vocabularies at the end of textbooks. The large dictionary prepared by Dr. Lewis is inconveniently large for the use of young students, but this volume, condensed, yet clear in typography and with good discrimination of letter, will tempt the one who uses it into a fuller and more comparative knowledge of words than he will ever get by the help of vocabularies. The vocabularies are conveniences, but they are only such ; they fail to render the important service which such a dictionary as this offers ; for in ancient languages, as in our own tongue, words are living members, and even casual study will set the student to thinking, whereas the vocabularies suggest only that words are part of a puzzle. — The Bible Abridged ; being Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, forming a reasonably Complete Outline of the Important Events of Sacred History in their Proper Sequence, and in the Closest Connection practicable. For Families and Schools. Arranged by the Rev. David Greene Haskins. (Heath.) The selections are taken from the King James version, so called, and in the lessons from the Gospels the editor has made practically a harmony. Naturally, the narrative portions of the Bible are most freely drawn from, but there are a few selections from the prophets and from the apostolic Epistles, and a judicious use has been made of the Psalms and book of Proverbs. The book will be found a convenience by those who desire to use the old English Bi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble in school exercises, and have not the patience or judgment to make their own selections. — The University of Pennsylvania is doing a good service by entering the field of Philology, Literature, and Archæology with a series of monographs. The triple connection is not unphilosophical, and intimates, we suspect, that the strength of the series will lie, not on the æsthetic, but on the scientific side of literature. Two numbers have appeared: Poetic and Verse Criticism of the Reign of Elizabeth, by Felix E. Schelling, in which the sketch of the critics of that time of creation suggests many considerations for a student of to-day; and A Fragment of the Babylonian "Dibarra" Epic, by Morris Jastrow, which contains the odds and ends of a piece of verse painfully put together, and serving rather to elucidate history than poetic art. (Hodges.)

Literature. Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor, by R. D. Blackmore, with a preface written by the author for this edition; in three volumes. (Putnams.) An exceedingly pretty edition of this unusual piece of fiction. The type is clear, the page well proportioned, the paper good, and the binding agreeably simple. The story is so leisurely in its flow, it lingers so over the charm of Devon nature, that it is entirely fit that it should be read in this liberal form. One may find Sir John Ridd a trifle affected at times, and may question also a little the art of a book when the story-teller, who knows the end from the beginning, narrates it as if he did not know; but Lorna Doone is a book *sui generis*, and evidently the work of love of a writer who is too careless and whimsical ever to justify fully the hopes he raises. — In the Footprints of Charles Lamb, by Benjamin Ellis Martin; illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove; with a Bibliography by E. D. North. (Scribners.) Of all the subjects which have been taken for the pious pilgrimage of loving readers, this is the fittest, because the personal element is sweetest and most exclusive. To follow Dickens and Thackeray is to keep company with the shadows of these authors as projected in their characters; to follow Lamb is to keep close to a person whose few inventions were thinly disguised images of himself and family, and who suffused all the critical and playful work which he did with the warmth of his own nature. Dr. Martin has written affectionately, and with a nice use of the tidbits of Lamb's correspondence and essays; he is, perhaps, a little too much of a champion, as if he were bound to resent even indirect Philistinism. The pictures and portraits are all interesting, and Mr. North has added to the value of the book by his carefully prepared bibliography. It is a pleasure to readers of Lamb to have so genuine a souvenir as this. — The Best Letters of Horace Walpole, edited, with an Introduction, by Anna B. McMahan. (McClurg.) The great collection of Walpole's Letters is here winnowed and sifted to excellent advantage. Nowhere else can one get so readily, and almost with the pleasure of reading fiction, so good an interior view of English life just at the most interesting period to American readers, and the comments which Walpole makes on American affairs frequently suggest striking comparisons. — The Best Letters of Madame de Sévigné, edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Playfair Anderson. (McClurg.) Another delightful volume of selections from a delightful correspondence. These graceful letters ought to do much toward preserving the ideals of womanly grace in an age which has the refinement of the writer, even if it has not the special style in which she wrote.

Fiction. The Crystal Button, or Adventures of Paul Prognosis in the Forty-Ninth Century, by Chauncey Thomas; edited by George Houghton. (Houghton.) This frank title-page at once advises the reader that he has encountered another of the systematic dreams with which the world seems just now to have waked from its restless slumber of the nineteenth century. One does not get far past the introductory explanatory chapter, however, before he discovers that he is not invited to an irrational guess of future civilizing expedients, but to a methodical projection of present mechanical thought into possible results. There is a deal of ingenious thinking that starts into action as soon as one sets out to press the Crystal Button. — Patience, by Anna B. Warner. (Lippincott.) It gives one an odd start to take up a new book by this author, and find the old story in new guise: the penetration of the village drama by the religious spirit, veiled under quaint phrase; the natural man with his naturalness set just a little on edge;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fencing with language and the high purpose ; the strain for small effects ; and the frequent lapses into a familiar portrayal of familiar scenes and personages. — The fifth number of Good Company Series (Lee & Shepard) is J. T. Trowbridge's The Three Scouts. — Aunt Dorothy, an Old Virginia Plantation Story, by Margaret J. Preston. (Randolph.) A pleasant little tale, told with humor and grace. It is a pity that the pictures are not as distinct as the story makes the characters to the imagination. — Told after Supper, by Jerome K. Jerome ; with 96 or 97 Illustrations by Kenneth M. Skeaping. (Holt.) An amusing burlesque on conventional ghost stories, with ever so much sly gibing at the entire class of Christmas literature. The pictures are most of them possessed of the same drollery as the text. — Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist, by Albion W. Tourgee. (Fords.) The story and the sermon struggle with each other in this book, and the sermon gets the worst of it. Christian socialism easily furnishes plenty of material for zealous and indignant writing, and in a story book the rich and the poor meet together ; the novelist is the maker of them all, and it is not strange if he makes them fit his doctrine. But Mr. Tourgee cannot resist the opportunity of producing startling situations, and as it is he, and not his characters, at work, the result is a melodramatic story for any one who wants it, with but slight contribution to real Christian socialism on the part of the people in the book.

Travel and Society. London Letters and Some Others, by George W. Smalley. (Harpers.) These two octavo volumes, in large, handsome type, contain reprints from the frequent letters which, as correspondent of the New York Tribune, Mr. Smalley has for the past few years been sending from London. During his service in this capacity he has had the opportunity of commenting upon persons and events of historic significance, and it is not to be wondered at that he should wish to preserve from the wreck which all things journalistic suffer the more permanent part of his work. The selections are in good taste, and do not suggest scrappiness. On the contrary, Mr. Smalley's fluency is one of the agreeable qualities of his work. He is most successful in the portrayal of what one may call the superficial traits of society and persons ; his accounts, for example, of the Queen's Garden Party and of the discussion over international matches show him at his best. In his portraitures of persons he catches at salient points, and, though rarely epigrammatic, often hits off his subject with clever phrases. Beyond this not much is to be looked for. Collector as he is of the opinions of a cultivated set of people, and sane as he is in his general judgments, he does not impress the reader as a person of singular insight, and his book is hardly likely to make its mark as a valuable record of fleeting shows. — How we Went and What we Saw, a Flying Trip through Egypt, Syria, and the Ægean Islands, by Charles McCormick Reeve. (Putnams.) A flying trip may be taken by various kinds of birds, and each will see after his kind. Here are lands rich in all that tempts a scholar's, a poet's eye, but our bird looks at it all with something of a wink at the bystander. His breakfast counts for much ; now and then he remains serious long enough to give in some detail the scenes which he confronts without interjecting some *mal à propos* attempt at witticism, but the reader must be warned that unless he is in a mood for small jokes he will find little that is attractive in the book. Even the vivacity which might have told in animated description constantly suffers from this necessity laid upon the writer to take great things lightly.

Poetry and the Drama. Short Flights, by Meredith Nicholson. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.) There is a pleasing simplicity of sentiment in these verses, which attracts one pulled about by the straining poetry which chiefly has the field. The writer has a singular liking for dropping his voice, so to speak, at the end of stanzas. There is considerable variety of form, but a large number of the poems are characterized by this short line or couplet ending. — Dreamy Hours, by Franklyn W. Lee. (Sunshine Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.) A small volume of sentiment, drawn chiefly from the poet's fireside. The writer has scarcely the skill to make his personal verse express a common feeling. — The Fruits of Culture, a Comedy in Four Acts, by Count Leo Tolstoï ; translated by George Schumm. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) An inextricable medley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of peasants, fine people, and spiritualistic performers. While one is untangling the knots he forgets what the story is about, and when searching for the story he falls into helpless confusion over the people.

Art. It is interesting to find in L'Art for 15 December (Macmillan) an etching from Henry Bacon's painting, A Christmas Breakfast. Other full-page designs are L'Éloquence, from Paul Veronese's picture in the museum at Lille; and in the number for 1 January an etching by Quarante of L'Age d'Or, by Ch. Chaplin, an extremely rich, sumptuous head, yet neither voluptuous nor haughty, which is placed over against Le Retour des Champs, by Millet, — an unwitting contrast, apparently, for the contrast is not only in subject, but in treatment, and Chaplin, who began as a disciple of the Barbizon school, died its enemy.

History. Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the year 1889. (Government Printing Office.) The attachment of the Historical Association by a very slender tie to the Smithsonian Institution gives the advantage to the society that it can get its printing done for nothing, but it is a pity that it could not at the same time have bestowed a little grace on the Government Printing Office; for though really good printing can be done at Washington, really tasteless work is done, as in the case of this unattractive report, which contains President Adams's Inaugural Address, Mr. Schouler's The Spirit of Historical Research, Dr. Goode's curious monograph on The Origin of the National Scientific and Educational Institutions of the United States, and Mr. Paul Ford's Bibliography of the published works of members of the association, which strikes us as showing a good deal of hard work expended upon a somewhat arbitrary and artificial basis.

Science. War and the Weather, by Edward Powers. (E. Powers, Delavan, Wis.) An ingenious and interesting tractate, intended to show the strong probability that the use of heavy artillery brings on a rainfall, and carrying the proposition that the United States government should engage in a series of experiments with a view, if successful, to establishing a method by which drought may be overcome on Western farms. Surely here is the millennium, when not only swords are to be beaten into ploughshares, but it is to rain great guns.

Religion and Theology. A Washington Bible-Class, by Gail Hamilton. (Appleton.) A lively, fatiguingly lively, study of the Bible with reference to those parts which have been the cruces of criticism. The book purports to be in effect a record of talks and discussions led by the writer. There is a discursive character about the work which answers well to such an origin, and there are a good many clever hits in it at all manner of weaknesses. Perhaps for some minds such a shaking up as it gives may be desirable, but we confess to preferring a treatment of great subjects which runs the risk of dullness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Lowell Offering.

In 1837, during the suspension of specie payments by the New England banks, I, being pastor of a church in Portsmouth, N. H., was a member of a clerical club, which had, I suppose, some regular name that has escaped my memory, but which in later years was called by its members and others the Railroad Association. Its territorial limits were at first Portland and Boston; but it afterward had members in Providence and New York. We met once in three months at one another's houses, at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, and, obtaining the use and free entrance of guest-chambers in the houses of friendly neighbors, we prolonged our sessions till a very late hour.

There was then living at Amesbury Rev. Stephen Farley, who had faded out of the pulpit by reason of exceeding dullness, but who was a very learned theologian and Biblical scholar, and to us young men made himself interesting by a rich stock of professional anecdote and reminiscence. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a keen scent for clerical gatherings of every kind, and, as ministerial etiquette then permitted, presented himself on all such occasions as an uninvited yet not unwelcome guest. As he was very poor, he probably had some little hankering for the luxury of a well-spread table, and he evidently had great enjoyment of the "feast of fat things" served for our spiritual nourishment, to which he contributed his full share. He walked wherever he went, and when he was to be absent overnight he carried his belongings in a cotton bundle handkerchief; for carpet bags were then in their infancy, and were possessed only by the few whose long-lived carpets had ceased to be serviceable except in fragments, — a bag made from new carpeting being an unheard-of extravagance, certainly among the clergy.

I think it was in January, perhaps in April, of 1837, that our club met at my house. Mr. Farley arrived in the middle of the forenoon, bore his usual part in our discussions, and attended the public service in the evening. When we returned from church, he asked me for an almanac, and as he looked into it read audibly, but hardly aloud, the time of the moon's rising. We resumed our conference, and continued it till nearly midnight, when Mr. Farley, at my request, offered the closing prayer. He remained standing, and as he was to lodge in my house I offered to show him his room. "No," said he, "I am going home. The moon is up, and I can walk as well by night as by day. I have important business that must be attended to in the morning." I remonstrated earnestly, and so did we all, but in vain. We had dark suspicions that his mind had suddenly lost its balance, and that he might meditate something even more uncanny than a twenty miles' tramp by moonlight. He put on his overcoat, took up his parcel which he had deposited in a corner of my library, and had almost reached the door, when Mr. (afterward Dr.) Lothrop placed himself between him and the door, and said, "Mr. Farley, I am a stronger man than you, and I will not let you leave this house to-night." Mr. Farley meekly and sadly yielded to superior force, laid down his parcel, took off his overcoat, and resumed his seat. Then said Mr. Lothrop: "You certainly meant to stay; for you brought your little bundle with you for that purpose. Have your feelings been wounded by any of us?" "No," said he, "you have all treated me with the utmost kindness." "What then can have possessed you," Mr. Lothrop rejoined, "to alarm us all, and to slight our host's hospitality, by starting off in this mad way in the dead of night?" Mr. Farley replied: "I heard you say at the dinner table that the Merrimack Mills are going to shut down on account of the hard times. My daughter Harriet intends to take the stage for Lowell that will pass my house early to-morrow morning, to seek employment in the Merrimack Mills; and when I learned that they were to be closed, I determined that I would reach home early enough to prevent her going." We told him to make himself easy about the expense of her journey, and I took him to his room. We then made up a comfortable purse, and Lothrop and I carried it to him and laid it on his pillow. He slept, I doubt not, the sleep of the just, and his daughter went her way. Whether the Merrimack Mills were closed or not I do not know; but she found employment, and my next knowledge of her was as the editor of The Lowell Offering.

During the several years of her editorship she was the most copious writer for the Offering, and her articles indicated not only superior culture, but literary talent, taste, and versatility that won more than approval — hearty admiration — from those best fitted to judge her work on its merits. The Offering had a subscription list of four thousand, which meant fully as much as twenty thousand would at the present time. It was in every respect on a level with the best magazines of the day. Its profits enabled Miss Farley to carry a brother through Harvard College, and to make generous provision for the comfort of the family at home. The work attracted no little attention on the other side of the Atlantic. A volume containing a selection from its articles was published in London in 1849, in one of the several series issued as popular libraries. At a much later period, my friend President Felton, in Paris, while attending part of a course of lectures on English literature, by Philarète Chasles, heard one entire lecture on the history and the literary merits of The Lowell Offering.

During the palmy years of the Offering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I used, every winter, to lecture for the Lowell Lyceum. Not amusement, but instruction, was then the lyceum lecturer's sole aim, and however dry he or his subject might be, if he only conveyed knowledge which his hearers did not already possess, he was listened to with profound attention. The Lowell hall — immense we used to call it ; it was one of the largest of its time — was always crowded, and four fifths of the audience were factory girls. When the lecturer entered, almost every girl had a book in her hand, and was intent upon it. When he rose, the books were laid aside, and paper and pencil taken instead ; and there were very few who did not carry home full notes of what they heard. I have never seen anywhere so assiduous note-taking — no, not even in a college class, when the notes might be of avail in an impending examination — as in that assembly of young women, laboring for their subsistence, many of whom in after life filled honorable, useful, in some instances conspicuous positions in society.

Are the daughters of our farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, who would scorn the thought of being factory operatives, doing as much for themselves, their families, the community, posterity, as was done by those hard-working young women of an earlier generation ?

Unreconstructed Loyalists. — Mr. Richard Grant White's incorrigible Tory grandfather, as set forth in Mr. Church's paper in the March Atlantic, reminds me of those historic spinsters, daughters of Dr. Mather Byles, who kept their rushlight of loyalty to the king of England still burning in Boston long after the sun of independence had risen and was in full blaze. Dr. Byles and his two daughters were among the few Tories of social rank who were shut up in the town during the siege of 1775, and the girls — for girls they were once — walked arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common, and never forgot that walk to the end of their unrepentant days. They lived then and till the day of their death in the family house on Tremont Street, near Common Street, and when republican noises rose under their windows they banished them by the recollection of the fact that once Lord Percy's band played before their house for their special delectation. Among the reasons reported by his daughter Catherine for dismissing Dr. Byles from his parish were "his friendly disposition to the British troops, particularly his entertaining them at his house, indulging them with his telescope," etc.

These two uncompromising relics lived, the one till 1835, the other till 1837, and entertained their visitors with whatever savored of antiquity, themselves being the most ancient of all. The bellows two centuries old ; the chair which had been sent by the English government to their grandfather, the lieutenant-governor of the province ; the envelope of a letter from Pope to the same gentleman, with commissions for him signed successively by Queen Anne and three of the Georges, — all these were scarcely so venerable as the spirit of the maiden ladies. One of them wrote to William IV. on his accession to the throne. The sisters had known the sailor king, and now assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always had been, and would continue to be, loyal to their rightful sovereign of England.

In the course of time the town found it desirable to pull down a portion of their house. This was too much for the elder sister, who died shortly after. "It was one of the consequences," said the survivor severely, "of living in a republic. Had we been living under a king, he would have cared nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. But there is one comfort, that not a creature in the States will be any better for what we shall leave behind us." They had taken good care that their property should go to relatives living away from the hated republic.

A Street Drama seen from the Stage. — The comforting thought that the most ugly and commonplace stretches of life — like the most barren phases of nature — always possess innumerable touches of beauty is most frequently brought home to me by the children in grimy city streets. Not that they are often visions of loveliness. I do not haunt the Italian quarter, and nowhere else should I expect a predominance of beauty; but still I have a whole gallery of precious little portraits in my memory that I have accumulated one by one out of the usual material that the streets, oftenest the poor streets, spread before one ; and though they are very minute, very "unimportant" from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture dealer's point of view, yet I find them, against their ugly backgrounds, possessed of a special and touching grace. To tell about children one peculiarly needs the help of the voice and of pantomime, but let me try what I can do toward translating two or three tiny scenes into the mere symbols of language.

There were the half dozen little girls — very small, but not babies, the oldest perhaps eight — whom, one raw, gray March Sunday, I saw sitting on the inhospitable steps of a gloomy closed business building down town. Why had that unshepherded flock settled there, of all places? It was a cross-street; there were very few people going by. It must have been a dreary tenement house indeed from which, on such a day, this bare place offered a refuge. I suppose a few people, going to and from a ferry, were their entertainers; for, as you will see, it was to feast on the passers-by that they were there. As I approached, they were gabbling, but softly, with their heads all together, and turned from me toward some retreating feminine figure; but when one looked my way, she set up a mysterious little wild cackle, whereupon all attention and much excitement were centred upon my modest person, and (my vanity expands delightfully now with the recollection) from the first observer I caught, in the loudest and most gleeful of undertones, the words, "That 's me! That 's me!" Then, lowering her voice, with a note of awe, "Oh, see, see! Silk! silk!" and the small blue grimy hands smoothed automatically her own ragged frock, while, in a trance of rapture, she gazed at mine, where, after all, I remember with still poignant regret, only a very humble portion of silk was visible. They were "choosing," you see, as I used to from fashion plates, and were utterly oblivious of my existence other than as a lovely vision sent for their delight; and what a thing it is for me to know that I have once presented such an aspect to fellow-beings!

Altogether a different note was struck by a good-looking ten-year-old boy, in shabby-respectable clothes; but if the little girls gave me my finest experience of flattery, I am not sure but this boy revealed to me the purest possibilities of soul-to-soul human intercourse. Yet words play so small a part in such intercourse as that that it is quite possible you may miss an atmosphere I would fain convey. I met him on a street given over to the smallest of shops and almost the cheapest of restaurants; a miraculously unattractive spot. It was autumn, and I carried a branch of flaming, splendid maple leaves. He stopped, as if the sight of them really took his breath away. "Oh, give me one!" he gently exclaimed, in a manner that was more than polite. It lifted our interview straightway into some rare, superhuman atmosphere, where perfect simplicity, the absolute accord of the outward expression with the inward feeling, became a matter of course. Unfortunately, this was not so becoming to me as to him. I said, "Oh, I hate to," but at the same time I began looking for the meanest little leaf I could find. When I had discovered and was presenting it, shame overcame me, and, torn with conflicting emotions, I said, "I know I 'm being horridly stingy." "Never mind," said my boy, in a big, masculine, comforting manner, "I know just how you feel." He smiled his thanks reassuringly, and we parted, never to meet again; and I went on my way with only the usual automata around me. I declare, I could write a sad little poem about it this minute.

For fear I should, let me turn quickly to the three giddy small boys whom I once saw being perfectly wicked in the same neighborhood. There was nothing sad about them, and I dare say you will have to use a mental microscope in order to discover anything about them. The incident is the tiniest imaginable, but it is not less than they were. They looked exactly like the most grotesquely diminutive pictures of street urchins in the comic papers. It was after dark, and the wild lateness of the hour doubtless played its part in exciting their zest for dangerous revelry. They sat in a row on a low doorstep, so low that their feet reached the pavement, looking as big as your thumb, and took their pleasure in making remarks of a facetious nature to and about the passers-by. I came along, with a foreign cap of somewhat unusual cut on my head, and out of a little gurgling nest of giggles an infantine voice piped, "Hi! see the cap!" I turned to discover my critics, and there they were, all helplessly tumbling against each other in Mephistophelian mirth. I stretched my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes very wide, as I gazed at them, and the youngest, who was the only one sufficiently self-controlled to be able to see anything, had a daring inspiration all to himself. He gasped like a fish in awe of his own audacity for a second, and then weakly sang out, "Hi! see the eyes!" and before the last word was fairly uttered tumbled over behind his limp companions in sin, overcome, like an "æsthetic" poet, with the bliss and terror of transgression.

The Uses of Placebo. — Not long since I was a convalescent, in that comfortable stage which takes an amiable and patronizing interest in the therapeutic measures employed to effect coy Health's return. In a professionally unguarded moment, and replying to my expressed conviction that the conspicuous flavor of a certain medicine was its essential element of efficacy, "No," said the good physician; "it is merely a placebo." So, then, the great factor of my cure, as accredited by me, had nothing to do with the cure. I had been the victim of an insinuating deception, and it had been thought necessary to deal with me as with the querulous child for whom the displeasing but wholesome remedy must be disguised! On the other hand, I asked myself, Why quarrel with that which indulgently might be counted as among the little graces of pharmaceutics, — as the final æsthetic touch given by the artist chemist to his studious concoction for my benefit? "I-will-please" had indeed ingratiated itself with me, and who could say that it did not have its own potency in the vague and spacious province of "mind-cure"?

With the rambling license permitted to the convalescent, I ran over some cases that seemed to have a near or remoter likeness to my own. Rather, first of all, I reviewed repeated instances in which I had myself been the patient successfully treated by the placebo method. What memories of childhood's tasks set by my elders, — tasks ingeniously flavored with play or dramatic impersonation! What vista of school-days tinctured with contests and prizes! Later on, what phases of experience rendered tolerable only by an adventitious sweetening with imagination! Did not Orestes call his triad of tormentors the *Eu*menides, and was there not honey as well as opiate seeds in the cake which the sibyl threw to Pluto's grisly watch-dog?

Socially, when reproof is to be administered, the use of some sort of placebo seems absolutely necessary. I recalled the admirable sagacity of my next-door neighbor, who, being much annoyed by the trespassing of school-boys, had the humorous and kindly tact to put her premises in charge, *seriatim*, of each marauding band or individual offender, and thus, by a dexterous appeal to each to keep the others in order, turned petty miscreancy into protective rivalry. Encouraged by the success of her example, I had, not long after, applied the same principle, with fair results; for, in a jostling crowd of hobbledehoys at the ferry-house, at the request, "*Gentlemen*, please do not crowd," there had been a considerate falling back, and a murmur of deprecation for their rudeness. I also remembered the pathetic case of the small dusky handmaid, who came to me in a flood of tears at the unkindness of certain white children. "They said I was a little black nigger!" "Well, but you know you are not," I answered, with less of reflection than of exasperation with her tormentors. But, sooth to say, the little handmaid dried her tears with an alacrity that could scarcely have been greater had my words effected a total annihilation of her color.

In conclusion, the illustration of the placebo principle that most pleased my convalescent fancy was drawn from a friend's reminiscences of travel in Spain. In that land of romance, the muleteer, when he has exhausted all the usual means of spurring on his rarely opinionated and resolute beast, drops the use of oaths and lash, and, in wheedling tones, begins to compliment long-ears by calling him a horse! Singularly enough, this flattery has usually the happy effect of persuading the obstinate animal to resume his journey. . . . Thus meditating, I fell asleep, and dreamed that a distinguished expert had found a placebo equally applicable and efficacious in all cases of social balking incident to the human family.

Elizabeth Pepys. — Those who followed Mrs. Whiting's account of Mrs. Secretary Pepys, in the December Atlantic, may like to hear something of her parentage and girlhood; derived, not from the Diary, but from the Life, Journals, and Correspondence (London, 1841), — a work long out of print. When Pepys was elected,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1673, M. P. for Castle-Rising, his competitor alleged that he was disqualified, being a Papist and having made his wife one. The Earl of Shaftesbury (Dryden's Achitophel) even asserted that he had seen an altar and crucifix in Pepys' house. Pepys wrote to his brother-in-law, Baltazar St. Michel, asking him to clear him from the imputation. The reply, given in full in the above-mentioned volume, has been omitted, or very inaccurately summarized, by editors of the Diary.

Elizabeth's paternal grandfather, Marchant de St. Michel, was high sheriff, not of Anjou, which would have been an important provincial governorship, but of Baugé, a town thirty miles northeast of Angers. The high sheriff's only son went to Germany to take part in the Thirty Years' War, and there, when just of age, turned Protestant. On his father's death he returned home, but found himself disinherited on account of his religion, everything being left to his sister. A rich uncle, a canon in Paris, offered him £20,000 if he would go to mass again, but the young man was proof against the temptation. Being "extreme handsome" — his daughter evidently took after him — "and of mighty courtly parts," he was appointed gentleman carver to Henrietta Maria on her marriage to Charles I., and accompanied her to England in 1625. A friar, however, noticed that he did not attend mass, like the rest of the household, and St. Michel — the plebeian name Marchant, answering to our name Chapman, had been, or was, gradually dropped [1] — met his reproaches with a blow. The queen dismissed him, and soon afterwards he married the daughter of Sir Francis Kingsmill, the widow of an Irish squire; and with £1300 of her dowry sailed for France to sue his sister for his patrimony. Captured by a Dunkirk corsair, and detained for some months, he returned to England, and settled on his wife's small remaining income at Bideford, Devonshire, at or near which Elizabeth and Baltazar were born. After a time, St. Michel, at the head of a company of volunteers, went to assist the French against the Spaniards, and helped to capture Dunkirk, which must have been in 1646, albeit Baltazar makes the date 1648–49, and speaks also of the capture of Arras, which had taken place in 1640. When peace was concluded, St. Michel rejoined his family in Paris, but was "full of whimsies and propositions of perpetual motion, etc., which soaked his pocket." His wife had made some wealthy friends, who embittered her against him, promising, if she would desert him and change her religion, to provide liberally for her and her children. Elizabeth was to be a nun, and Baltazar page to the papal nuncio. Accordingly, in the husband's absence, two coaches arrived; one carrying off wife and daughter to the Nouvelles Catholiques, an institution for converts, and the other taking the son to a similar establishment for males. (This, we shall see, was not the only time the flighty English wife took French leave of her French husband.) Elizabeth, then twelve or thirteen, was ultimately "deluded into the nunnery of the Ursulines," but had not been there long before the distracted father, "by some stratagem," says Baltazar, but perhaps by the information of Cromwell's ambassador, Lockhart, always zealous for distressed Protestants, "got her out and us all."

The whole family returned to England, settling in London, and at fifteen Elizabeth Marchant de St. Michel, as she was styled, married Pepys. The father was delighted with the match, and Baltazar remembered his remarking to Elizabeth that "among the greatest of the happinesses he enjoyed in his mind was that she had, by matching with you [Pepys], not only wedded wisdom, but also one who by it, he hoped in Christ, would quite blow out those foolish thoughts she might in her more tender years have had of Popery." Elizabeth's reply was that riper understanding and a Protestant husband had removed all fear of her tending that way any more. We may conclude that, though she sometimes pretended to be a Catholic, it was simply to tease her husband.

Whatever may have been the case in the first four years of his wedded life, Pepys, judging by the Diary, afterwards saw very little of his wife's father. With scant ceremony he unsaints him, styling him "old Mr. Michell," and his indexers follow suit;

[1] His father, probably the Captain Marchant attached to the French court in 1612, had doubtless added the name of a village in which he had property. Another Marchant, professor at the Sorbonne at the same date, may have been his brother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so that we have to look under "Michell," at the risk of confusion with "little Michell," or "young Michell," a pastry cook who had married Sarah, ex-housekeeper to Lord Sandwich, Pepys' kinsman and patron. The dashing officer and enthusiastic inventor had apparently become prematurely old, and had lost all spirit. He had only £20 a year, half this pittance being an allowance from the French Church in London; and he was glad to rule paper for the admiralty, to make a little money. His wife, during her son's absence in Holland (he apparently returned with a wife), "pawned all the things that he [Baltazar] had got in his service under Oliver [Cromwell], and ran of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders." Pepys, out of pity for the old man, was more like a father than a brother-in-law to Baltazar, for whom he obtained first an appointment on the Duke of Albemarle's Guards, then the post of muster master of the fleet, and lastly the deputy treasurership of the navy, with £1500 for contingencies, "the whole profit to be paid to my wife, to be disposed of as she sees fit for father and mother's relief." With a dutiful son and a kind son-in-law, "old Mr. Michell" must have ended his life in comfort. We hear of his fetching Mr. and Mrs. Pepys to Baltazar's wedding anniversary. "A mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house," says the epicure diarist, who, however, was evidently fond of Baltazar, and thought his wife Betty "a pretty young thing, and amiable." It is amusing to read, under date April 25, 1666, "I come, to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed." Yet Pepys obviously cared little for the old people, for in ten years he records only three or four interviews with them. St. Michel died about 1672, three years after his daughter; but his widow, though then "continually ill, and not likely long to survive him," was still living in 1674. The estrangement which arose, after the Diary had ceased, between Pepys and "Balty" prevents our hearing more of the St. Michel family, but Balty with his daughter attended Pepys' funeral.

May I add that the Diary was written, not in a cipher of Pepys' invention, but in Jeremiah Rich's shorthand, published in 1654, and already popular? Two friends of mine, though usually writing two modern and briefer systems, corresponded with each other in Rich's, which they had mastered out of interest in Pepys.

Not exactly Attendant Physician.

— Permit me space in the Club to give a mere sketch of a Southern gentleman. A type? By no means, for he is himself only, and only like himself. He is unique. He is a gentleman of the old school, a true blue "befo' the war" Southerner.

His voice is as soft, as deliciously rich, as Jersey cream. His appearance is handsome. His face is beautiful. His hair is tinged with gray, and falls in soft curls on his coat collar.

He and my father are cousins, both physicians. Some few summers ago, this gentleman had driven up from the village where he practiced his profession, to spend a leisure day, that rare thing in a good doctor's life, with his cousin and brother physician. As a matter of course, their talk soon drifted to "cases," especially to dangerous and successful surgical operations. It was a talk long continued, — a talk of wounds, cuts, shots, stabs, amputations.

My cousin's turn came to tell a story.

"You know of Blank, of our town?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," assented my father.

"He is a spirited fellow; he is in every way an admirable man," continued my cousin. "About four years ago he had a difficulty, in which he was terribly wounded. He was shot here; the ball went in just here."

Then followed further conversation about wounds, all in technical terms; then talk of treatment, in still more technical terms; and finally my father said: —

"He recovered, I suppose?"

"Yes. I am most happy to say his recovery was complete," was the reply.

"You attended him?" asked my father. "You were his physician, of course?"

"Well, no," replied my cousin. "I was called in only during the latter part of his illness. It — er — er — it was I who shot him."

The Intemperance of Fate.

— Luck and Chance (those two old inseparables of our common speech) treat us to some strange exhibitions of caprice as regards the least as well as the greatest affairs of life. For example, among other gifts and felicitations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a recent supreme occasion, Benedicta was made the puzzled recipient of six sugar-tongs and an equal number of butter-knives. What she can do with each superfluous five of the above-named articles I know not, unless (delicacy forbid !) she takes suggestion from an advertisement to which her attention has been drawn, namely, "*Duplicate Wedding Presents Exchanged*," etc. Benedicta's dilemma is but one of the many instances of freakish and intemperate conduct on the part of Luck and Chance in matters of seemingly small moment. Such instances are more easily adduced than accounted for or even classified. Why, in our game of backgammon last night, should my gentle antagonist have thrown all the "doubles," I throwing none ? Why to-day more than on some other day, in my journey about the city, afoot or in the horse cars, should I have been meeting continually the crippled, the dwarfed, and otherwise misshapen ones of the human family ? Why for three successive mornings does the postman keep aloof, and then, on the fourth, why does his shrill whistle at your door announce the descent of a whole covey of white-winged birds from all quarters of your epistolary world ? And why on one day do fine weather, your leisure and desire, with other favoring concurrents, bring no visitor to the house, while on the morrow (nowise propitious to such an event) does "All-the-World-and-his-Wife" come to see you ? Neither can the little brothers of Walton, the weather, nor the fish themselves furnish an explanation of the fluctuating fortunes that follow rod and line and the fly. The sentimental searcher for four-leafed clover will tell you that in some random brief time, and within some unindicated small area, she has gathered more of these fairy favors than often in a whole afternoon's quest over the entire field.

These uncalendared seasons of dearth and plenty do not seem to be confined to the realm of the physical. What has the soul to do with those unscrupulous playfellows Luck and Chance ? And yet it is one day (for no cause assignable by itself) all affluence, another day all indigence. I am courageous ; then, during that dispensation of spirit, everything which happens contributes to courage. I am despondent and timorous ; the same surroundings and incidents foster pusillanimity. But each condition, while it endures, wears a stamp of the absolute and immutable ; and our spiritual sovereignty seems to be governed by a kind of powerful, unmeasured *vis inertiæ*, under which the affairs of the soul, if they are static, delight to continue so, or, if in violent motion, refuse to become tranquilized. "It never rains but it pours" and "Misfortunes never come singly" are proverbial expressions for the recognized strange immoderateness in the vicissitudes of outward current events, — expressions equally applicable to the flowing or ebbing fortunes of the spirit. But is it not a very human and general trait that, while we recognize the fitfulness and intemperance of Fate, we are all the time bent upon establishing a theory of libration between the excesses of Fate's behavior in each kind ? In any reign of prosperity we suspect

> "The luck of Cæsar which the gods give men
> To excuse their after-wrath."

In an opposite state of things there is a disposition (not quite so positive and ready) to be consoled by remembering that "affairs refuse to be administered badly a long time." (Popularly, "It is a long lane that has no turning.") I confess to sharing the general prejudice that there must be an ultimate balance between the extravagancies of destiny. True, the precedents and examples set by the every-day chance of things do not teach us calm and even procedure. Acting according to the apparent teaching of circumstances, we should be yet more than we are creatures of abrupt and violent revulsion ; and our moral weather would be of the sort ordained by an ancient sibyl of my acquaintance, who would have us believe that "after a very cold winter we always have a very hot summer, and after a very hot summer we always have a very cold winter," — thus giving an endless and unalterable succession of extreme seasons. Yet very many who have listened to her oracle have failed to detect a flaw in the logic thereof.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED